GOLD KEY
A GOLDEN SPECIAL
GOLDEN COMICS DIGEST
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FULL COLOR 50c
TUROK
SON OF STONE
ACTION SPECIAL!
The ORIGINAL adventures of TUROK and ANDAR plus... Indian Chief
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TUROK SON OF STONE and THE WORLD BELOW

QUICK SHOT, TUROK! BUT YOU GOT HIM!
CROSSING THE SAGEBRUSH DESERT NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE, BEFORE THE COMING OF WHITE MEN, TWO INDIAN BRAVES HUNT THEIR SUPPER...

MAKE A FIRE, ANDAR --- WHILE I DRESS THE BIRD! THERE'S NO CLAY TO BAKE HIM IN---AND NO WATER TO MAKE CLAY WITH!
NOT ENOUGH TO DRINK, EITHER!

WATCH THAT THE FIRE DOES NOT SPREAD! IN THIS DROUGHT IT WOULD SWEEP THE HILLS...
WAGH! I KNOW THAT! I WILL PUT IT OUT WHEN THE MEAT IS COOKED!

A PRAIRIE FIRE---!
---BUT IT CAME TOO SUDDENLY! AND STILL THE SMOKE RISES FROM ONE SMALL PLACE! LET'S GO TO THE TOP OF THE SLOPE AND SEE...

TUROK! THAT ISN'T SMOKE---

IT'S BATS! ALL THE BATS IN THE WORLD!
YES! THEY MUST BE COMING FROM A GREAT CAVERN!

THERE IT IS! TOMORROW WE WILL GO DOWN THERE AND INVESTIGATE...
ARE YOU MAD, TUROK? WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GO DOWN THERE?

FOR WATER! OUR SUPPLY HAS RUN OUT---BUT I'M SURE WE SHALL FIND SOME IN THE CAVERN---
--- AND PERHAPS OTHER THINGS! BRRRRRH!

NEXT MORNING...
BRING MORE GREASEWOOD STEMS, ANDAR! WE SHALL NEED MANY TORCHES BEFORE WE COME OUT OF THE CAVERN!
HUMPH! I HOPE NOT...

CAN YOU SEE THE BOTTOM, TUROK?
NOT BUT WE'LL FIND IT!
LIGHTING ONE TORCH AT THEIR CAMPFIRE, THE ADVENTURERS ENTER THE UNKNOWN!

WHAT ARE THEY, TUROK? THEY LOOK LIKE BLANKETS...
HANGING BLANKETS OF STONE?
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FIRST DESCENT, THE BRAVES PAUSE, BREATHLESS...

OHHH! THEY LOOK LIKE LONG, WHITE TEETH! WHAT IF THE JAWS OF THE CAVERN SHOULD CLOSE ON US—?

THEY HAVE NOT CLOSED FOR AGES— AND THESE ARE STONE!
BONGGG!

DON'T, TUROK! YOU WILL CALL THE SPIRITS OF THE CAVERN!
IF THERE ARE ANY SPIRITS, THEY'VE BEEN FRIENDLY— SO FAR!
BONG! BONG! BEHH!

MY MOUTH IS DRY FOR WATER, TUROK! I DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS ANY HERE...
THE AIR IS DAMP! THERE WILL BE WATER, FARTHER DOWN!

THERE! SEE IT, ANDAR?

WANT A LAUGH?

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WATER! AND MY TONGUE IS HANGING OUT!
IT IS BEAUTIFUL! BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME---

WAIT, ANDAR! DON'T DRINK---IF YOU LOVE YOUR LIFE!
WHA-AT?

A SKELETON!
---WITH NO BROKEN BONES! THIS MAN DIED ---LONG, LONG AGO--- WITHOUT A WOUND!

THE WATER IS *POISONOUS!* WE WILL LOOK FOR ANOTHER SPRING...
BUT WHAT IF *ALL* THE WATER IN THIS CAVERN IS POISONOUS?

TUROK---- SUPPOSING WE CAN'T FIND OUR WAY BACK---?
I THINK I CAN...

---BUT AT WORST, WE CAN TRY TO FOLLOW THE FLIGHT OF THE BATS OUT, TOMORROW NIGHT! SEE! HERE THEY ARE ---IN THIS GREAT CHAMBER...

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE'RE OUT OF HERE——LOOK HOW DEEP THE DUST IS!

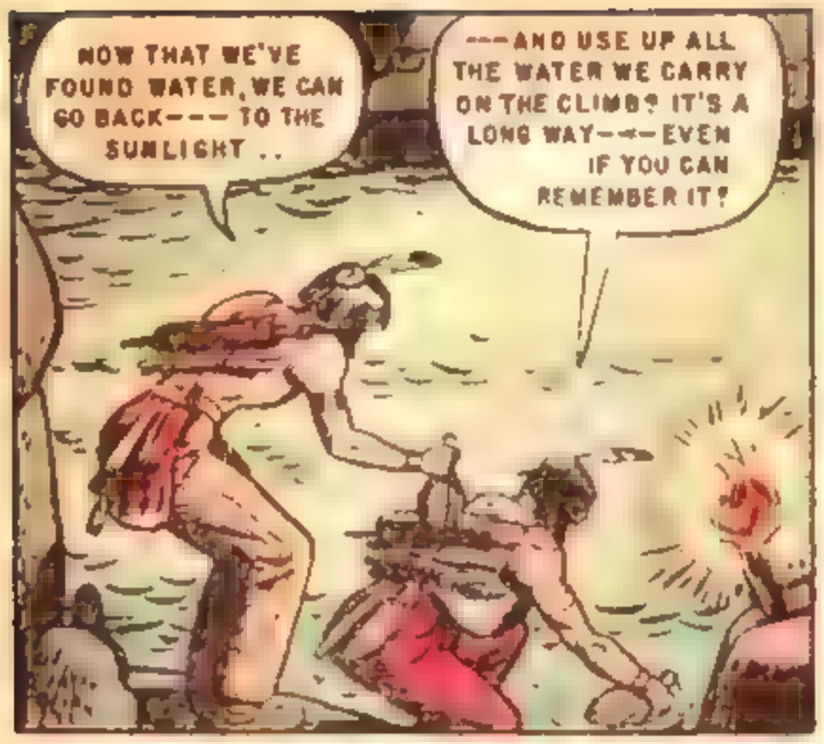
ARE THESE GROWING THINGS, TUROK? THEY LOOK LIKE QUEER MUSHROOMS...
WE SHALL SEE...

NO! THESE TOO, ARE STONE!
CLINK... CLINK...

——AND THESE! THEY LOOK LIKE GIANT WARRIORS, WRAPPED IN MANY COLORED BLANKETS!

EEEK!
EEEK!
EEEK!
YEEOW! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
FROM THE STONE CURTAINS ABOVE US! THEY HATE THE LIGHT!
WATER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND WATER, TUROK! MY MOUTH---
HUSH! I HEAR SOMETHING!
IT'S DOWN THERE --- THE SOUND OF RUSHING WATER!
AN UNDERGROUND RIVER?
THE SOUND GROWS LOUDER--- BUT THE RIVER IS STILL FAR BELOW!
RUNNING WATER OUGHT TO BE SAFE TO DRINK...
WOW! IT'S BIG!
--- AND DEEP...

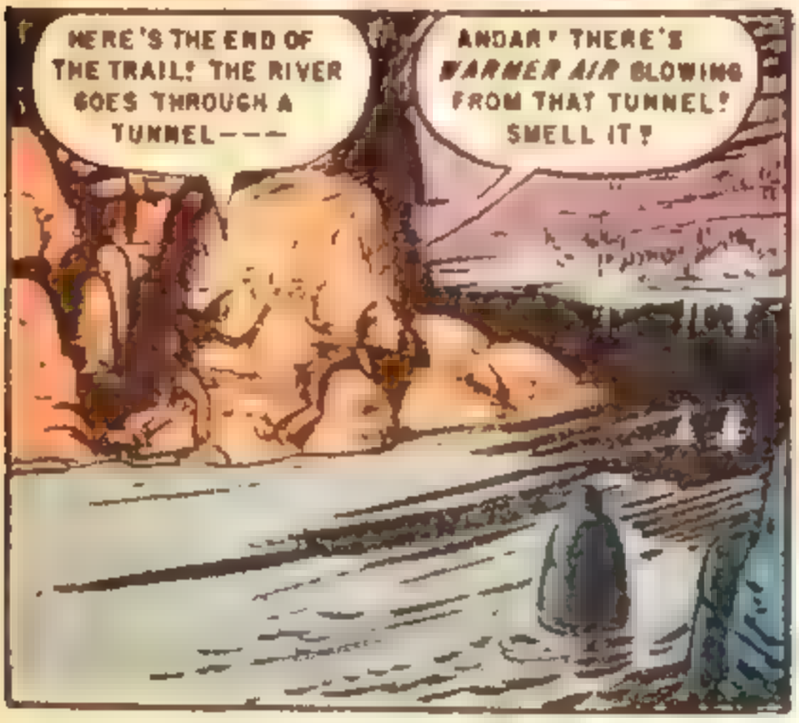
---AND GOOD! MMMMMM--- SZZZIP!
IT'S SWEET WATER...
YOW! UH--- MMMMH! --- SOMETHING BIT ME!
WHAT? YOU'RE DREAMING...
THERE! LOOK---IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! SOMETHING WHITE---
I SEE IT---
I'VE GOT IT! IT'S A FISH!
LOOK! IT HAS NO EYES!
NO EYES--- JUST LITTLE MARKS WHERE EYES SHOULD BE! IT MUST BE THE DARKNESS! IT DOESN'T NEED EYES BECAUSE THERE IS NOTHING TO SEE!
IT CAME TO OUR TORCH! IT MUST HAVE FELT THE LIGHT--- EVEN WITHOUT EYES! SEE! THERE ARE MORE...


NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND WATER, WE CAN GO BACK--- TO THE SUNLIGHT ..
---AND USE UP ALL THE WATER WE CARRY ON THE CLIMB? IT'S A LONG WAY---EVEN IF YOU CAN REMEMBER IT?

BUT WHERE ELSE *CAN* WE GO?
DOWNSTREAM, ANDAR? THIS RIVER *MUST* COME OUT SOMEWHERE

HMMM... MAYBE IT DOES AND MAYBE IT ONLY GOES DEEPER INTO THE EARTH! BUT WE CAN FOLLOW IT FOR A WHILE, ANDAR? WE STILL HAVE ENOUGH TORCHES...

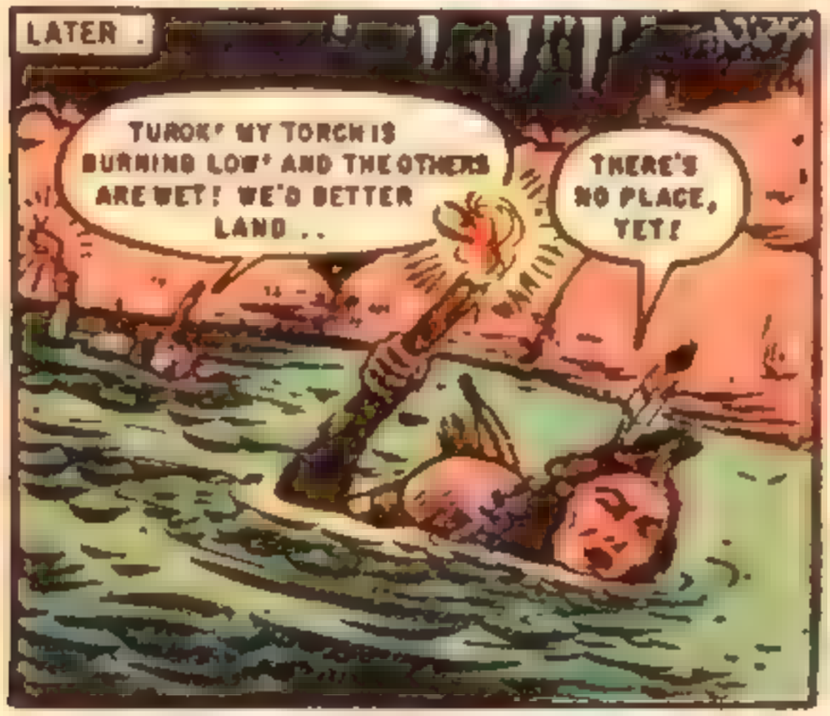
IF THE GOING GETS WORSE, WE'LL *HAVE* TO TURN BACK, ANDAR*
YES I'M AFRAID SO!

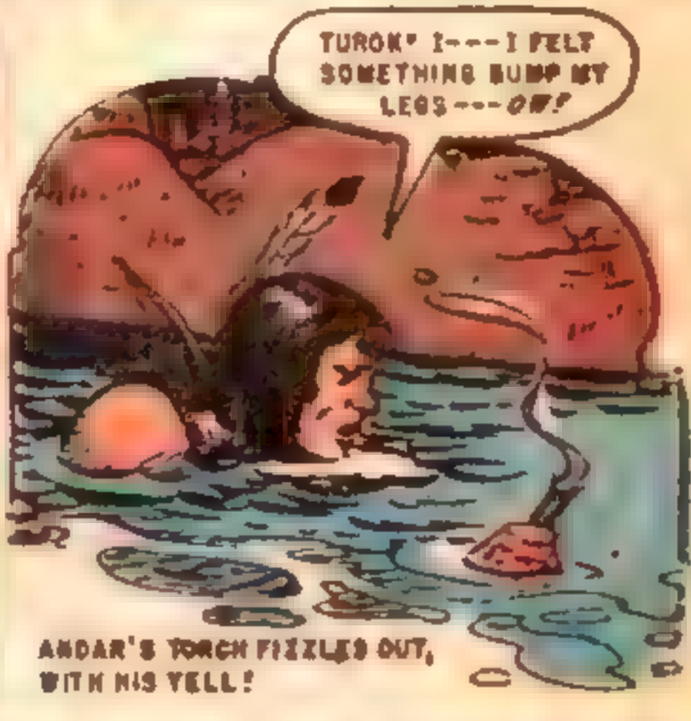

HERE'S THE END OF THE TRAIL! THE RIVER GOES THROUGH A TUNNEL---
ANDAR* THERE'S *WARMER AIR* BLOWING FROM THAT TUNNEL! SMELL IT?

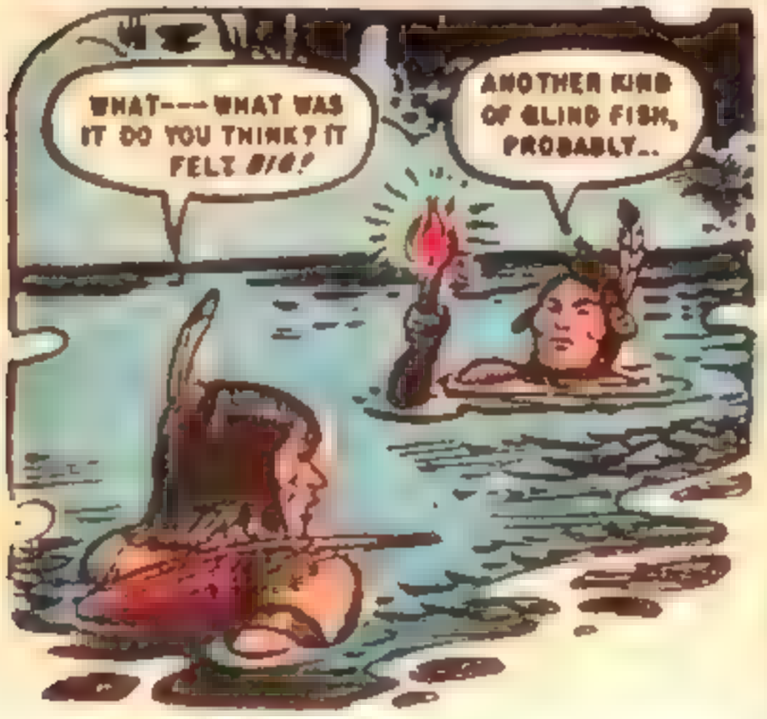
IT'S A QUEER SMELL..
---A SMELL OF *GROWING THINGS!* MARSH GRASSES ---AND FERNS! WET YOUR FINGER AND HOLD IT BESIDE YOUR NOSE...

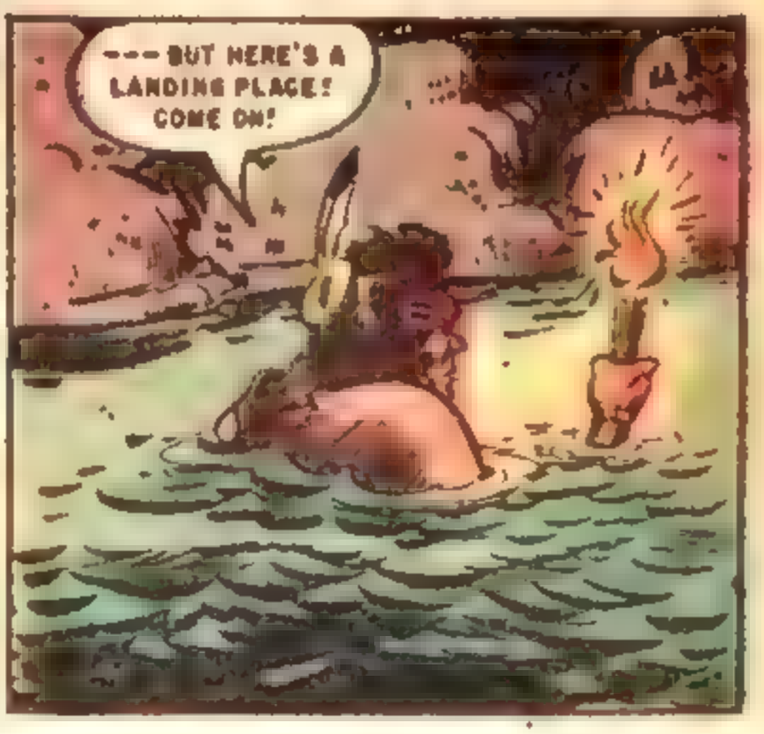
ANDAR, THE RIVER DOES COME OUT---AND THE PLACE ISN'T FAR AHEAD! WE'LL BOTH CARRY TORCHES---
---AND WHAT?

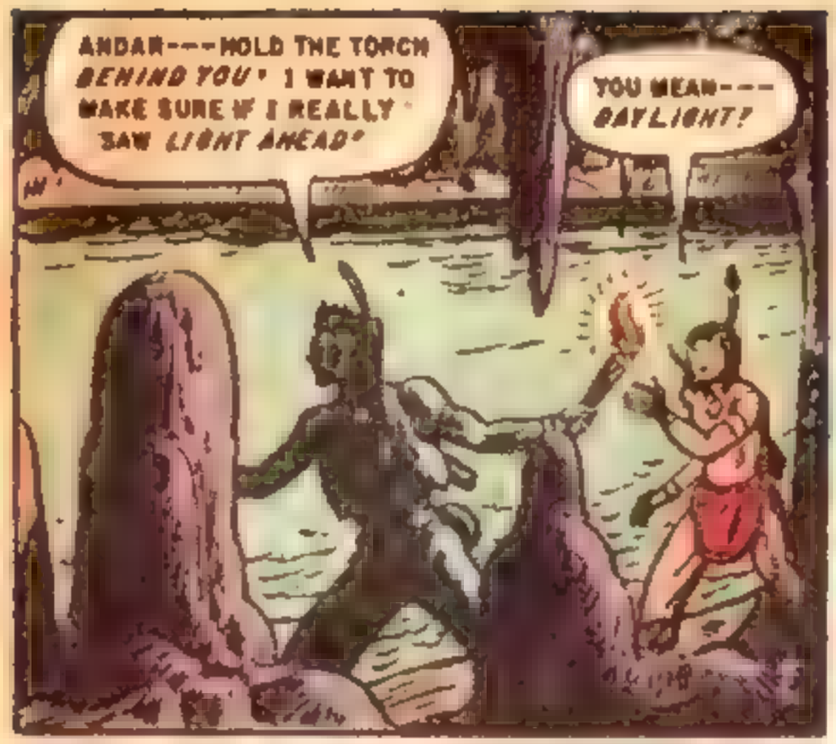
---AND SWIM! COME ON IT'S EASIER THAN GOING BACK!


LATER .
TUROK! MY TORCH IS BURNING LOW! AND THE OTHERS ARE WET! WE'D BETTER LAND ..
THERE'S NO PLACE, YET!


TUROK! I---I FELT SOMETHING BUMP MY LEGS---OW!
ANDAR'S TORCH FIZZLES OUT, WITH HIS YELL!


WHAT---WHAT WAS IT DO YOU THINK? IT FELT BIG!
ANOTHER KIND OF BLIND FISH, PROBABLY..


---BUT HERE'S A LANDING PLACE! COME ON!

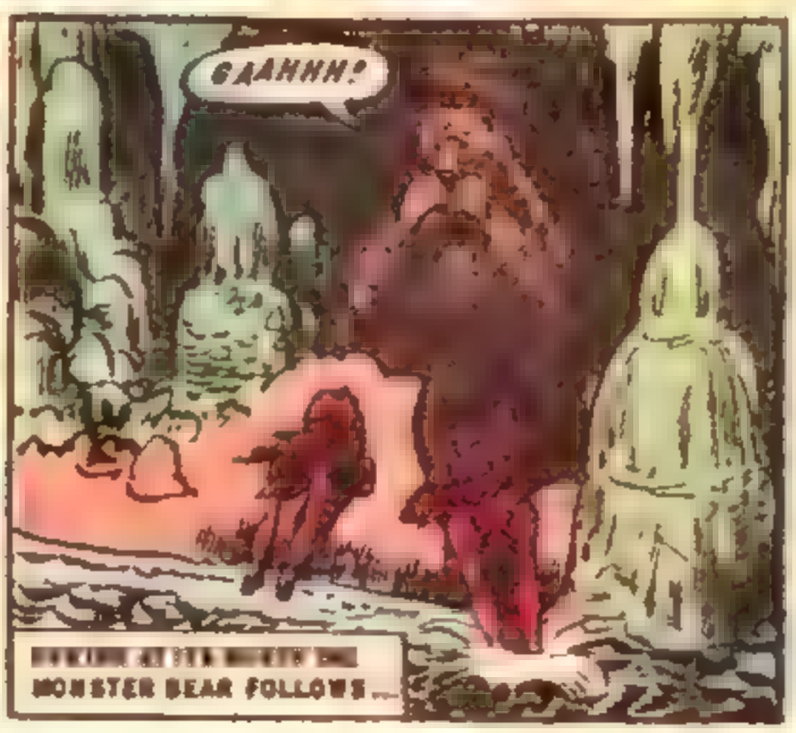

ANDAR---HOLD THE TORCH BEHIND YOU! I WANT TO MAKE SURE IF I REALLY SAW LIGHT AHEAD!
YOU MEAN--- DAYLIGHT!

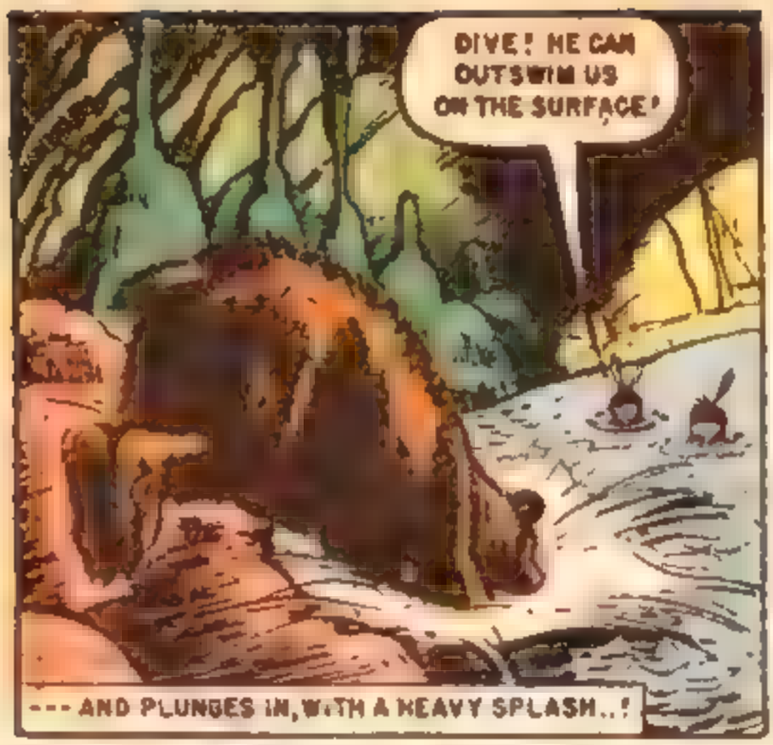
YES! DAYLIGHT IT IS! BUT DIM...

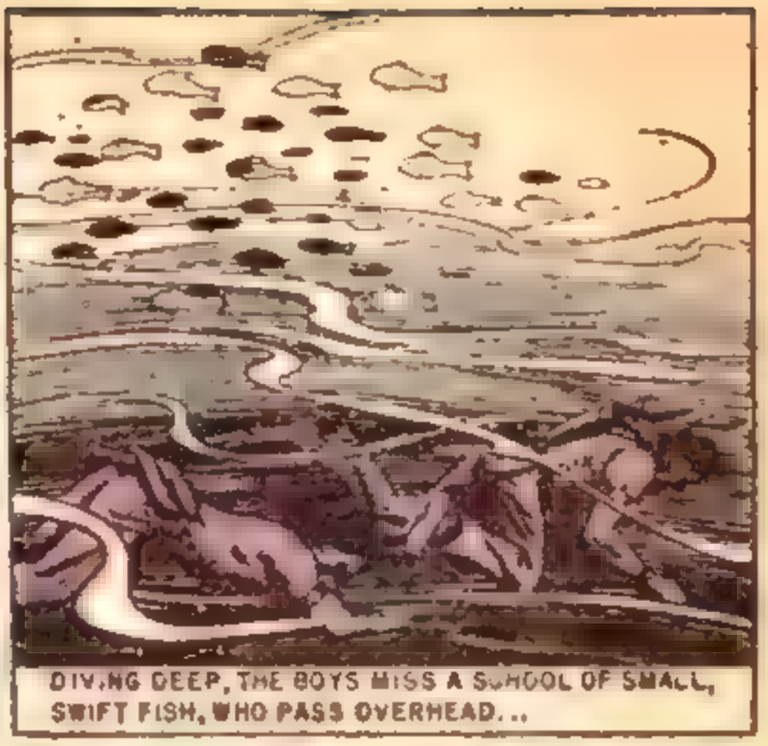
WE'RE SAFE, TUROK! WE'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE MORE---
THE SOONER THE BETTER! THERE'S A QUEER ANIMAL SCENT HERE...

ARRGH!
EE-YOW!

YARAR-OWK!
THE RIVER — JUMP, ANDAR!

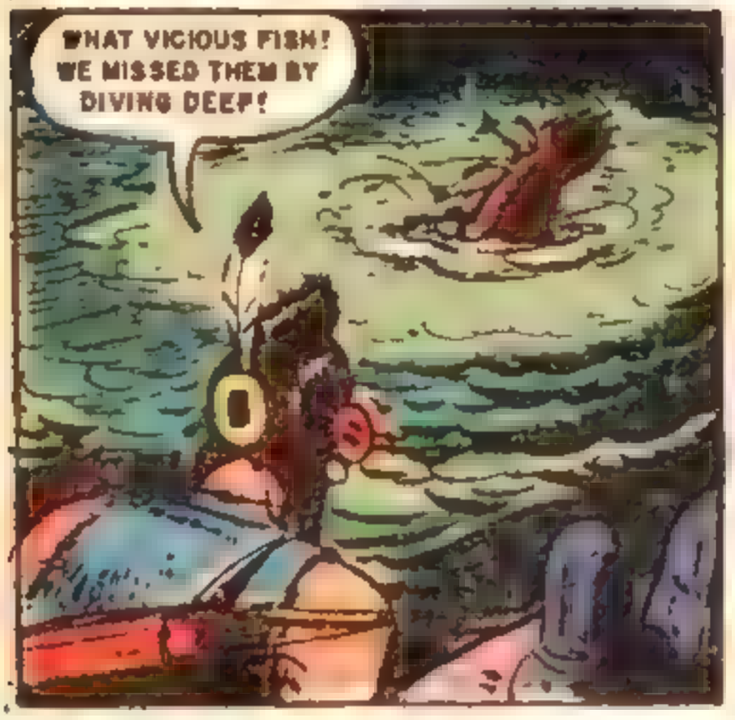

GAAHHH!
MONSTER BEAR FOLLOWS...

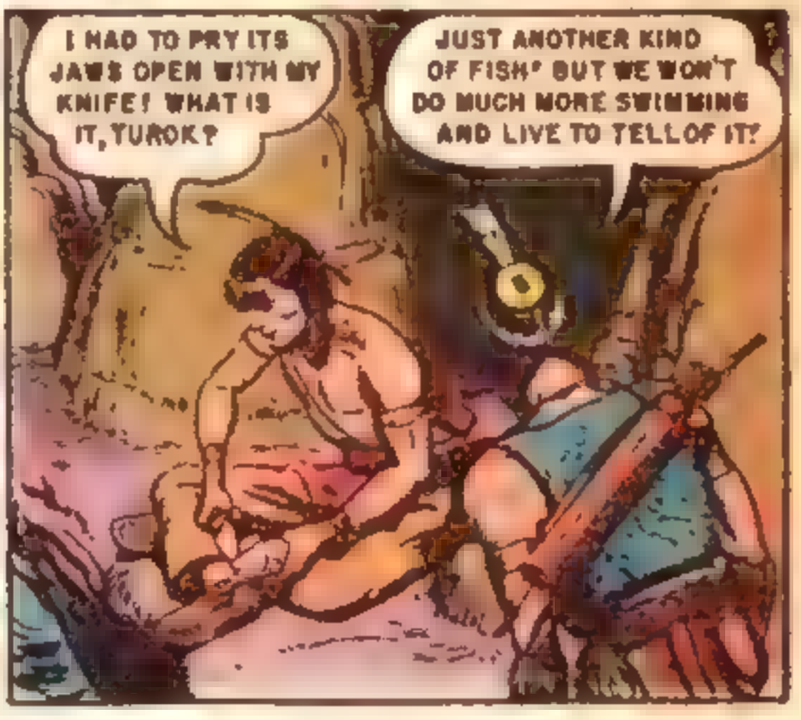

DIVE! HE CAN OUTSWIM US ON THE SURFACE!
--- AND PLUNGES IN, WITH A HEAVY SPLASH..!


DIVING DEEP, THE BOYS MISS A SCHOOL OF SMALL, SWIFT FISH, WHO PASS OVERHEAD...

WOW! LOOK, TUROK! THE FISH ARE AFTER THE BEAR!
GET ASHORE--- FAST! BEFORE THEY GET AFTER US!

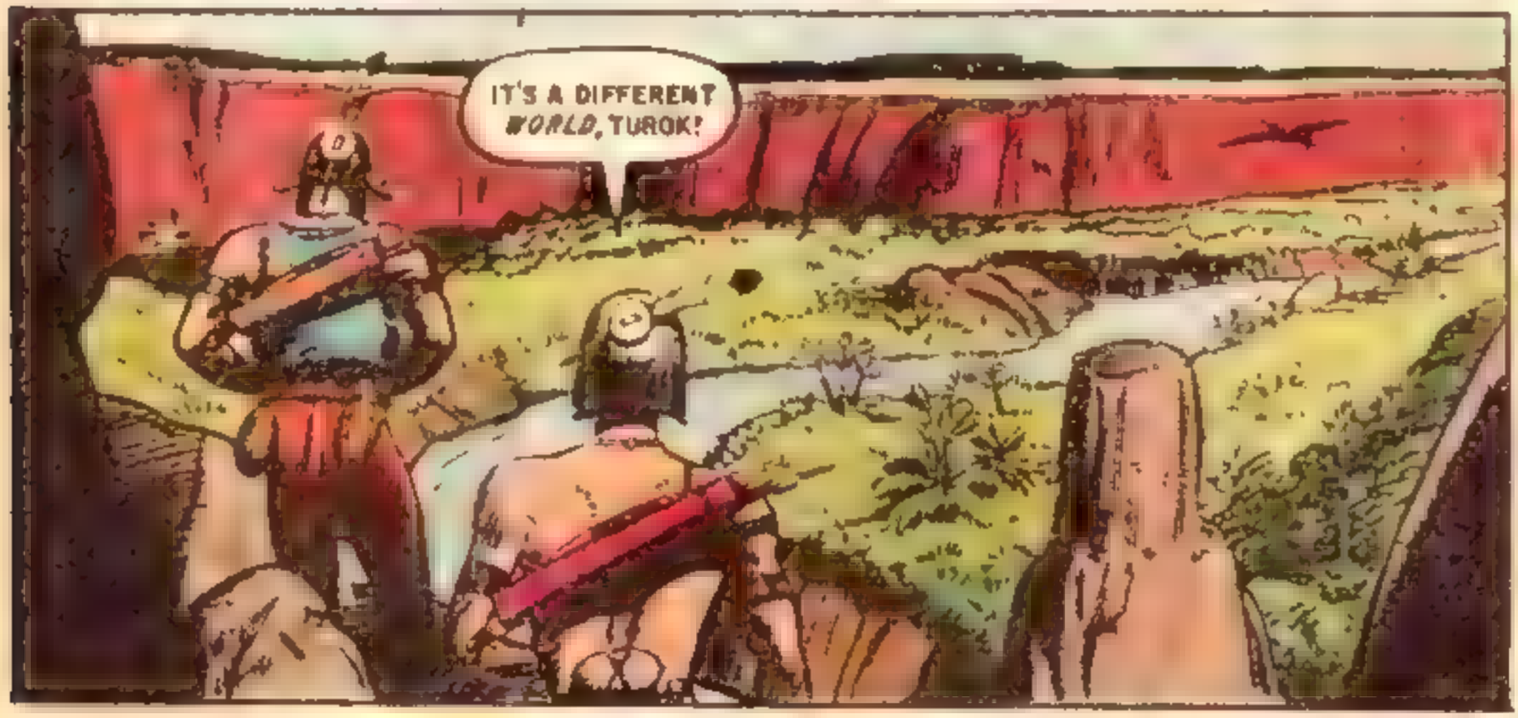
YI-EEE!
BARELY IN TIME THEY MAKE IT!


WHAT VICIOUS FISH! WE MISSED THEM BY DIVING DEEP!


I HAD TO PRY ITS JAWS OPEN WITH MY KNIFE! WHAT IS IT, TUROK?
JUST ANOTHER KIND OF FISH! BUT WE WON'T DO MUCH MORE SWIMMING AND LIVE TO TELL OF IT!

WE WON'T LIVE LONG IF ANOTHER BEAR THAT SIZE JUMPS US!
IT'S A DIFFERENT BEAR FROM ANY WE'VE EVER SEEN...BUT, LOOK! WE'RE OUT OF THE TUNNEL!

THERE'S THE SKY---JUST A NARROW STRIP OF BLUE!
WE'RE IN ANOTHER CAVERN, I GUESS--- THE BIGGEST ONE YET! BUT SOME OF THE ROOF HAS FALLEN IN!


IT'S A DIFFERENT *WORLD*, TUROK!

A WORLD BELOW THE DESERT! A WORLD WE MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO LEAVE!
UGH! DON'T SAY THAT!

TRY THE STRING OF YOUR BOW, ANDAR! IF THE ANIMALS HERE ARE AS DANGEROUS AS THOSE FISH--- AND THE CAVERN BEAR---WE'D BETTER KEEP OUR WEAPONS READY!
UGH! YOU ARE RIGHT!

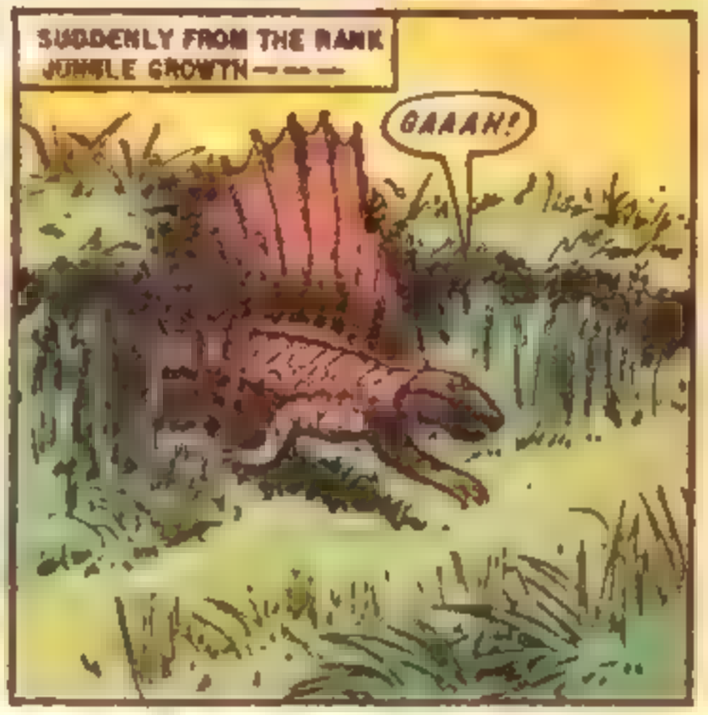
ABDAR, HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW WARM AND STEAMY THE AIR IS HERE?
YES! IT SMELLS LIKE A BOG, NOT SWAMP!

WE MUST FIND FOOD—— AND A PLACE TO CAMP!
FOOD ESPECIALLY! I'M STARVING!

HUMMM
A DRAGONFLY ——I GUESS! OF GIANT SIZE —— LIKE THE BEAR!
UH—— WHAT'S THAT?

SOMETHING BIG MADE THESE QUEER TRACKS!
UGH! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO REACH SOME TREES? I'D FEEL BETTER IF THERE WERE SOMETHING TO CLIMB!

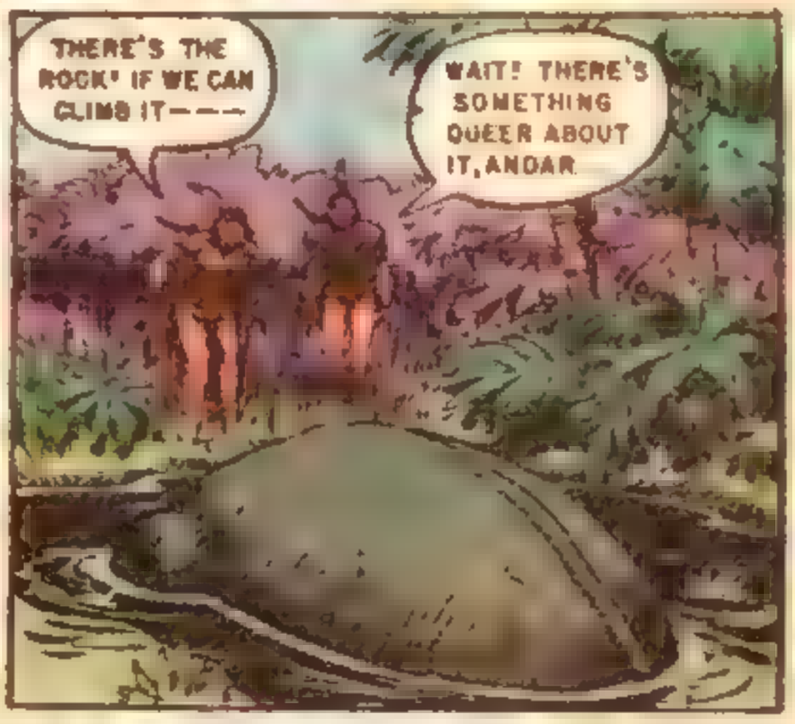
TWANG!
AS A TINY CREATURE DARTS ACROSS THE TRAIL, TUROK'S BOWSTRING HUMS...

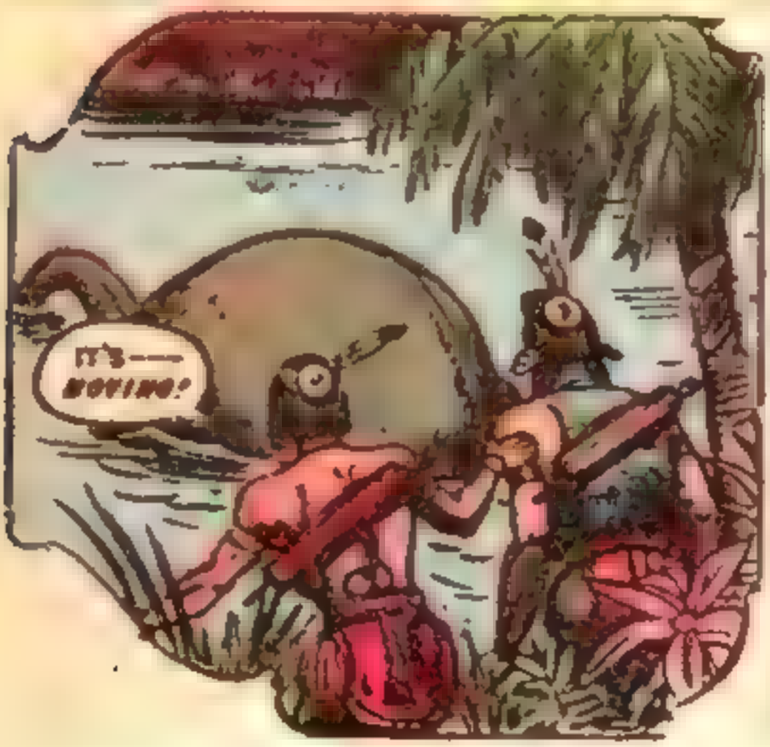

SUDDENLY FROM THE RANK JUNGLE GROWTH———
GAAAH!

IT—— HASN'T—— SEEN US!
WRONG! THE THING *HAS* SEEN US—BUT IT'S TOO BUSY EATING

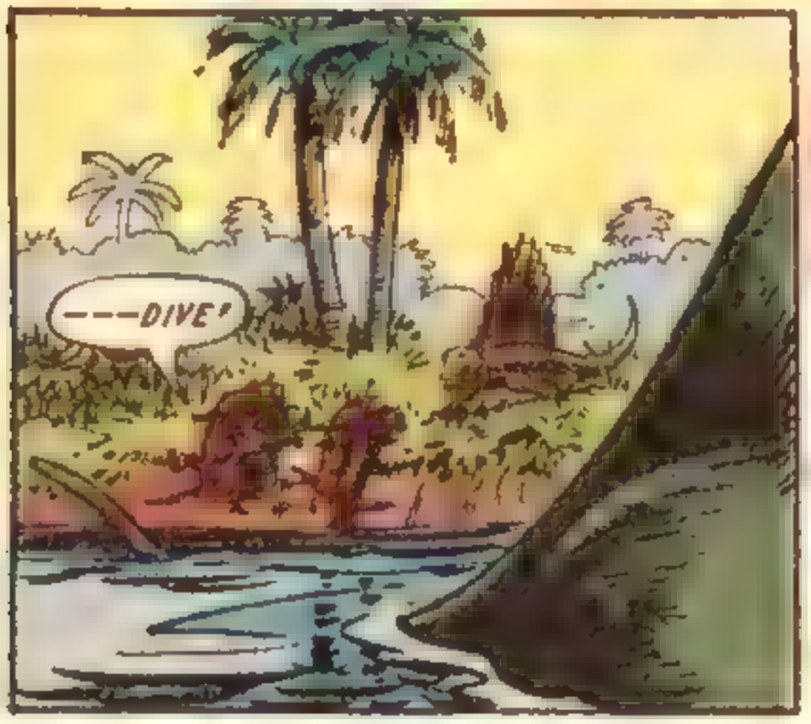
THE BIG ONE WAS AFTER THE LITTLE ONE WHEN I SHOT!
L LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

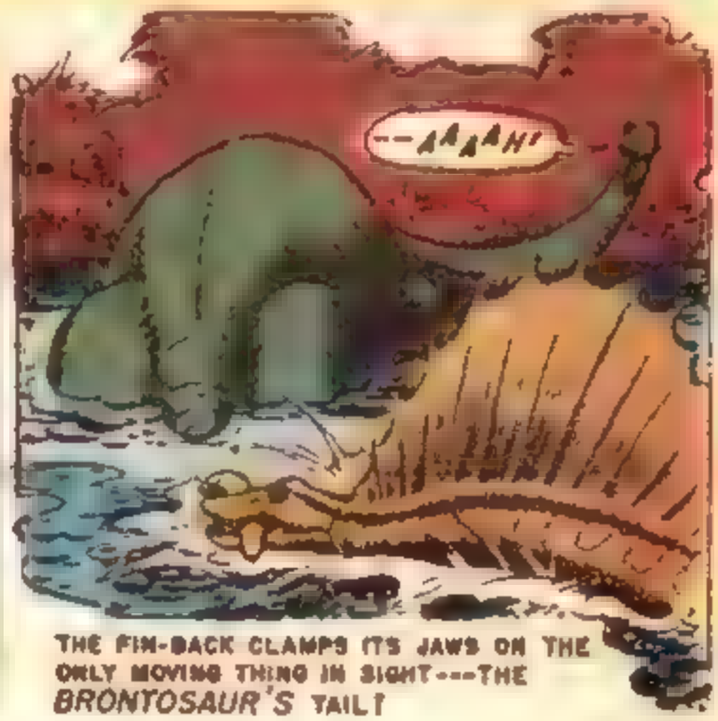
IF WE CAN GET ACROSS THE LOW, SWAMPY GROUND WHERE WE CAN *SEE* WHAT'S AROUND US——
THERE'S A BIG [redacted] AHEAD! I GLIMPSED IT A MINUTE AGO


THERE'S THE ROCK! IF WE CAN CLIMB IT——
WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT IT, ANDAR

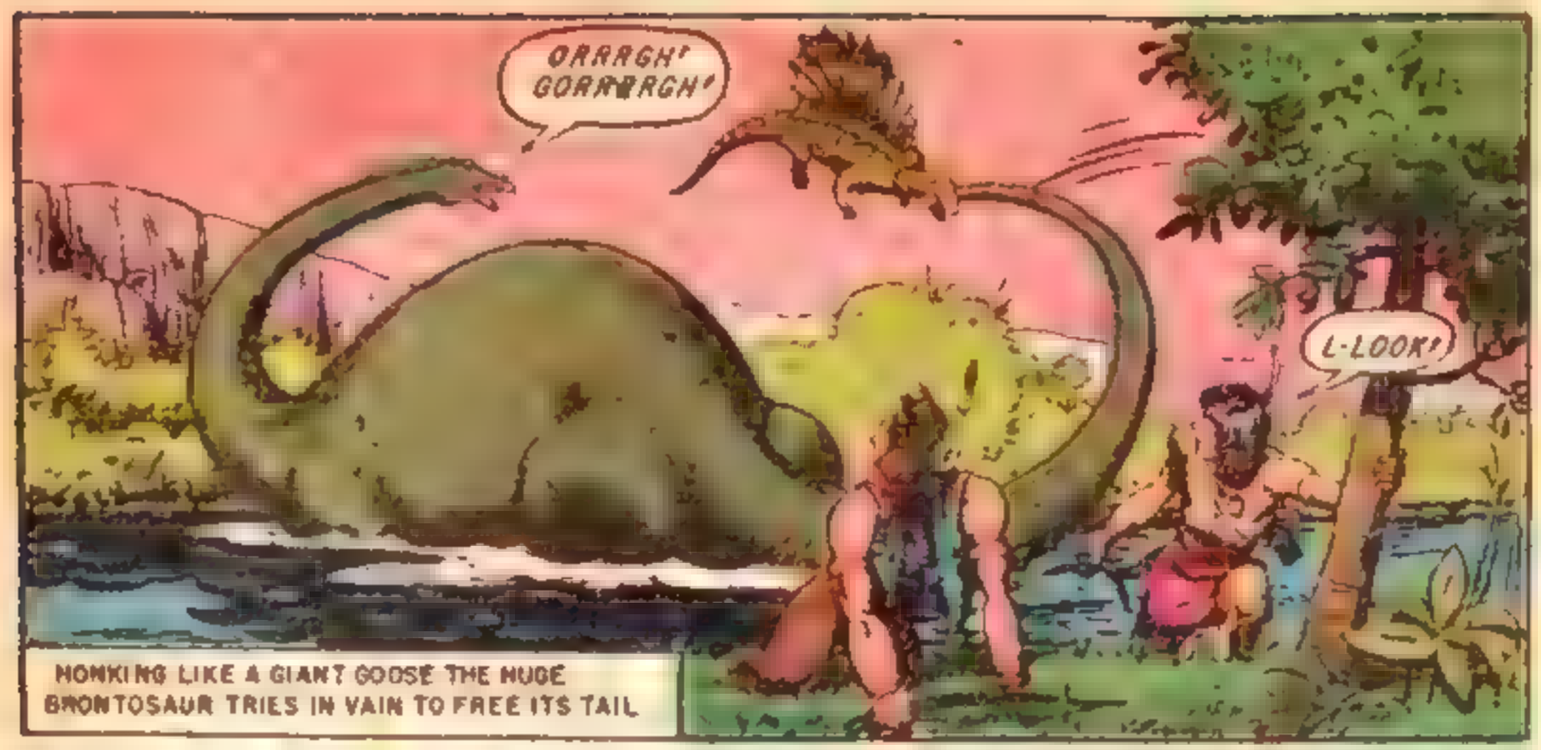

IT'S—— *MOVING!*

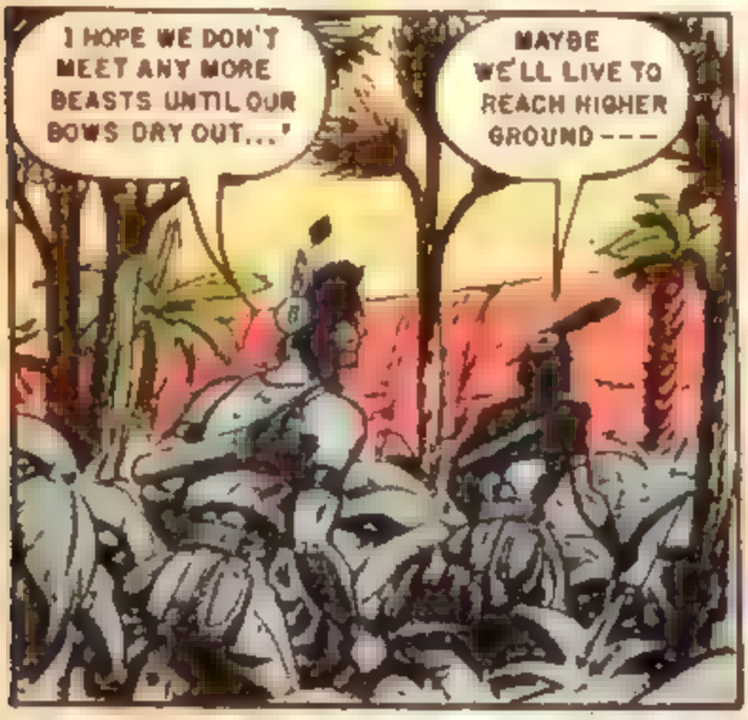
EEEE-YOW!
A SIGH LIKE A MUTED STEAM WHISTLE ISSUES FROM THE NOSTRILS OF THE BRONTOSAUR ——DISTURBED IN HIS FEEDING ON UNDERWATER PLANTS...

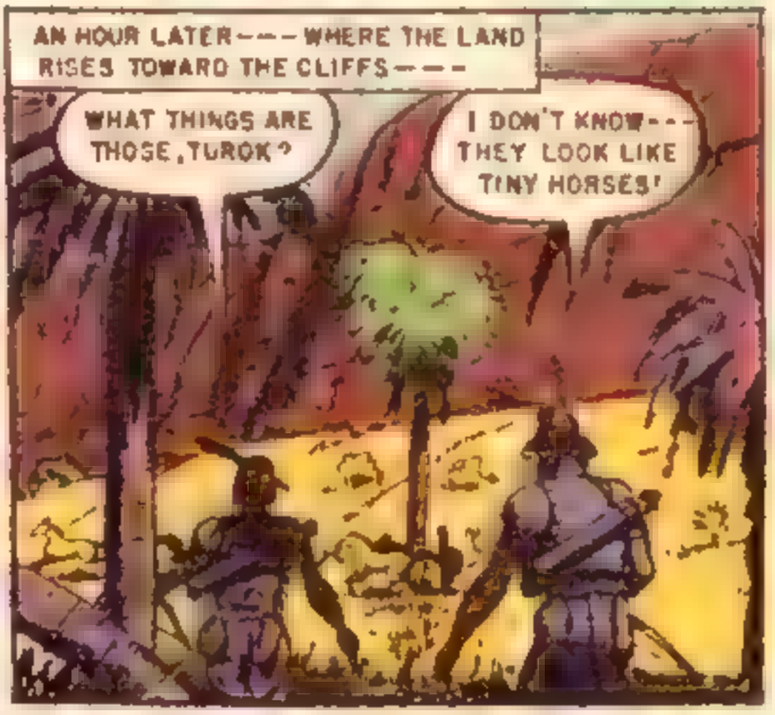




THE FIN-BACK CLAMPS ITS JAWS ON THE ONLY MOVING THING IN SIGHT---THE *BRONTOSAUR'S* TAIL!


ORRRGH! GORRRGH!
L-LOOK!
HONKING LIKE A GIANT GOOSE THE HUGE BRONTOSAUR TRIES IN VAIN TO FREE ITS TAIL


I HOPE WE DON'T MEET ANY MORE BEASTS UNTIL OUR BOWS DRY OUT...'
MAYBE WE'LL LIVE TO REACH HIGHER GROUND---


AN HOUR LATER---WHERE THE LAND RISES TOWARD THE CLIFFS---
WHAT THINGS ARE THOSE, TUROK?
I DON'T KNOW--- THEY LOOK LIKE TINY HORSES!

THERE--- A RABBIT!
FOOD!

IT IS MORE THAN FOOD, ANDAR! IT TELLS ME THAT WHERE A RABBIT CAN LIVE A MAN CAN LIVE--- AND ESCAPE THE HUNGRY MONSTERS OF THIS WORLD BELOW!
UGH! THAT IS SO!

YOUNG EARTH

THE ARMORED ONES

IN THE AGE OF REPTILES, THE MEAT-EATING DINOSAURS RULED! SOME HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO, THE SHARP, SIX INCH-LONG TEETH OF THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX FOUND FLESHY DELIGHT IN SMALLER CREATURES LIKE THE COMPSOGNATHUS . . .

FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE LARGEST, ALL FLED WHEN THE MEAT-EATERS ATTACKED! EVEN THE NINETY-FOOT-LONG DIPLODOCUS HEADED FOR SAFETY.

SPLASHING INTO THE RIVER . .

ONCE IN THE WATER, THE DIPLODOCUS WAS SAFE! HE COULD STAY BELOW, POPPING UP HIS LONG NECK EVERY NOW AND THEN SO HE COULD GULP FRESH AIR TILL THE MEAT-EATER FINALLY GAVE UP THE CHASE!

BUT THE SMALLER REPTILES, THE HARMLESS PLANT-EATERS, WHO COULD NOT SURVIVE LONG IN THE WATER, LIVED IN CONTINUAL TERROR!

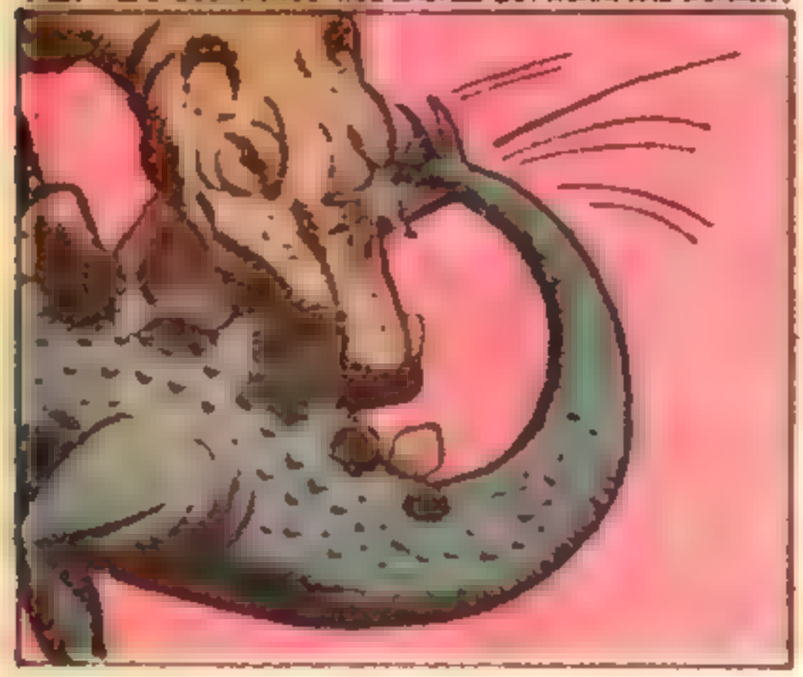
SLOWLY, A CHANGE CAME ABOUT! AFTER MANY GENERATIONS, THE SOFT SKIN OF SOME OF THE PLANT-EATING DINOSAURS CHANGED TO HORNY PLATES ..

THEN BONY SPIKES APPEARED ON THEIR BACKS, DOWN TO THE TIPS OF THEIR TAILS! THIS PRODUCED AN ARMORED MONSTER LIKE THE STEGOSAURUS!

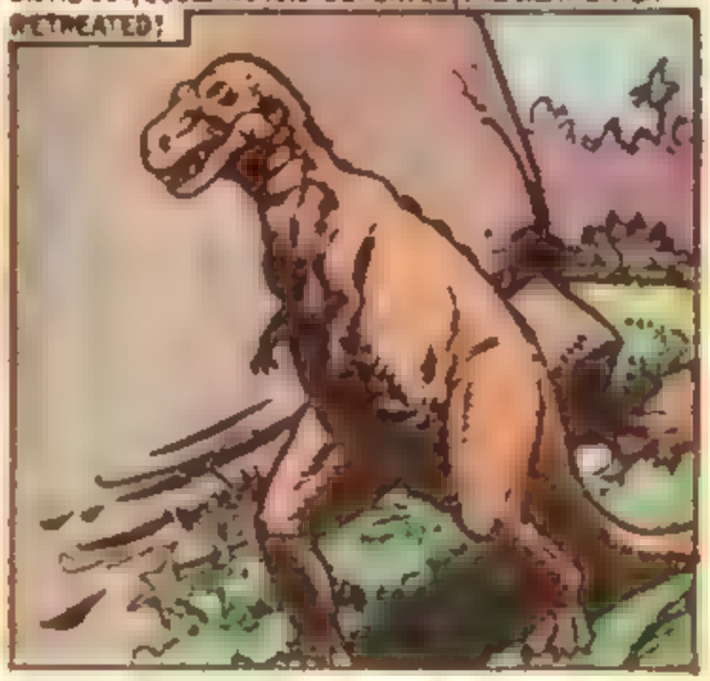
NOW WHEN A FLESH-EATER LIKE THE GORGOSAURUS ATTACKED ..

ITS TEETH GLANCED OFF THE ARMOR PLATE OR THE SHARP ROW OF BACK SPIKES RIPPED ITS SKIN ..

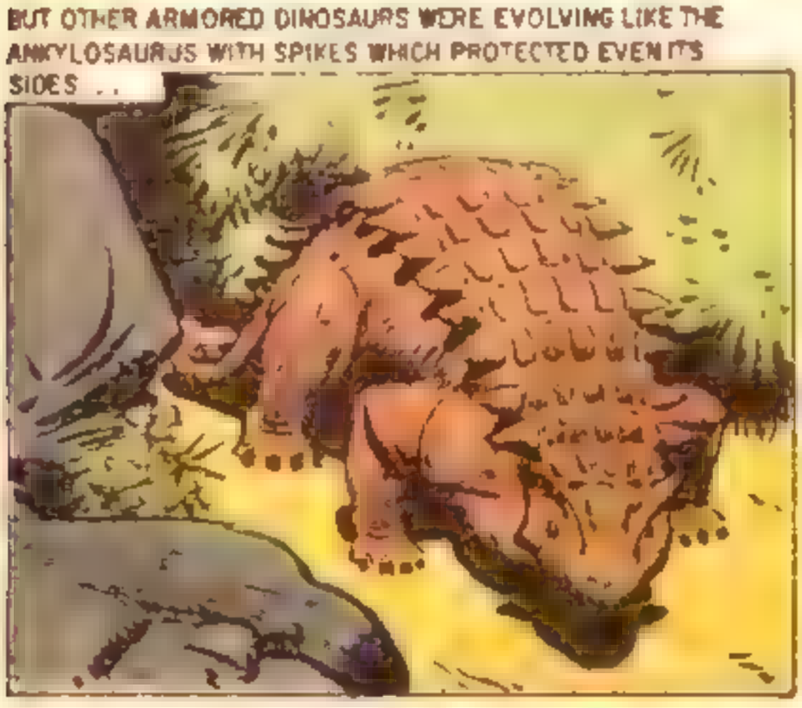
THEN THE STEGOSAURUS' TAIL LASHED OUT AGAIN AND AGAIN...



UNTIL CUT, BLEEDING AND DEFEATED, THE MEAT-EATER RETREATED!



ONLY BY GETTING AT THE SOFT UNDERSIDE OR BELLY OF THE STEGOSAURUS COULD AN ATTACKER OVERWHELM ITS ARMORED PREY!

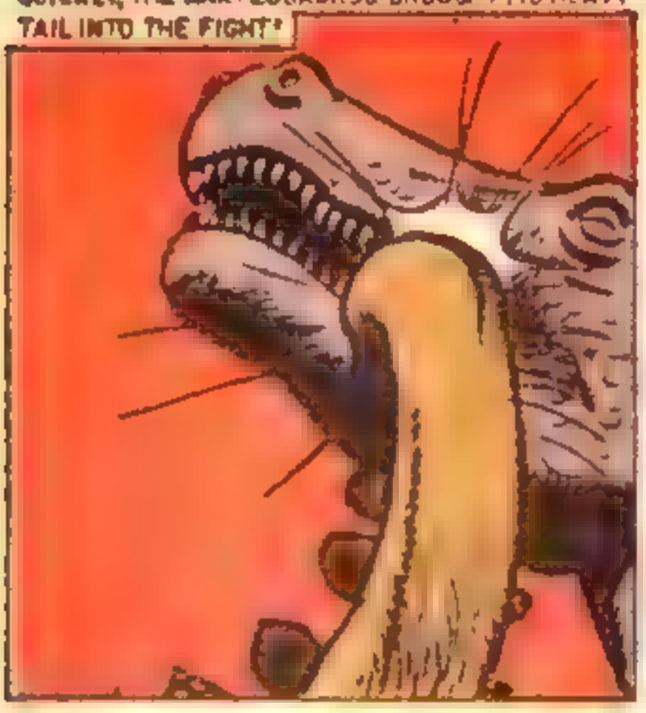

BUT OTHER ARMORED DINOSAURS WERE EVOLVING LIKE THE ANKYLOSAURUS WITH SPIKES WHICH PROTECTED EVEN ITS SIDES . .

. . . AND A TAIL ENDING IN A LUMP OF BONE THAT SERVED IT AS A CLUB!

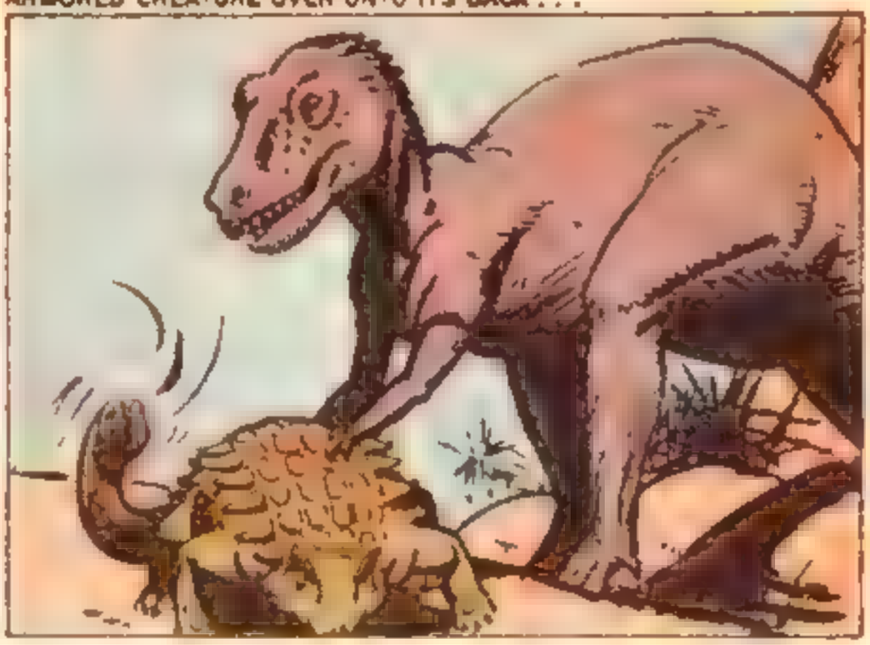
REARING HIGH ABOVE IT AND OVERTAKING IT WITH GIANT STRIDES, THE ALLOSAURUS QUICKLY CAME UPON ITS QUARRY!

BUT THE SIDE SPIKES STABBED THE ALLOSAURUS IN THE FACE. . .

QUICKLY, THE ANKYLOSAURUS BROUGHT ITS HEAVY TAIL INTO THE FIGHT!

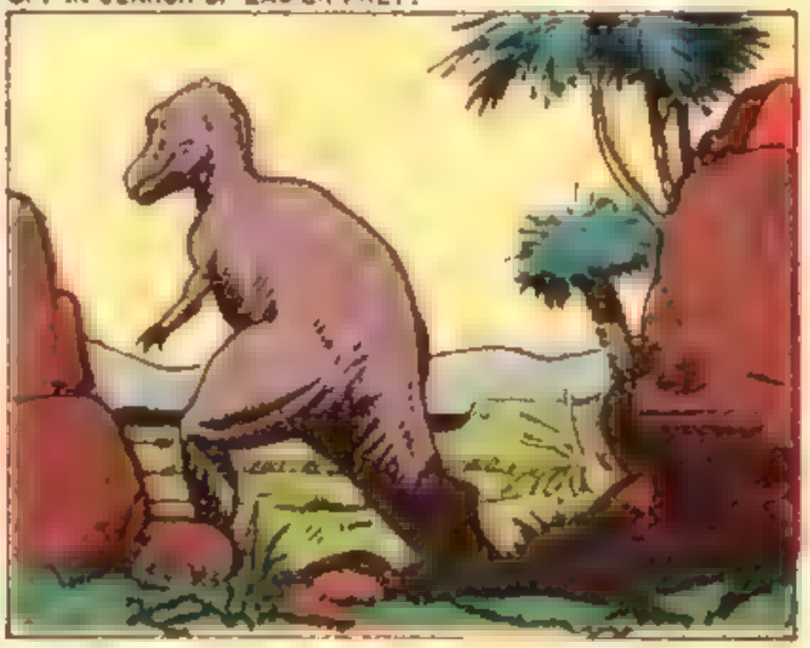


ONLY ONE PART OF THE ANKYLOSAURUS REMAINED UNPROTECTED--- ITS SOFT BELLY! DESPERATELY, THE ALLOSAURUS TRIED TO FLIP THE ARMORED CREATURE OVER ONTO ITS BACK . . .



BUT THE HARD-STRIKING TAIL ENDED THAT THREAT!

STABBED, STRUCK AND STUNNED, THE ALLOSAURUS PLODDED OFF IN SEARCH OF EASIER PREY!



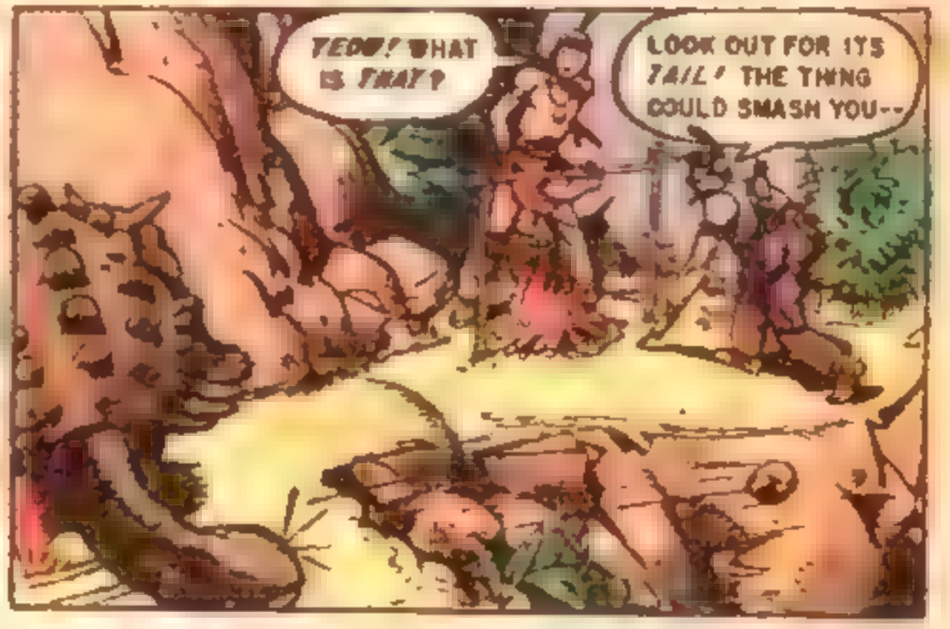
NOW FROM THE JUNGLE OF THE PREHISTORIC WORLD, THE ARMORED ONES CAME OUT WITH CONFIDENCE! BONY PLATES, SPIKES AND DANGEROUS TAILS GAVE THEM THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN THE WORLD OF THE FIERCE FLESH-EATERS!

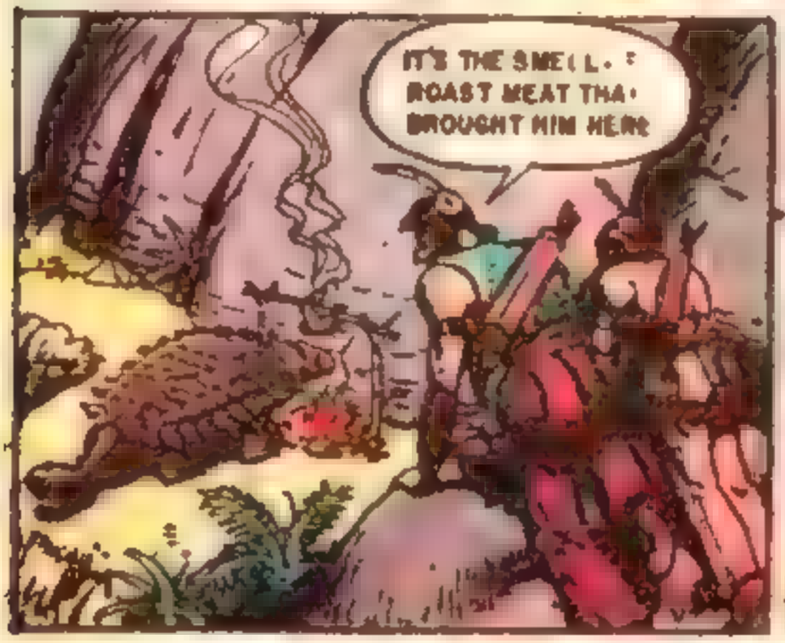
TUROK and the TERRIBLE ONES

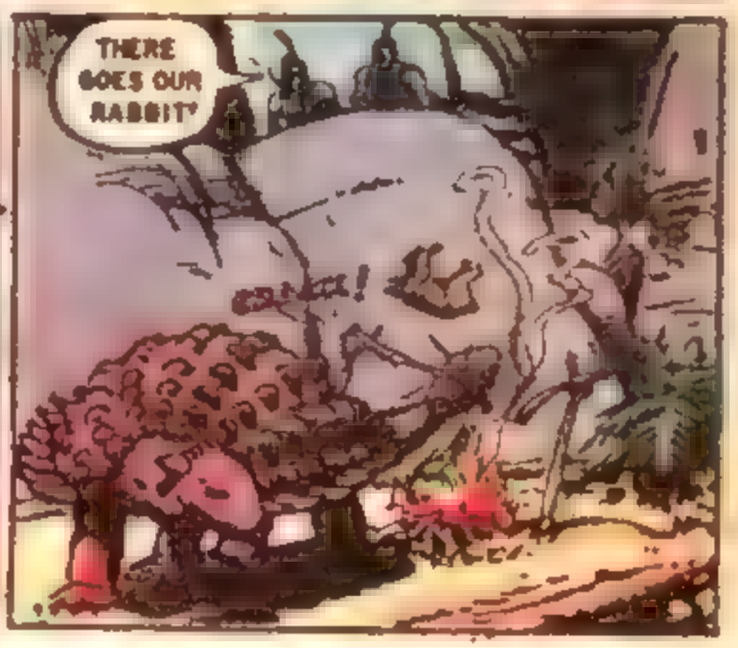
SON OF STONE

EVERYTHING IS STRANGE AND DIFFERENT IN THIS SUNKEN WORLD, ANDAR* THE PLANTS AND ANIMALS .
BUT GOOD ROAST RABBIT MEAT TASTES THE SAME!

IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE WHITE MAN, TUROK AND ANDAR HAVE ENTERED A STRANGE SUNKEN VALLEY, THROUGH [illegible] AREA. THE VALLEY, OF SEVERAL MILES EXTENT, IS ACTUALLY AN ENORMOUS CAVERN WHOSE ROOF FELL IN, MANY AGES AGO..... WARM SPRINGS AND MOIST [illegible] SERVED MUCH PREHISTORIC LIFE THAT HAS LONG BEEN EXTINCT EVERYWHERE [illegible]!

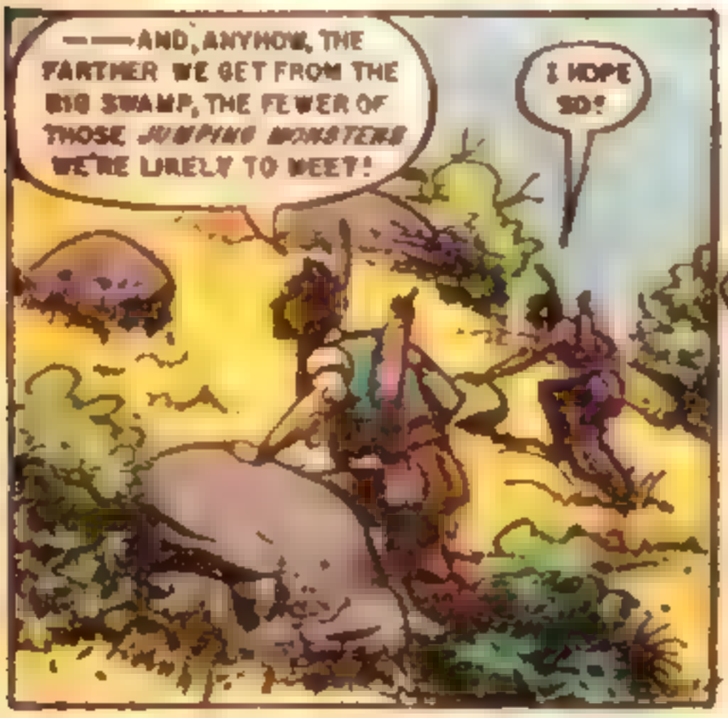




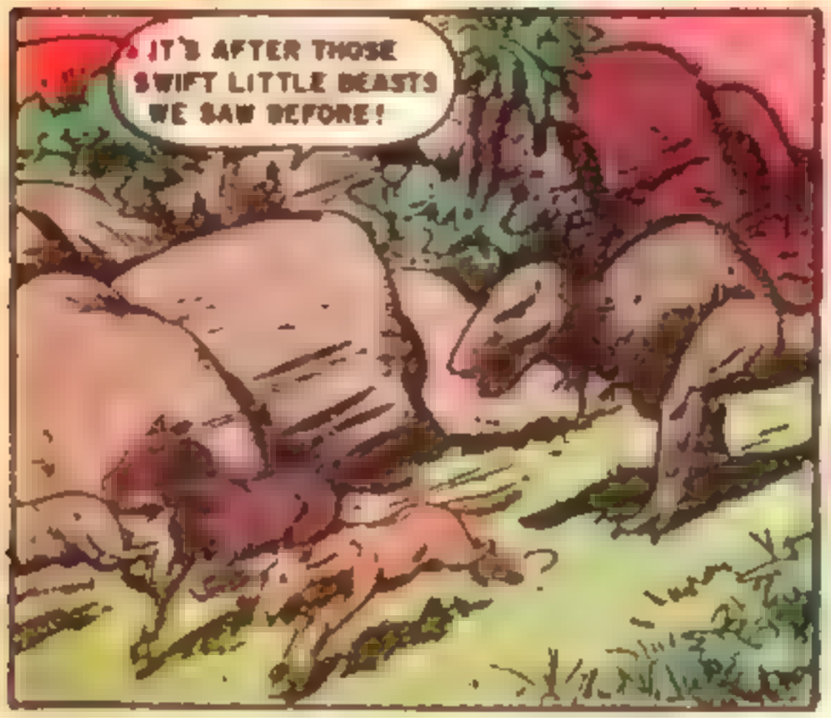


WE'D BETTER GO, TOO—BEFORE THE BEAT SCENT DRAWS ANY MORE CREATURES!
UGH! BUT *WHERE* SHALL WE GO, TUROK?

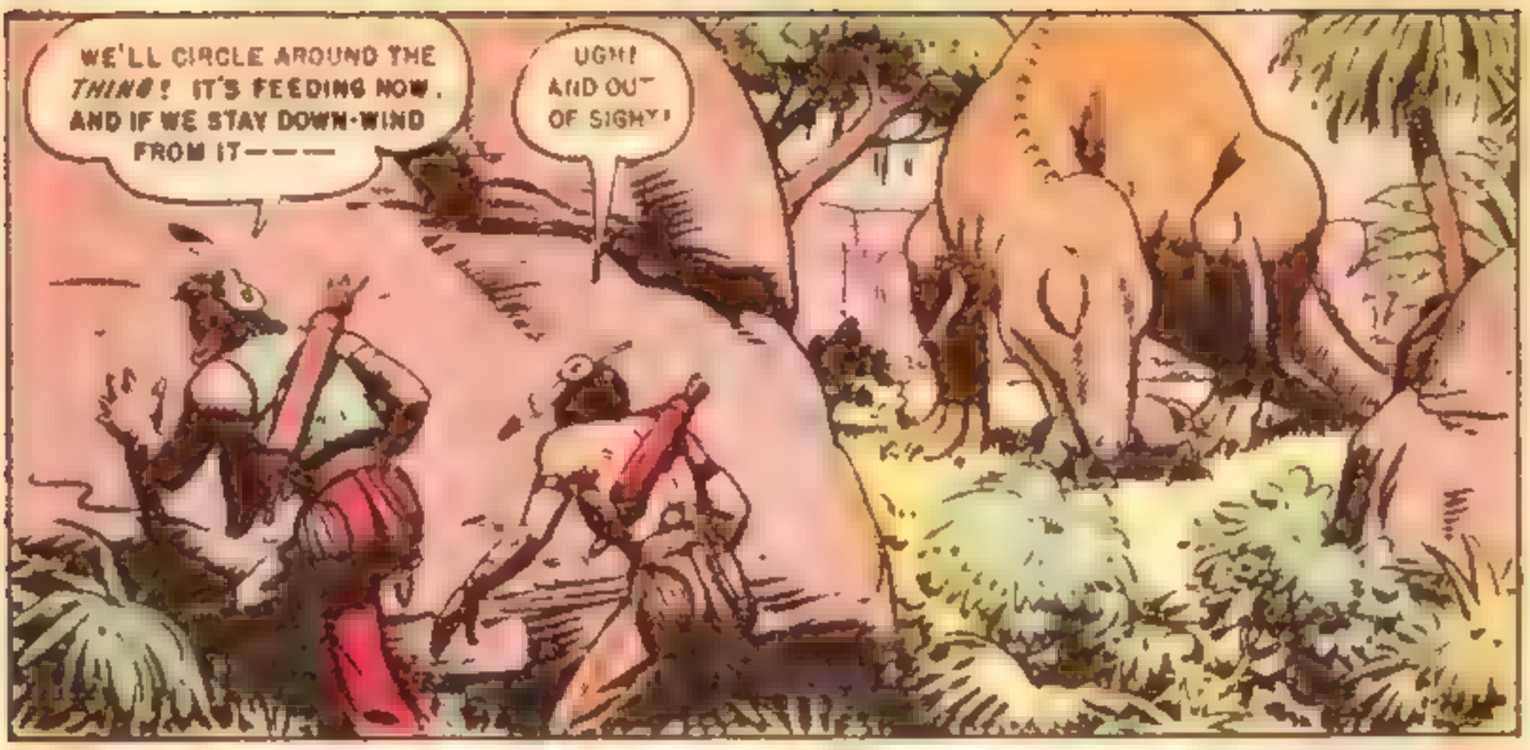
TOWARD THE CLIFFS! WE *MIGHT* FIND SOME WAY TO CLIMB OUT OF THIS VALLEY. .


——AND, ANYHOW, THE FARTHER WE GET FROM THE BIG SWAMP, THE FEWER OF THOSE *JUMPING MONSTERS* WE'RE LIKELY TO MEET!
I HOPE SO!

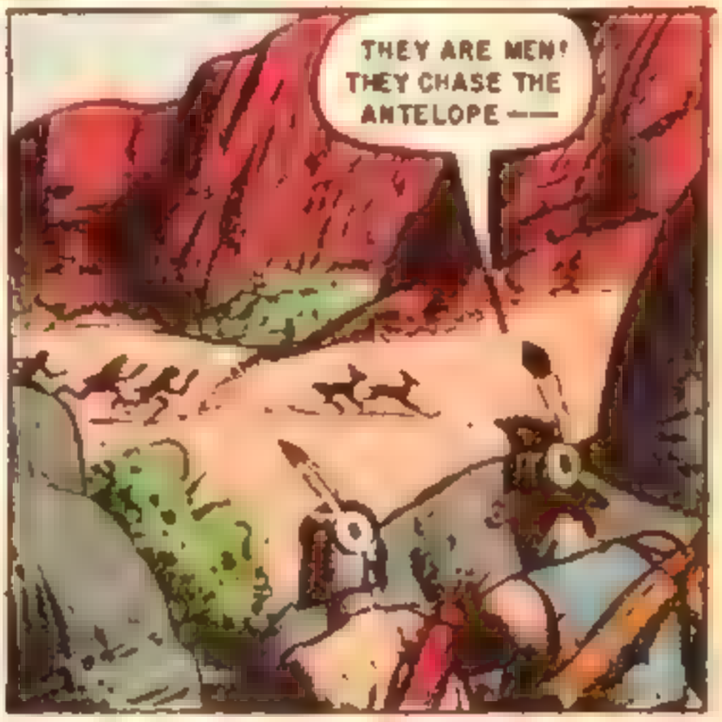
——BUT YOU'RE WRONG! *THERE'S* THE WORST ONE WE'VE SEEN!


IT'S AFTER THOSE SWIFT LITTLE BEASTS WE SAW BEFORE!

IT'S CAUGHT ONE! WAGH! WE WOULDN'T HAVE [redacted] IF THE *THING* HAD SEEN US, TUROK!
AN ARROW WOULD HARDLY PRICK THE CREATURE' OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO HIDE ...

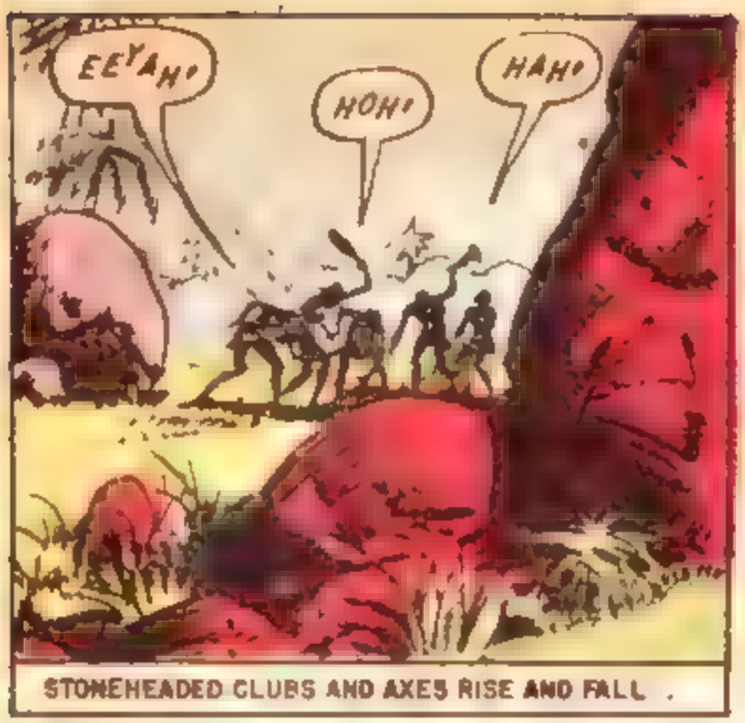

WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND THE *THING*! IT'S FEEDING NOW, AND IF WE STAY DOWN-WIND FROM IT———
UGH! AND OUT OF SIGHT!

YAH-HOO!
YIP YIP!
LISTEN! THOSE WERE *HUMAN VOICES!*

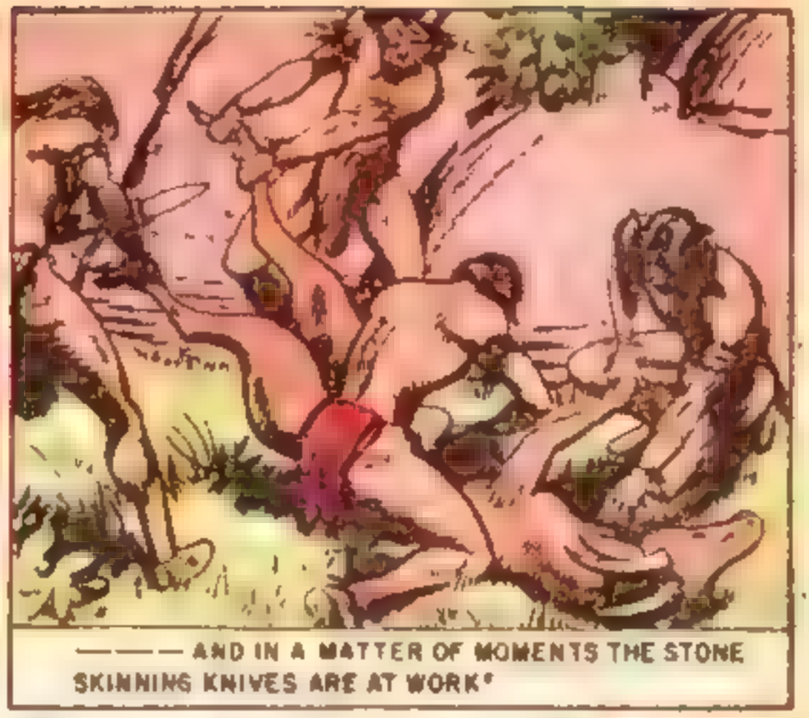

THEY ARE MEN! THEY CHASE THE ANTELOPE——

———WITH CLUBS! THEY MUST BE STUPID! NO MAN CAN RUN DOWN AN ANTELOPE———
LOOK OVER THERE--- THOSE OTHER MEN WITH A NET, WAITING———

HAH!
STRETCHED ACROSS A NATURAL RUNWAY, THE NET TAKES A PRIZE!

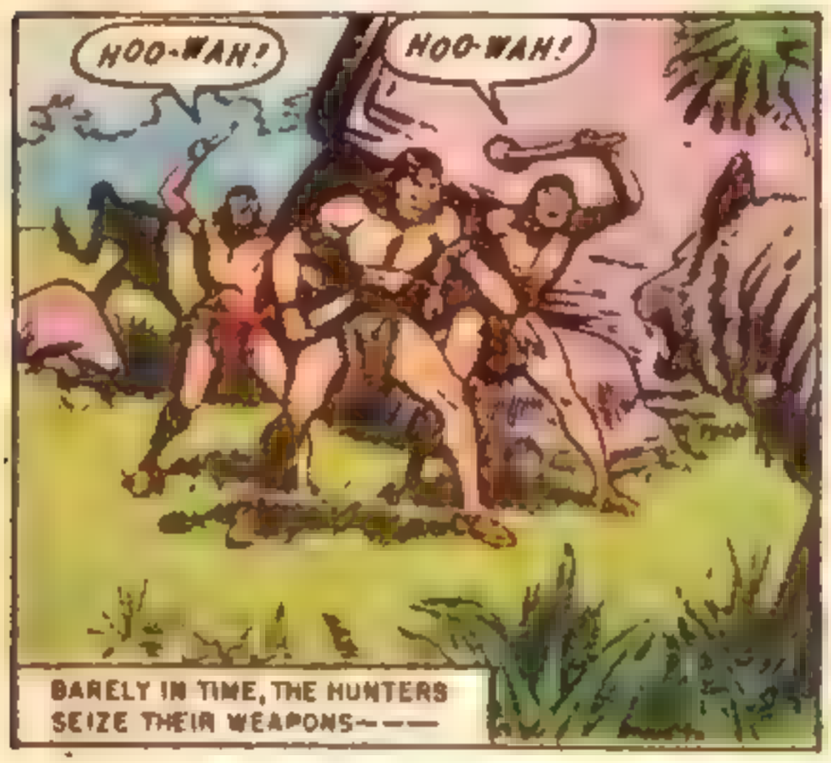


STONEHEADED CLUBS AND AXES RISE AND FALL .



———— AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE STONE SKINNING KNIVES ARE AT WORK!

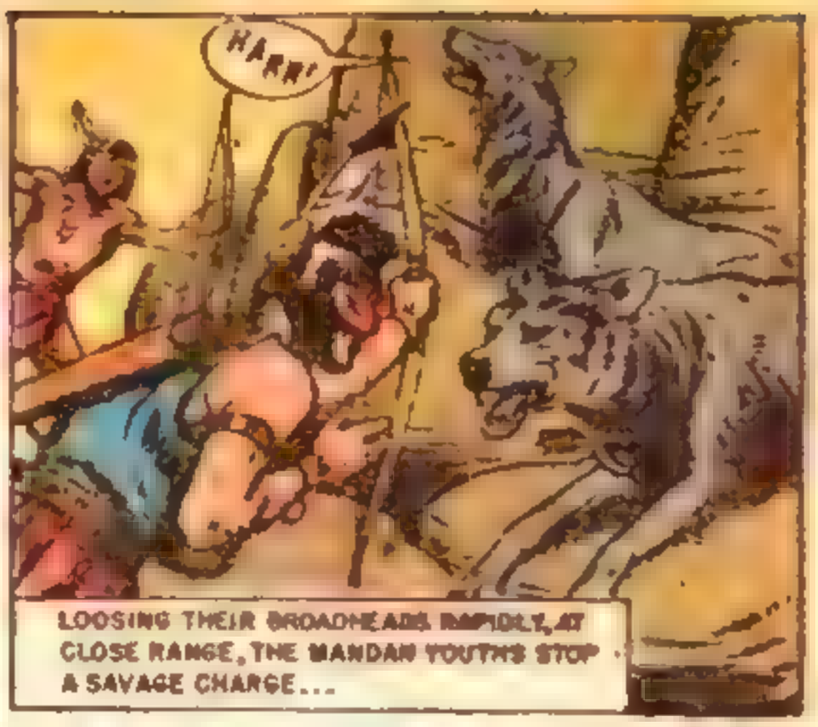
BUT GIANT WOLVES ARE HUNGERING FOR THE STONE-AGE INDIANS' KILL...



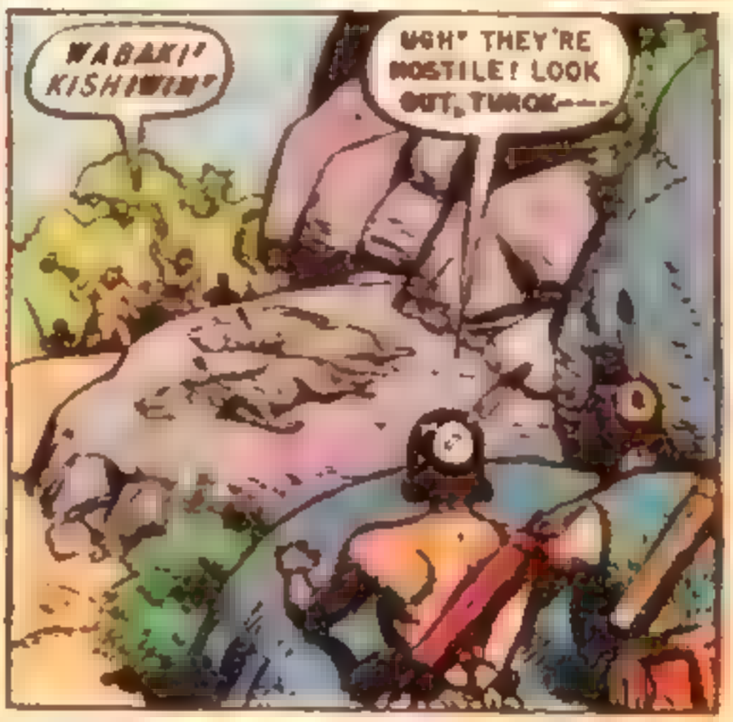
BARELY IN TIME, THE HUNTERS SEIZE THEIR WEAPONS———

AND THE GREAT WOLVES PAUSE---CHECKED BETWEEN FEROCITY AND APPETITE!

COME ON, ANDAR! OUR ARROWS CAN TAKE CARE OF *THOSE* BRUTES!
—I HOPE!

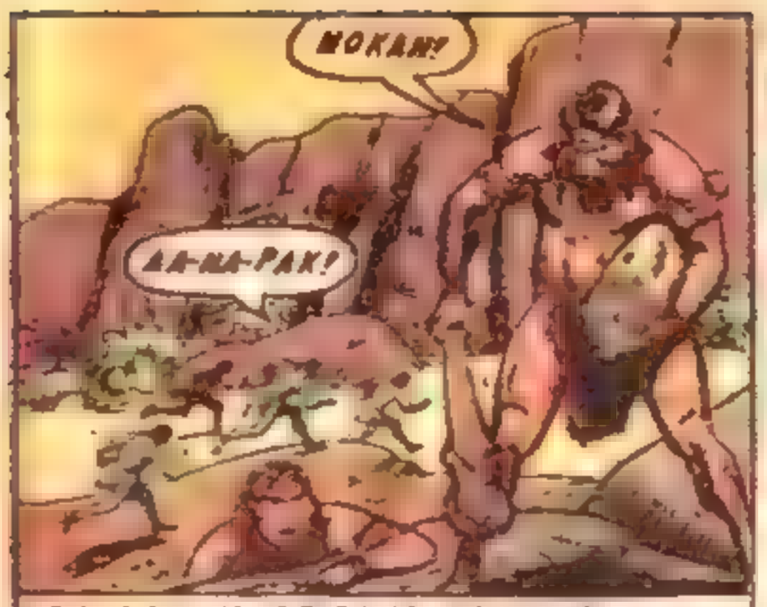

HARK!
LOOSING THEIR BROADHEADS RAPIDLY, AT CLOSE RANGE, THE MANDAN YOUTHS STOP A SAVAGE CHARGE...

THESE ARE A GIANT BREED, TUROK!
YES--- TWICE AS BIG AS THOSE IN OUR *WORLD ABOVE!* WE SAVED THESE HUNTERS SOME TROUBLE---


WABAK! KISHIWIN!
UGH! THEY'RE HOSTILE! LOOK OUT, TUROK---

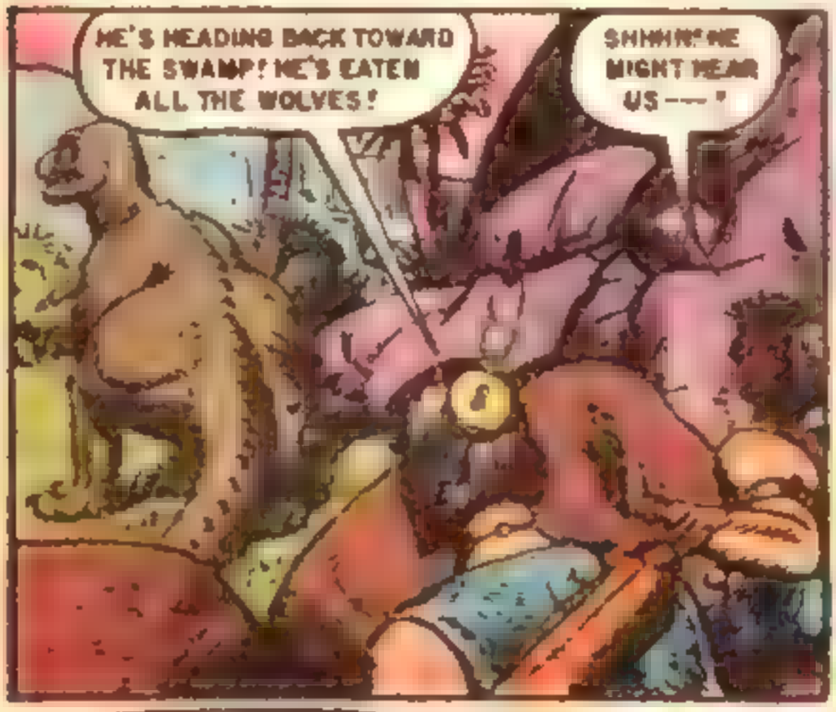
THEY STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT KILLED THE WOLVES! THEY DON'T FEAR OUR ARROWS---BECAUSE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ONE!

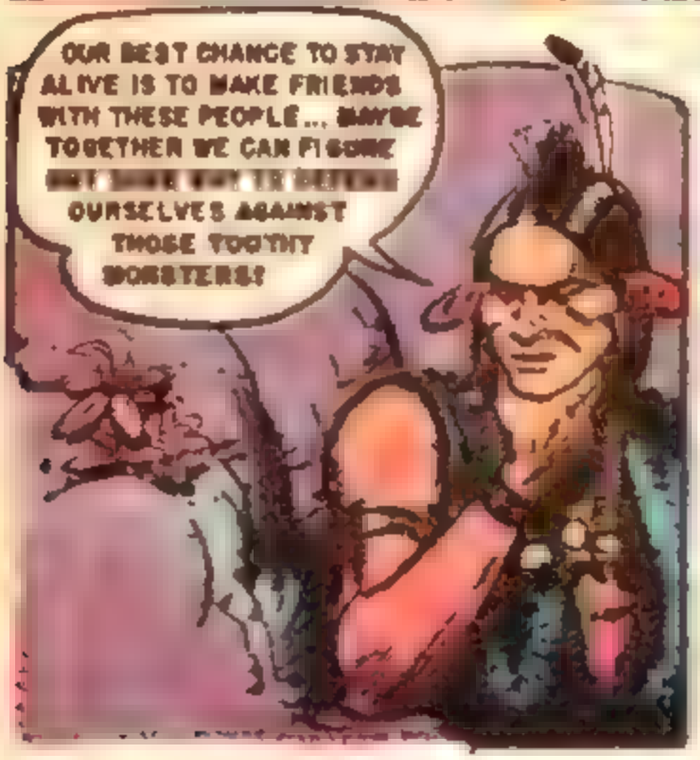
GAAAAH!
DOWN! HERE COMES SOMETHING THEY *DO* FEAR!

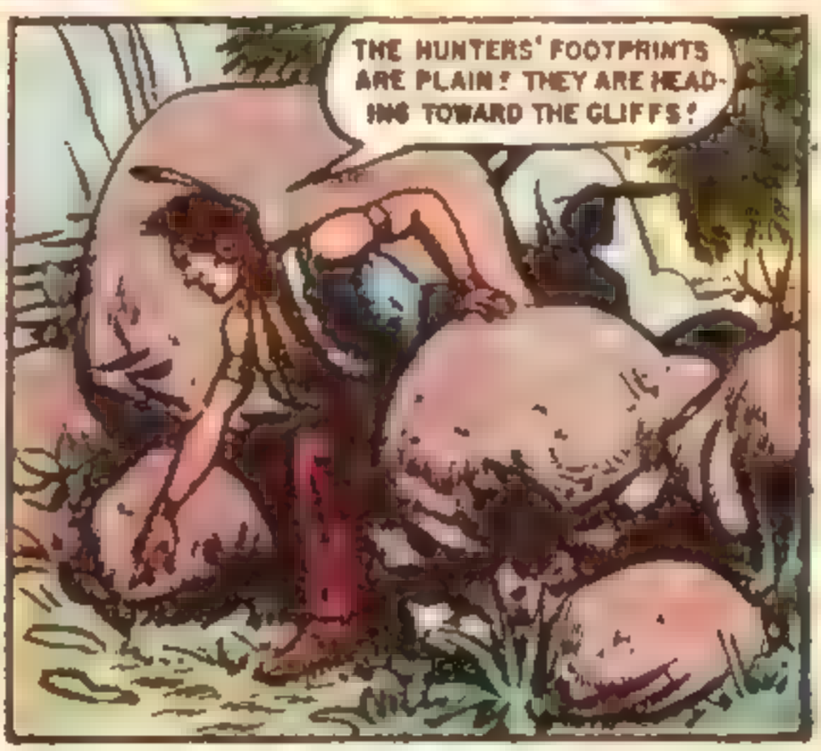


SEIZING CHUNKS OF THE ANTELOPE MEAT, THE NATIVES DIVE FOR CREVICES WHERE *TYRANNOSAUR'S* STEAM-SHOVEL JAWS CANNOT REACH...

THE NEXT MOMENT THERE IS SILENCE AS THE HUGE BEAST SEIZES ONE OF THE WOLVES IN HIS JAWS.

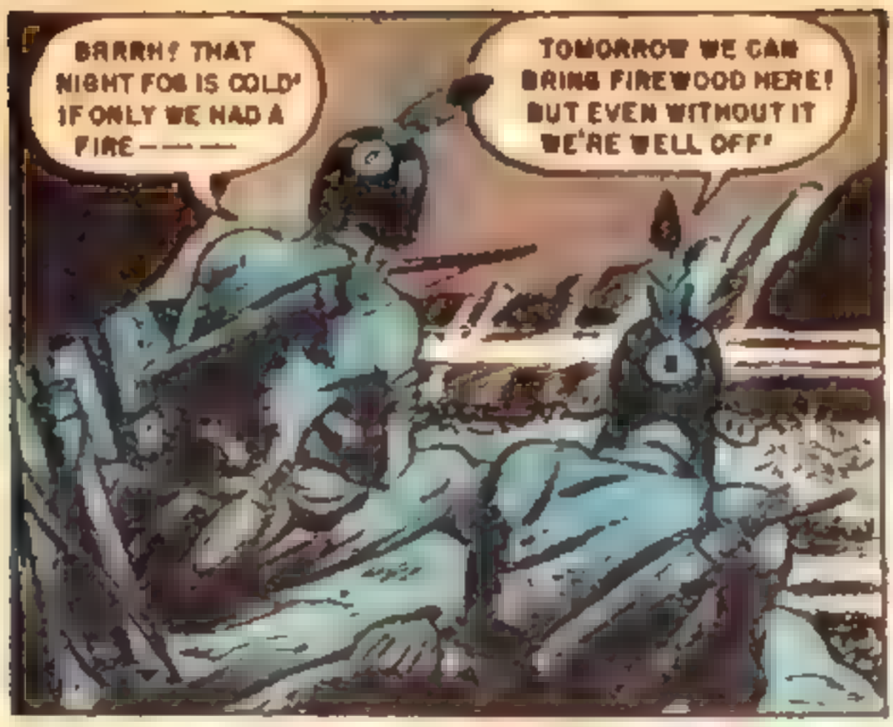



OUR BEST CHANCE TO STAY ALIVE IS TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THESE PEOPLE... MAYBE TOGETHER WE CAN FIGURE [redacted] OURSELVES AGAINST THOSE TOOTHY MONSTERS!



THERE! THEY WENT THROUGH THAT SLIT IN THE ROCK---
---TO AN OPEN SPACE BEYOND! I SEE DAYLIGHT THROUGH IT!
THERE'S SOMEBODY---
HO, STRANGERS! WE COME IN PEACE!
MAGANUKI! WAH!
DUCK! THEY'RE STILL HOSTILE--
WE OUGHT TO GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF OUR ARROWS! THAT WOULD CHANGE THEIR SONG----
NO, IT WOULDN'T! IT WOULD MAKE THEM ENEMIES FOR GOOD!
WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A BETTER WAY! PERHAPS WE CAN CLIMB UP THE CLIFFS HIGH ENOUGH TO SEE THEIR CAMP BEYOND THAT ROCK SLIT!
IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT THEY NEED OR WANT MOST--- AND FIND A WAY TO SUPPLY IT...
THAT WOULDN'T WORK EITHER! I TELL YOU, TUROK, THOSE PEOPLE ARE TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND ANY-THING!

THAT'S THEIR VILLAGE!
THEY'VE GOT THE ANTELOPE MEAT DIVIDED UP AND THEY'RE COOKING IT ALREADY!
UMMMM! THAT MEANS THEY'RE HUNGRY---PROBABLY ALWAYS HUNGRY! THEY HAVEN'T ANY GARDENS---AND THEY CAN'T KILL MUCH MEAT WITH CLUBS
WE CAN KILL PLENTY OF MEAT WITH OUR BOWS AND ARROWS! THAT MAY BE THE BEST WAY TO WIN THEIR FRIENDSHIP ----FEED THEM!
BUT IT'S GETTING DARK NOW AND TOO LATE TO HUNT ANY MORE TODAY! WE'D BETTER FIND A SAFE PLACE TO SLEEP!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK! THE LEDGE ENDS HERE---
NO IT DOESN'T---NOT QUITE! FOLLOW ME, ANDAR!
HERE'S WHAT WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR---A PLACE WHERE NO BIG ANIMAL CAN CLIMB TO GET AT US!

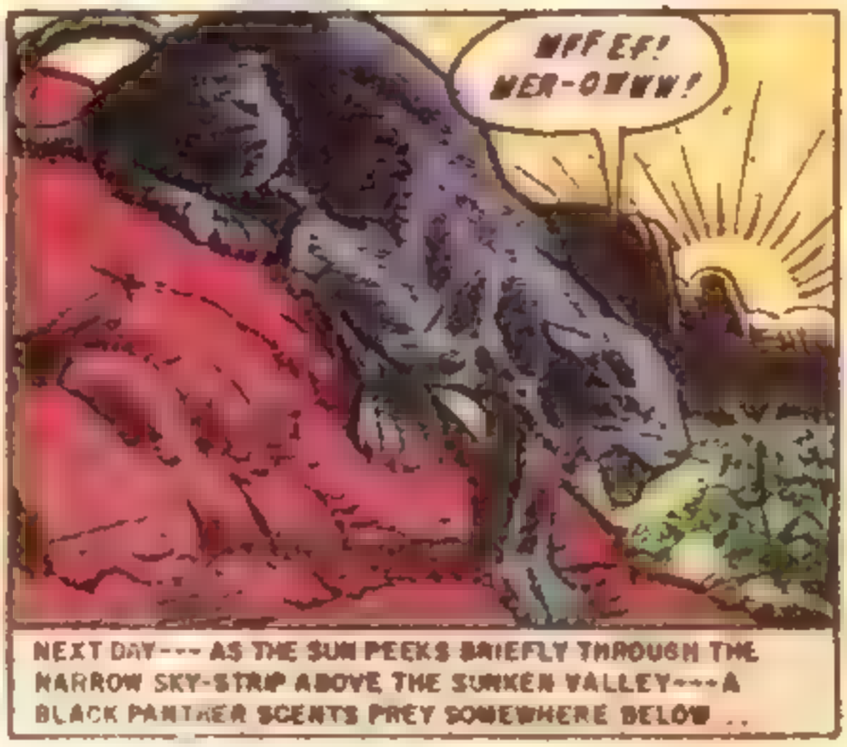

BRRRH! THAT NIGHT FOG IS COLD! IF ONLY WE HAD A FIRE———
TOMORROW WE CAN BRING FIREWOOD HERE! BUT EVEN WITHOUT IT WE'RE WELL OFF!

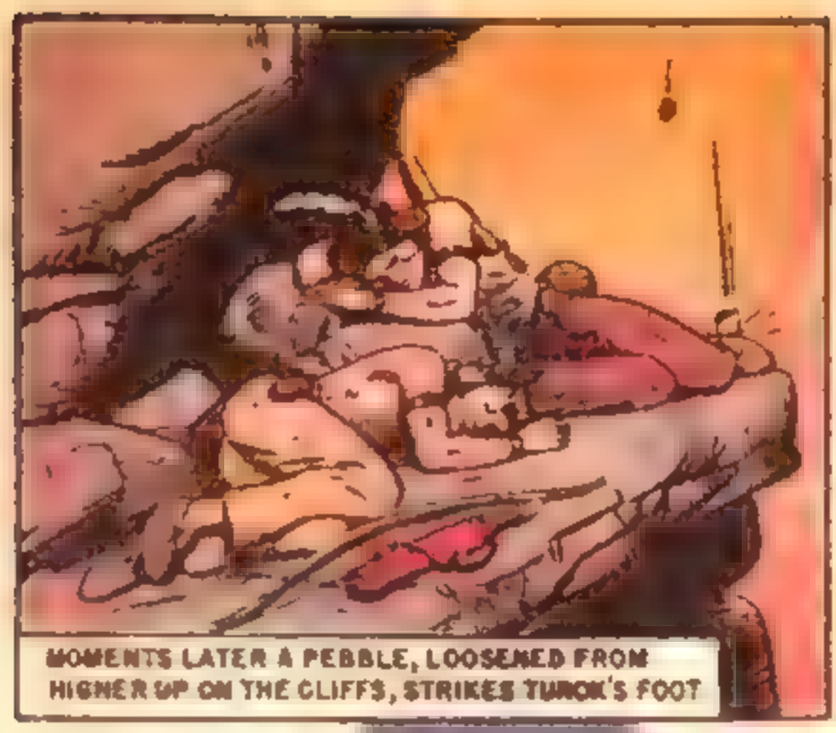
I'M GOING TO SLEEP—— AND YOU'D BETTER DO THE SAME, ANDAR!

HOONK!
ARO-A-RRR!
YEE-EEE-EEK!
BUT FOR SEVERAL HOURS ANDAR SITS SLEEPLESS, LISTENING TO THE SAVAGE SYMPHONY OF REPTILE HONKS AND ROARS...

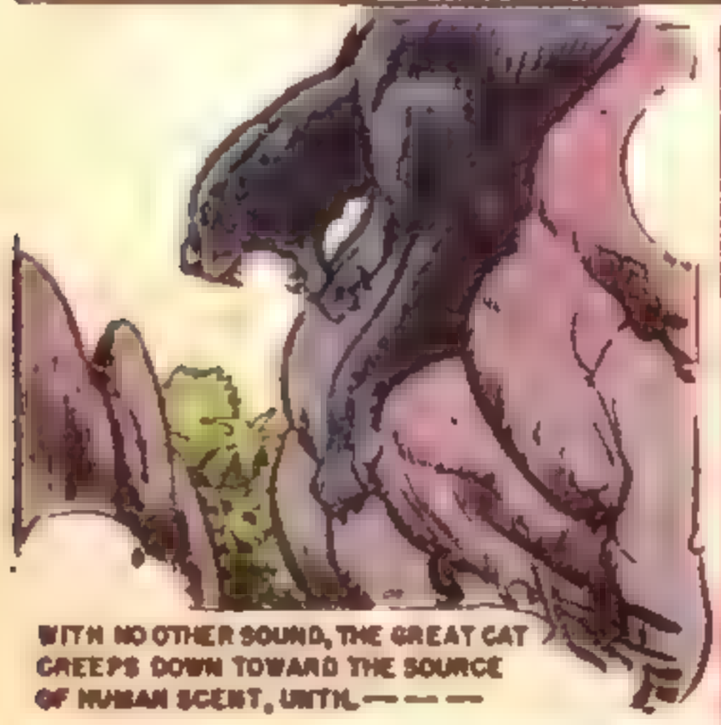
OW-OW-OOOO-OOOOOOH!
OOOOH!
—— AND THE HOWLING OF THE DIRE WOLVES

EEE-YOWRRRR!
———AND THE CATERWAULING OF THE GIANT PANTHERS ON THE CRAGS!

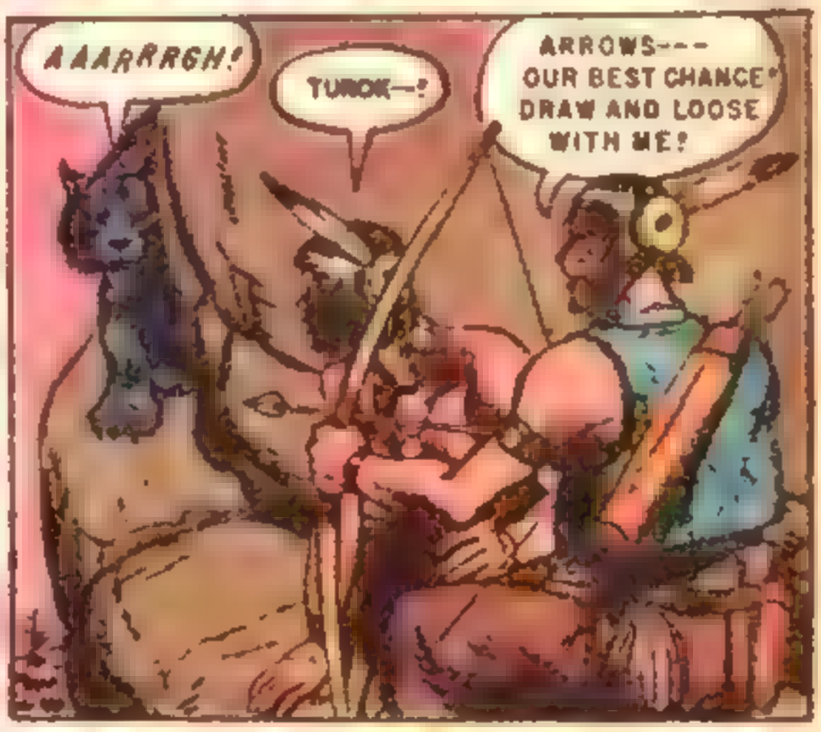

MFF EF! MER-OWW!
NEXT DAY——— AS THE SUN PEEKS BRIEFLY THROUGH THE NARROW SKY-STRIP ABOVE THE SUNKEN VALLEY———A BLACK PANTHER SCENTS PREY SOMEWHERE BELOW ..

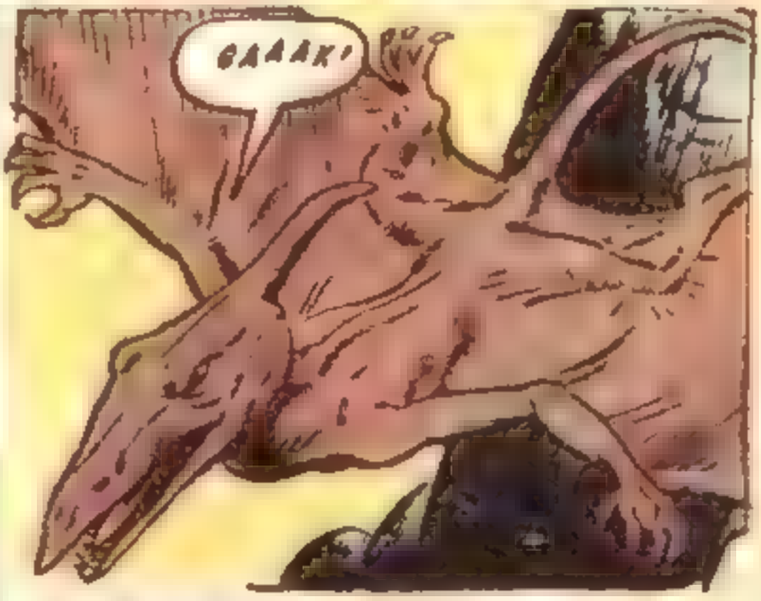


MOMENTS LATER A PEBBLE, LOOSENED FROM HIGHER UP ON THE CLIFFS, STRIKES TUROK'S FOOT

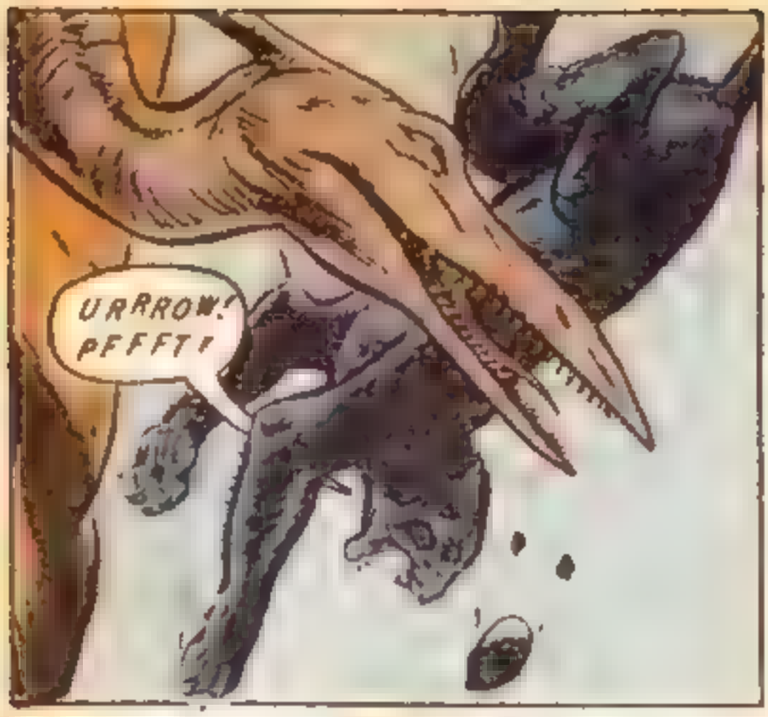


WITH NO OTHER SOUND, THE GREAT CAT CREEPS DOWN TOWARD THE SOURCE OF HUMAN SCENT, UNTIL---





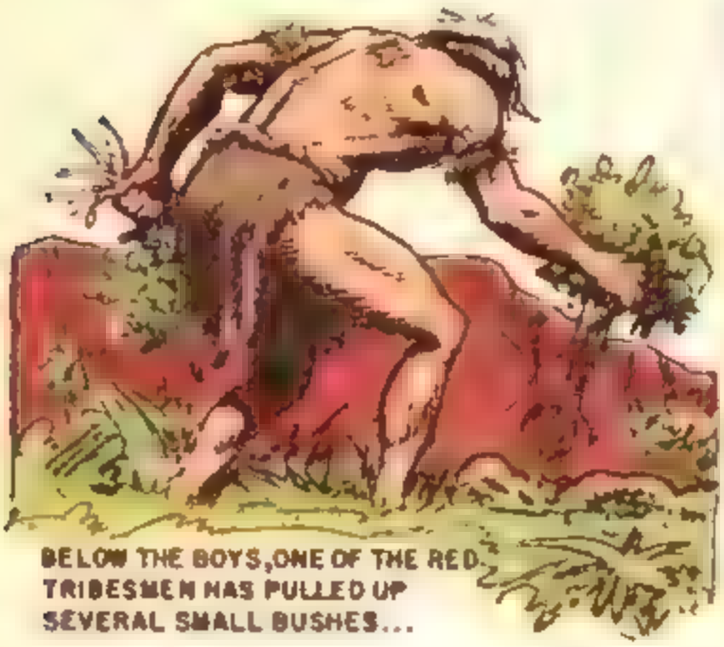
BUT BEFORE THE BOYS CAN LOOSE THEIR SHAFTS--- A GREAT PTERANODON, WHOSE NEST IS IN A NICHE OF THE SAME CLIFF, SAILS DOWN!

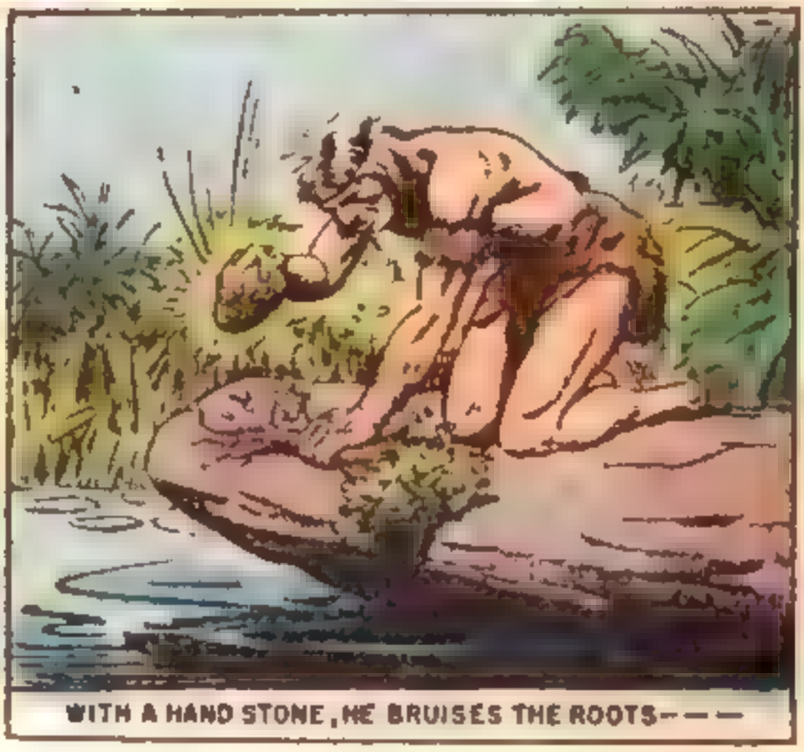

URRROW!
PFFFT!

WHAT WAS THAT---A GIANT EAGLE?
MORE LIKE A GIANT BAT! IT DID US A GOOD TURN, ANYHOW!

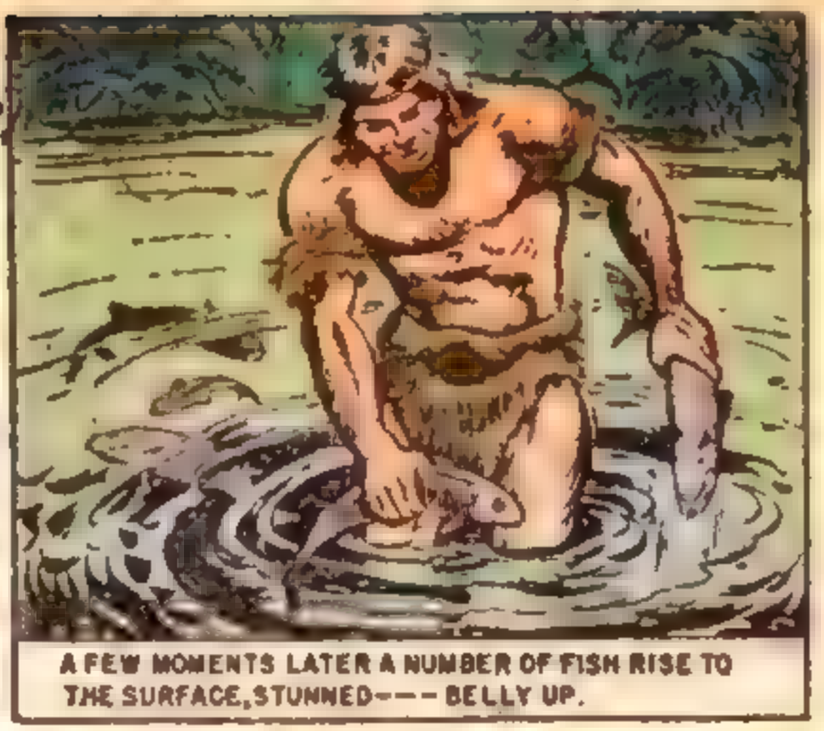
WE MUST HUNT OUR BREAKFAST! COME, ANDAR!
I AM COMING! DANGERS OR NO--- WE HAVE TO EAT!

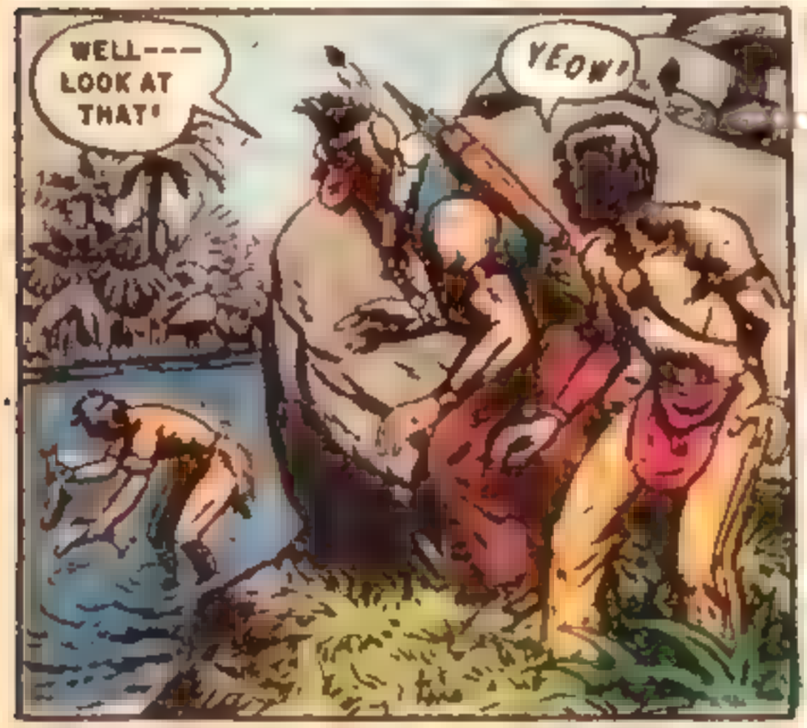
QUIET! THERE'S A MAN DOWN THERE, NEAR THE BROOK!
I SEE HIM! WHAT IS HE DOING?

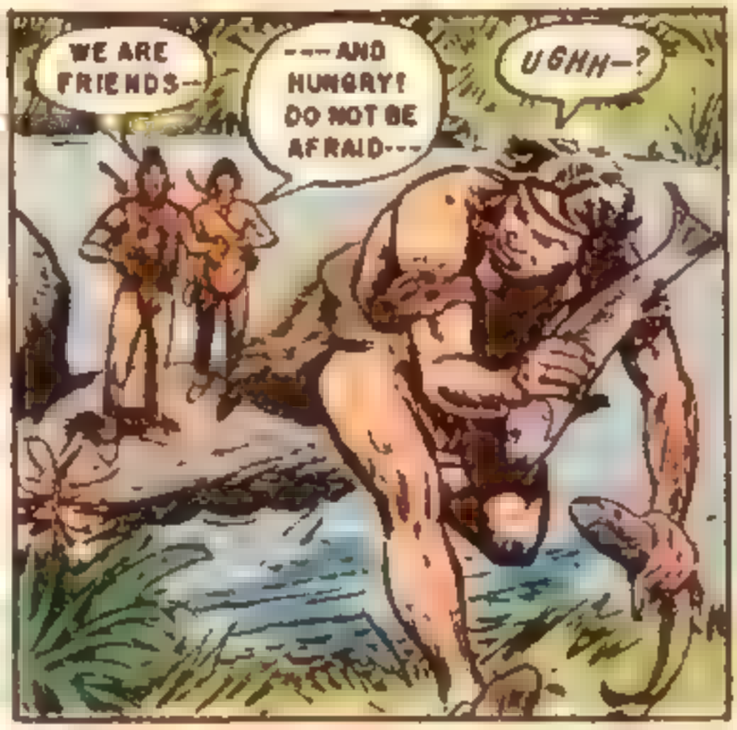

BELOW THE BOYS, ONE OF THE RED TRIBESMEN HAS PULLED UP SEVERAL SMALL BUSHES...


WITH A HAND STONE, HE BRUISES THE ROOTS---

---THEN FLINGS THEM INTO A POOL.


A FEW MOMENTS LATER A NUMBER OF FISH RISE TO THE SURFACE, STUNNED---BELLY UP.


WELL--- LOOK AT THAT!
YEOW!


WE ARE FRIENDS--
---AND HUNGRY! DO NOT BE AFRAID---
UGHH--?

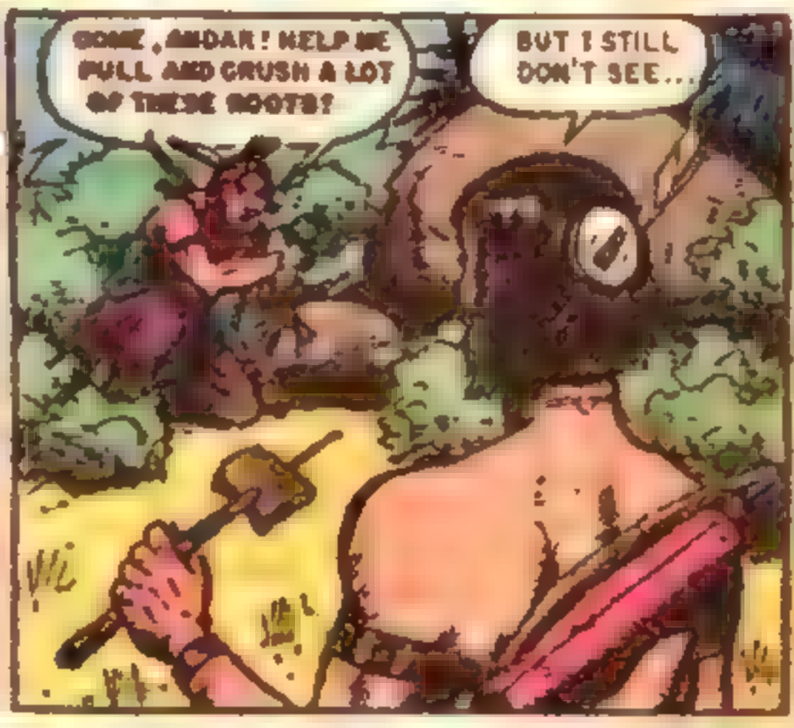
WE SCARED HIM!
YES---IT'S TOO BAD YOU HAD TO! IF YOU'D ONLY KEPT QUIET...

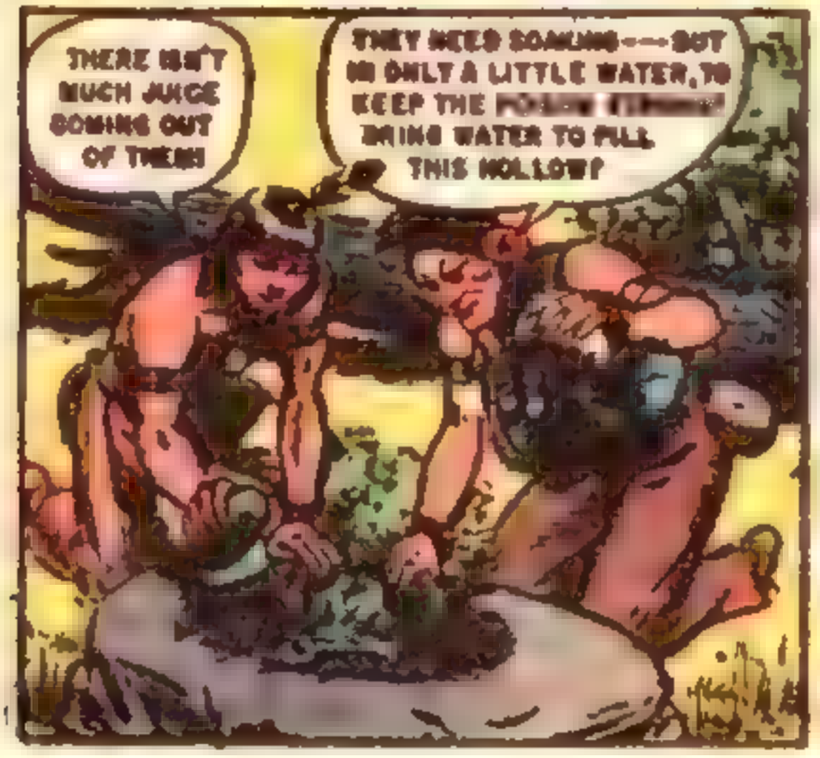
KEEP QUIET WHEN ALL THIS *FOOD* IS WAITING TO BE PICKED UP? UGH! I'M STARVING!

MMMM! WHAT A FIND! AND NOW WE KNOW HOW IT IS DONE, WE NEED NEVER BE HUNGRY IN THIS SUNKEN LAND, TUROK!
YOU THINK ONLY—— ALWAYS OF YOUR STOMACH?

I THINK WE HAVE MADE A BIGGER FIND THAN JUST A NEW WAY TO CATCH FISH!
WHAT?

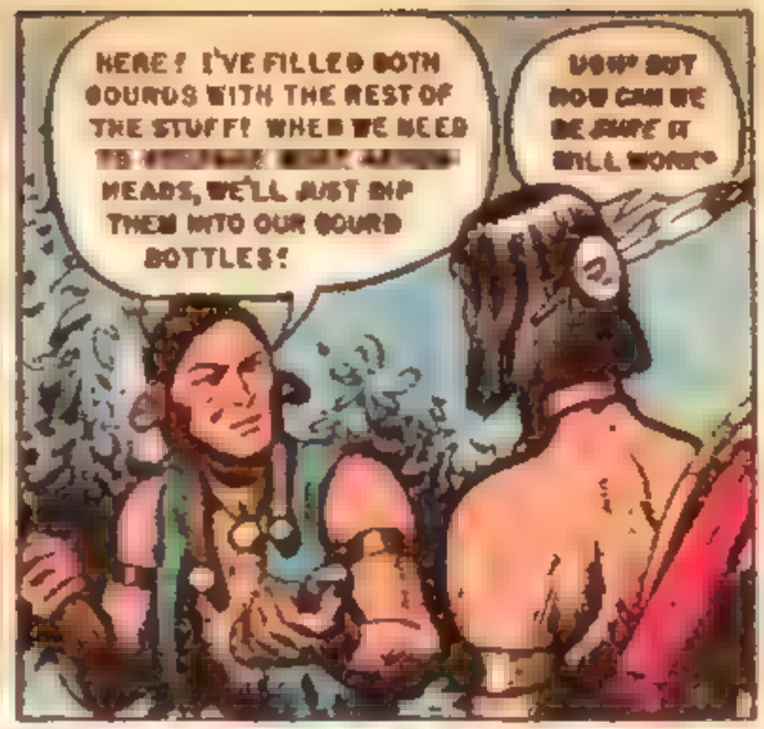
IT IS THE JUICE FROM THESE ROOTS WHICH POISONS THE FISH! AND THE FLESH OF THE FISH CANNOT BE VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE FLESH OF OTHER COLD-BLOODED CREATURES —— LIKE THE TOOTHY MONSTERS...

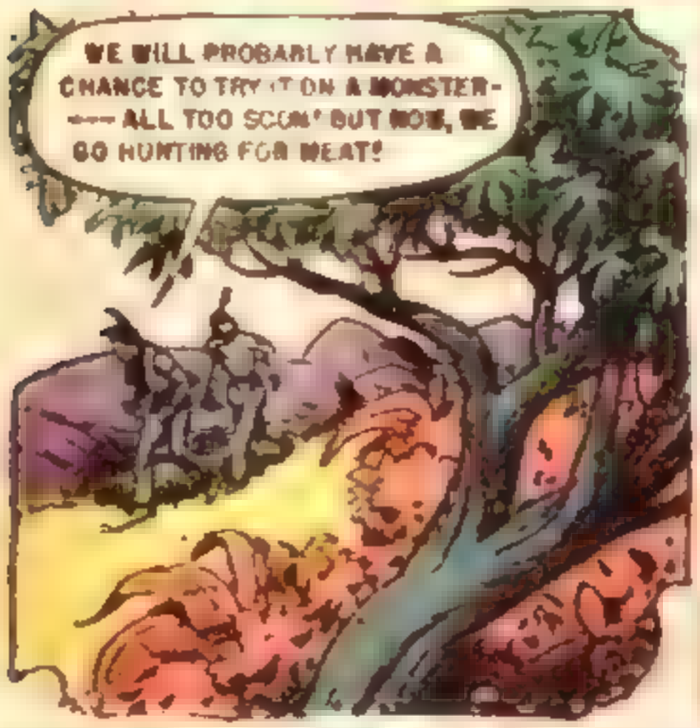

COME, AMDAR! HELP ME PULL AND CRUSH A LOT OF THESE ROOTS!
BUT I STILL DON'T SEE...

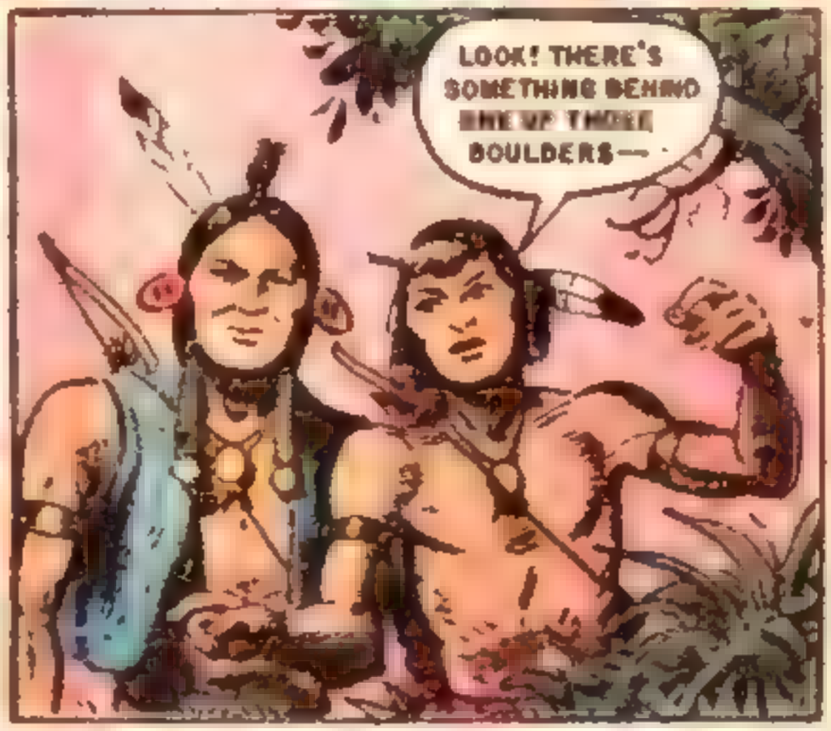

THERE ISN'T MUCH JUICE COMING OUT OF THEM!
THEY NEED SOAKING—— BUT IN ONLY A LITTLE WATER, TO KEEP THE POISON STRONG! BRING WATER TO FILL THIS HOLLOW!

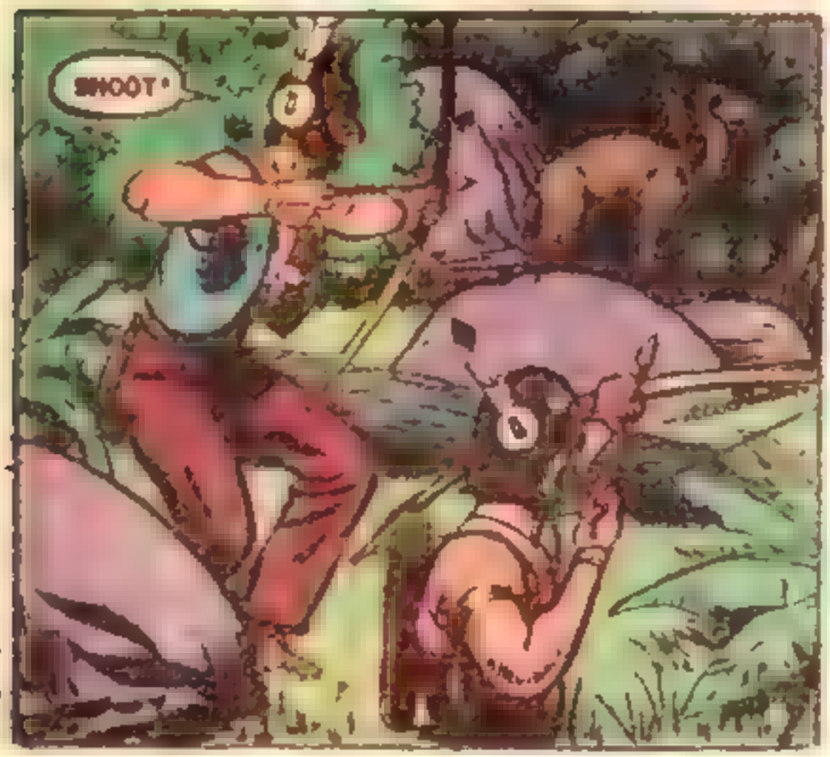
—— AND WHEN THEY'VE SOAKED, WHAT DO WE DO?
WE DIP OUR ARROWHEADS IN THE POISONED WATER! I'LL SHOW YOU...

AFTER SOME HOURS, WITH THE ROOTS REMOVED AND MOST OF THE WATER EVAPORATED———
SEE, ANDAR — WHEN THE STUFF DRIES ON AN ARROWHEAD, IT LEAVES A GUMMY COATING!
THAT MUST BE PURE POISON!. I WOULDN'T WANT TO SCRATCH MY HAND ON ONE OF THESE ARROWS!


HERE! I'VE FILLED BOTH GOURDS WITH THE REST OF THE STUFF! WHEN WE NEED TO [illegible] HEADS, WE'LL JUST DIP THEM INTO OUR GOURD BOTTLES!
UGH! BUT NOW CAN WE BE SURE IT WILL WORK?


WE WILL PROBABLY HAVE A CHANCE TO TRY IT ON A MONSTER——ALL TOO SOON! BUT NOW, WE GO HUNTING FOR MEAT!


LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND [illegible] UP THERE BOULDERS——


SHOOT!

THE PROCAMELUS MAKES ONE CONVULSIVE JUMP———

GOOD SHOOTING, ANDAR! WE'LL TAKE THE BEST OF THIS MEAT. .
--- AND GET AWAY BEFORE ANOTHER OF THOSE GIANT HOPPERS SCENTS BLOOD AND COMES FOR US!
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO TRY YOUR NEW ARROW POISON!
I'M NOT GOING TO ASK FOR TROUBLE! COME---HURRY, ANDAR! WE'LL TAKE THIS MEAT TO THE VILLAGE UNDER THE CLIFFS---
AGAIN WE COME--- IN PEACE! WITH AN OFFERING...
WHAT'S THE USE---? THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE SAYING!
WE GIVE IT TO YOU! WE ARE FRIENDS!
UGH! NANANUKA?
INYONAKI KAMAH NANANUKA?
UGH! MASHONE TISKA!
THE FRESH MEAT IS QUICKLY PASSED BACK THROUGH THE CLEFT!

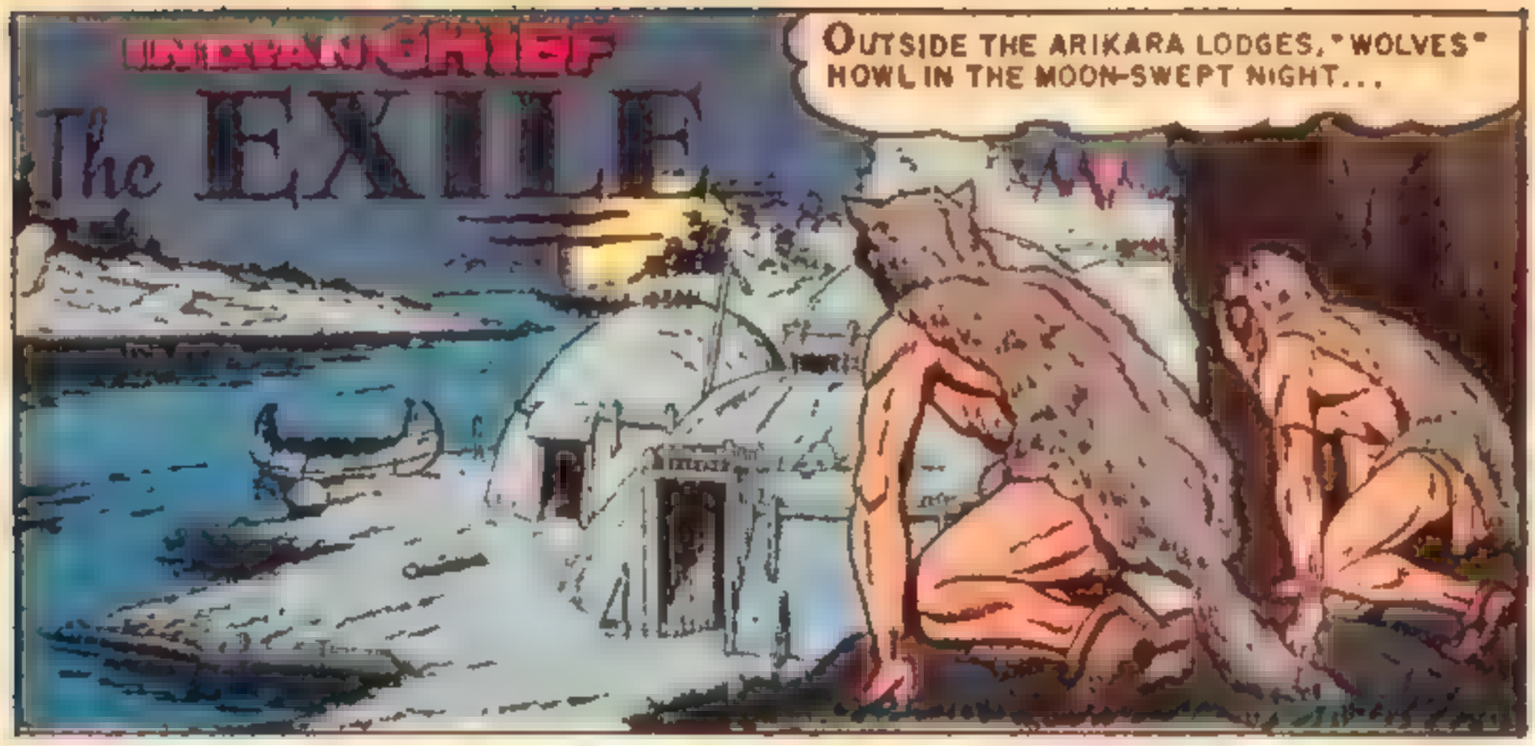
COME! FOLLOW US! WE WILL GET MORE HANNANUKA!
MASHONE! WAGH!
AFTER A WHILE, TUROK'S PATIENCE WINS! CAUTIOUSLY, THREE OF THE CLUB-ARMED INDIANS FOLLOW THE MANDAN YOUTHS...
I THINK THEY'VE GOT THE IDEA, TUROK! BUT WHAT IF WE DON'T FIND ANYTHING TO SHOOT FOR THEM? THEY LOOK HUNGRY!
NOTHING TO SHOOT IN THIS VALLEY? DON'T WORRY--
TAKE IT! IT IS YOURS! I SHOT IT FOR YOU!
UGH!
THERE---!
LONG SHOT! TOO LONG--

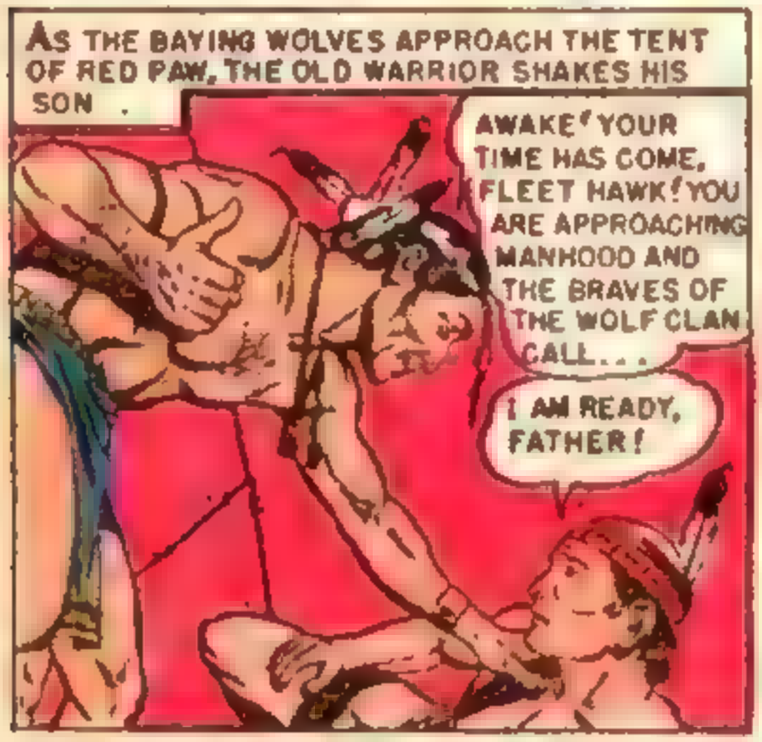
WAGH! ANUKE-A-PAU SHOWEN!
GAAAAN! GO-O-O-ONK!
MOKAN!
IT'S A GIANT HOPPER! RUN, ANDAR---
NOT UNLESS YOU DO, TUROK! TWO POISONED ARROWS MIGHT STOP THE THING!
TOGETHER, THEN — AT ITS MOUTH!
GAAAN-K!
AAAN-GGG! GAAAN--
IT'S WORKING! HE'S WOBBLY ALREADY, TUROK!

WHOOP! YEEHOO! WE KILLED HIM, TUROK! WE KILLED THE TERRIBLE ONE!
HE DOESN'T MOVE, TUROK! ANY MORE THAN THE FISH DID!
WE'LL PUT TWO MORE ARROWS IN HIM--- TO MAKE SURE THAT HE WON'T RECOVER!
MOKAH TIGIT! ANA-AKI SHONEN!
YES--- I UNDERSTAND THAT! THE TERRIBLE ONE IS DEAD--- AND WE ARE FRIENDS! AT LAST!
AMUNK-A-PAW? INTILIC?
YOU WANT US TO TEACH YOU HOW TO USE A BOW AND ARROW? VERY WELL--- WE'LL DO IT, CHIEF!
AND THEN YOUR PEOPLE WILL NEVER GO HUNGRY! THEY CAN EVEN HOLD THEIR OWN WITH THE TERRIBLE ONES OF THIS SUNKEN WORLD BELOW!
SHONEN! ANA-AKI TON!

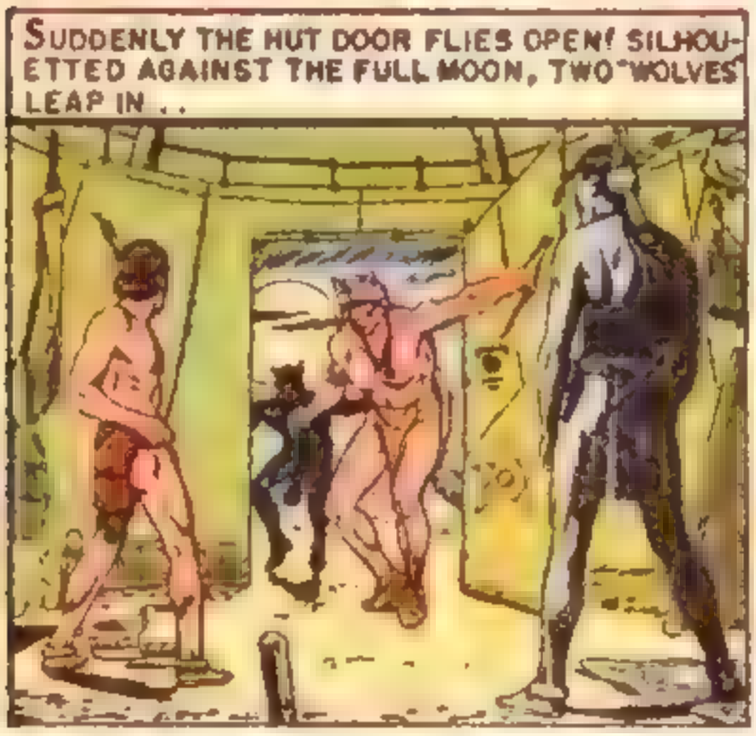
INDIAN CHIEF

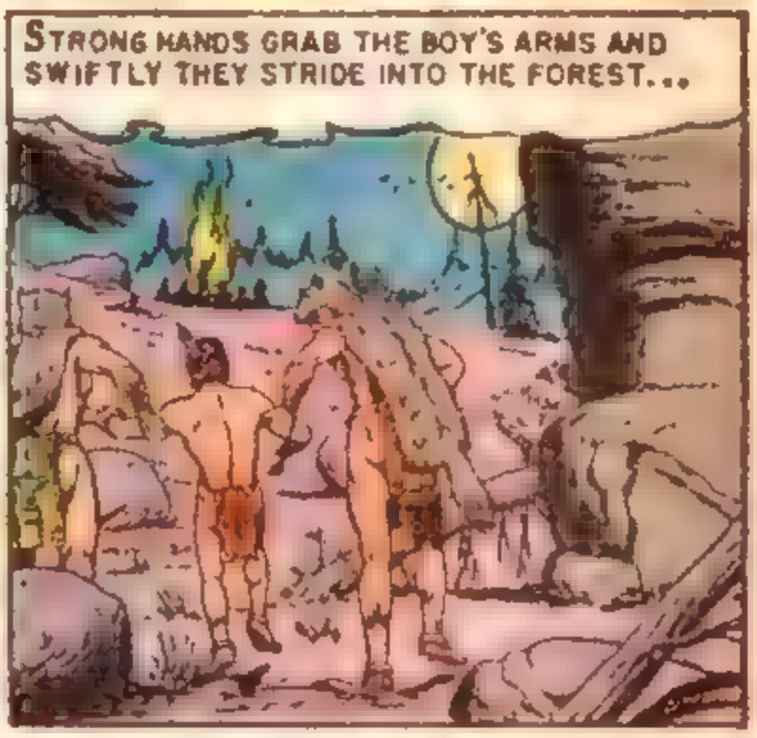
The EXILE

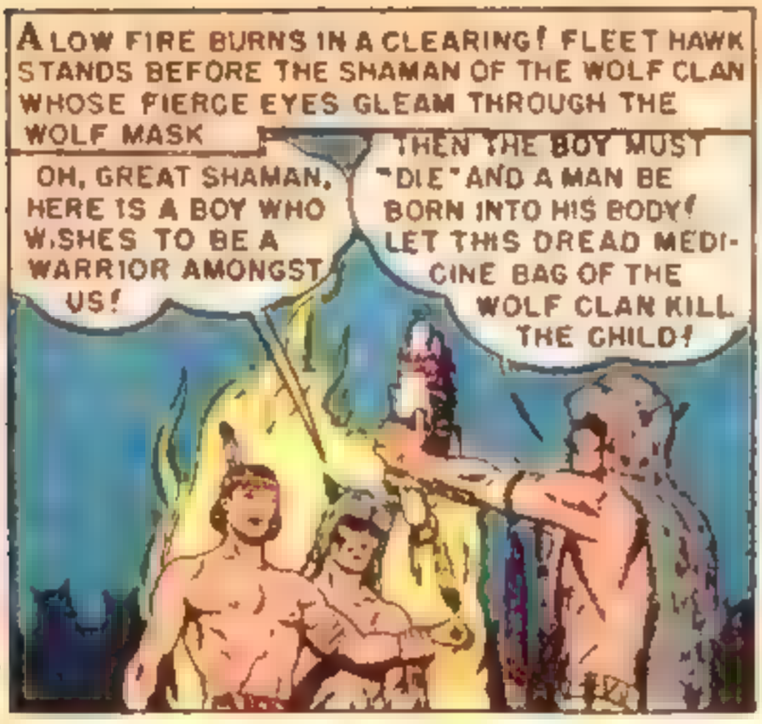


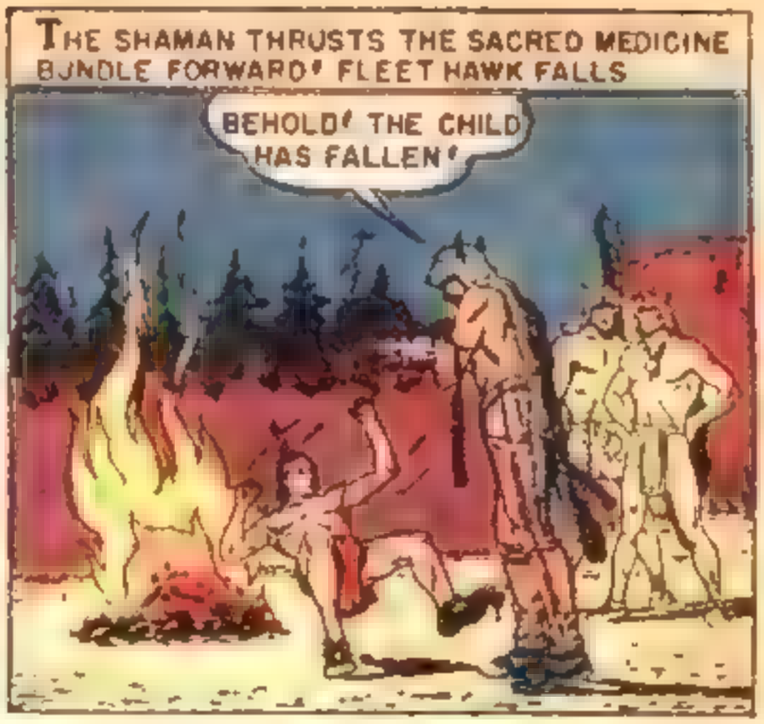

AS THE BAYING WOLVES APPROACH THE TENT OF RED PAW, THE OLD WARRIOR SHAKES HIS SON .
AWAKE! YOUR TIME HAS COME, FLEET HAWK! YOU ARE APPROACHING MANHOOD AND THE BRAVES OF THE WOLF CLAN CALL...
I AM READY, FATHER!

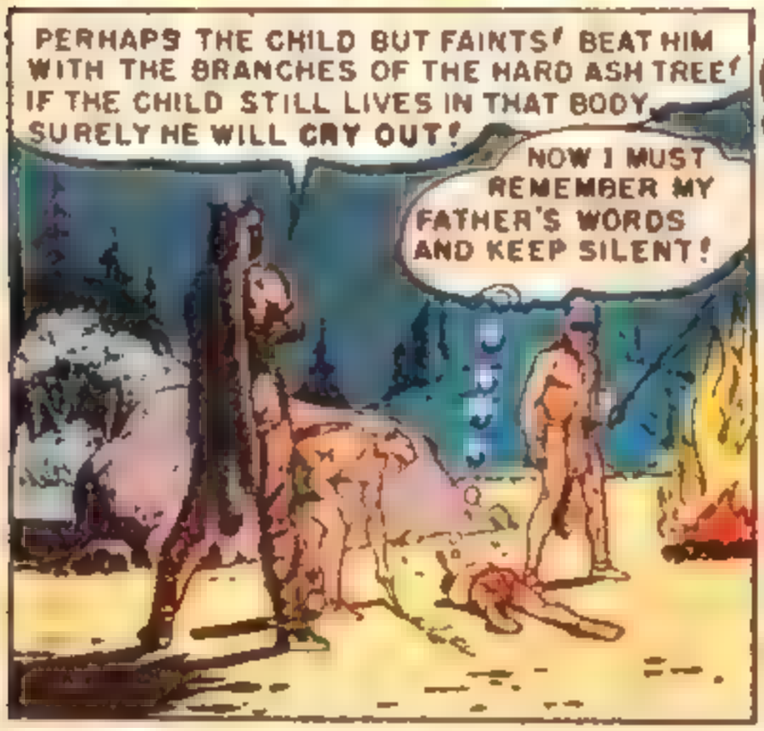
THEY WILL TAKE YOU FORTH TO INITIATE YOU INTO THE WOLF CLAN! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS -- DO NOT CRY OUT!
SILENCE WILL SIT UPON MY TONGUE! I SHALL BE A WARRIOR OF THE WOLF CLAN AS YOU ARE! ALREADY I BARE THE FRESH WOUND OF A CHEYENNE ON MY LEG!

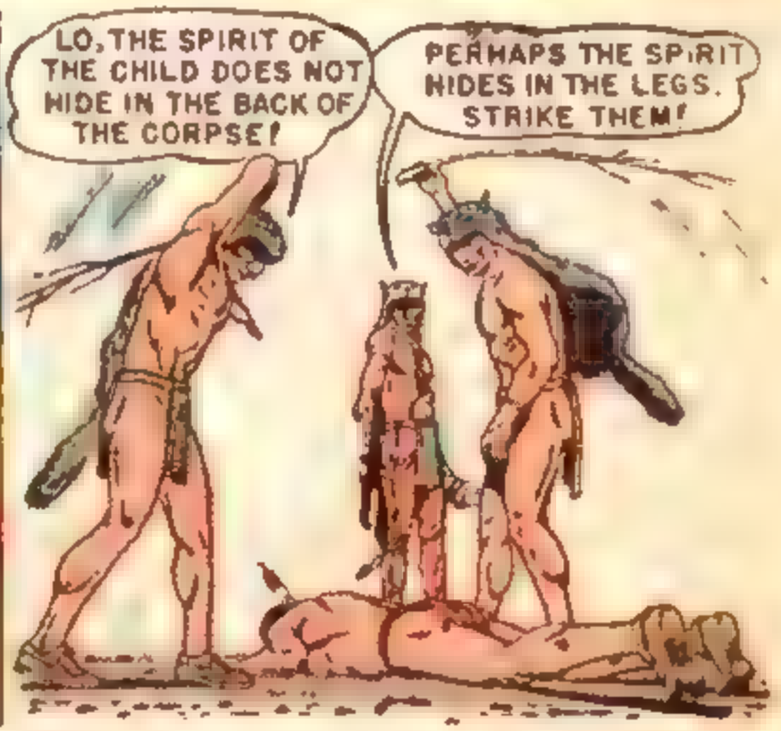




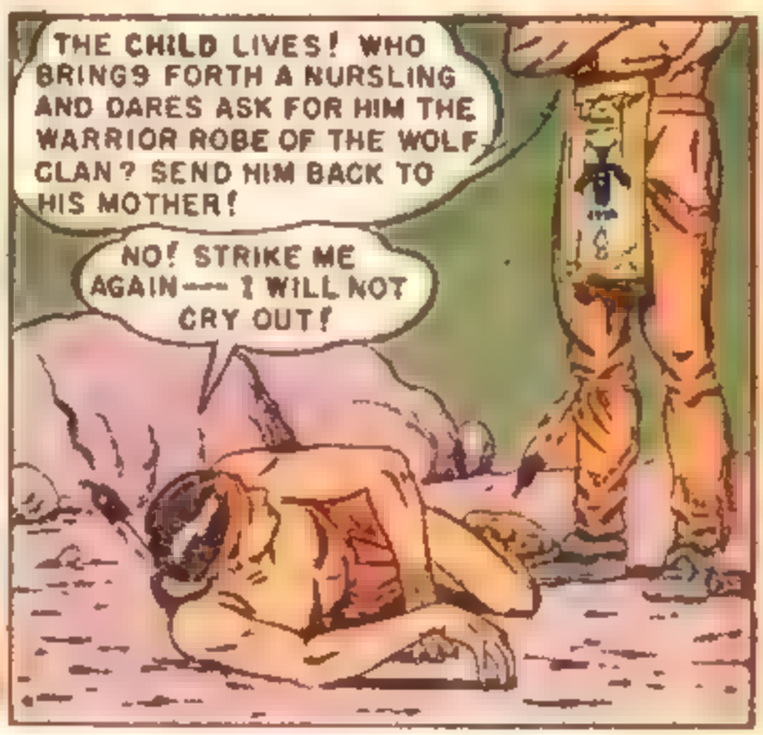

A LOW FIRE BURNS IN A CLEARING! FLEET HAWK STANDS BEFORE THE SHAMAN OF THE WOLF CLAN WHOSE FIERCE EYES GLEAM THROUGH THE WOLF MASK
OH, GREAT SHAMAN, HERE IS A BOY WHO WISHES TO BE A WARRIOR AMONGST US!
THEN THE BOY MUST "DIE" AND A MAN BE BORN INTO HIS BODY! LET THIS DREAD MEDICINE BAG OF THE WOLF CLAN KILL THE CHILD!

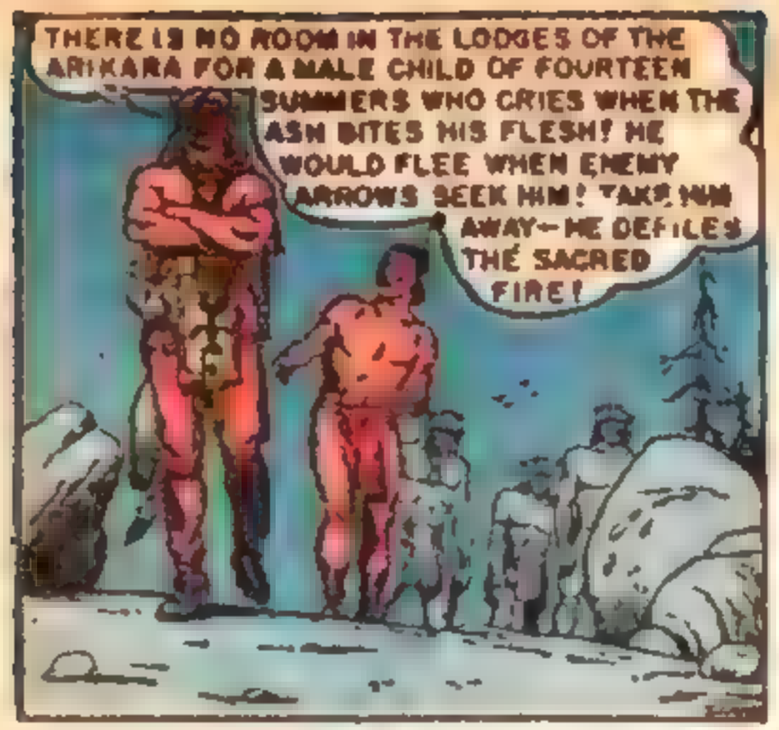

THE SHAMAN THRUSTS THE SACRED MEDICINE BUNDLE FORWARD! FLEET HAWK FALLS
BEHOLD! THE CHILD HAS FALLEN!


PERHAPS THE CHILD BUT FAINTS! BEAT HIM WITH THE BRANCHES OF THE HARD ASH TREE! IF THE CHILD STILL LIVES IN THAT BODY, SURELY HE WILL CRY OUT!
NOW I MUST REMEMBER MY FATHER'S WORDS AND KEEP SILENT!


LO, THE SPIRIT OF THE CHILD DOES NOT HIDE IN THE BACK OF THE CORPSE!
PERHAPS THE SPIRIT HIDES IN THE LEGS. STRIKE THEM!

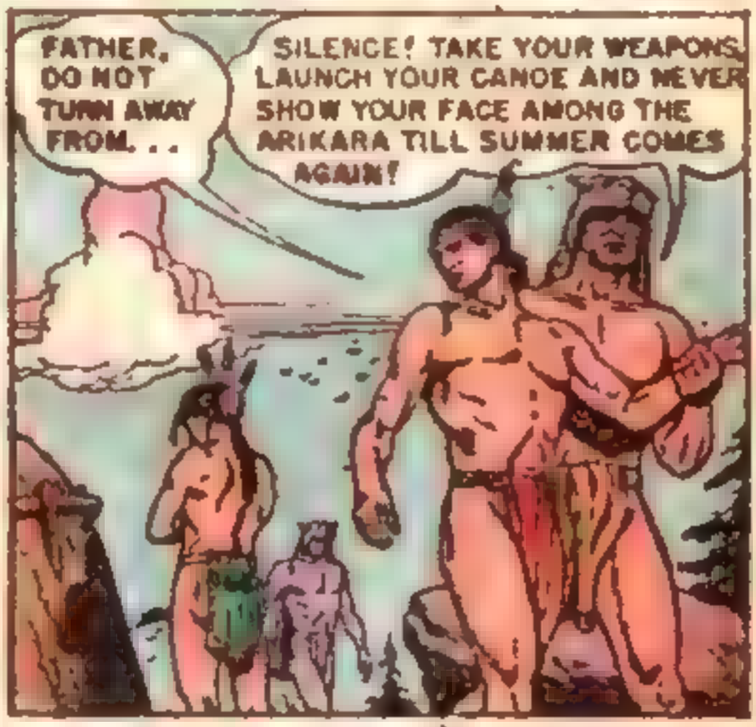
DOWN COMES THE HARD BRANCH LASHING THE RAW ARROW WOUND...
NO! THE CHILD IS GONE FROM...
AIIEEEE!

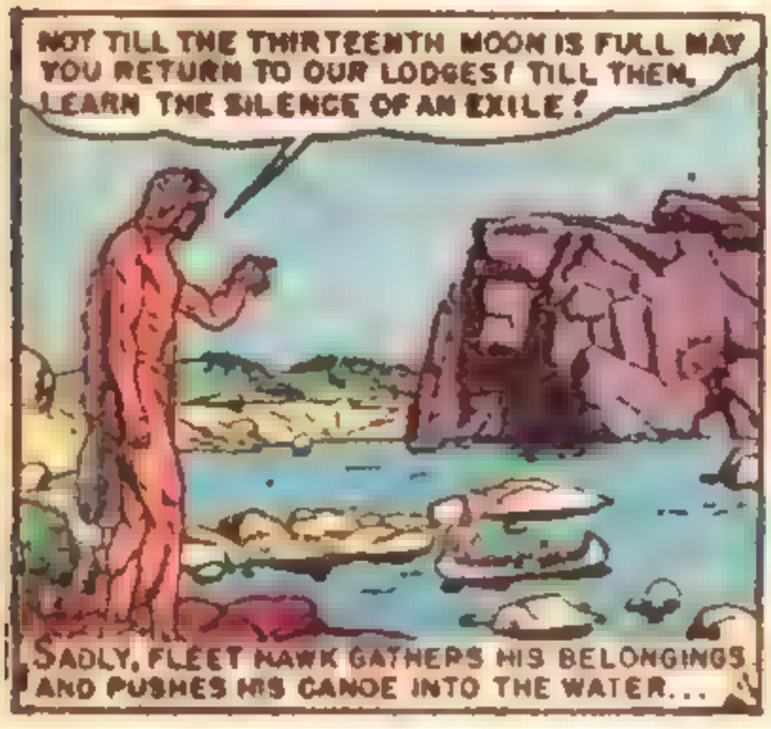

THE CHILD LIVES! WHO BRINGS FORTH A NURSLING AND DARES ASK FOR HIM THE WARRIOR ROBE OF THE WOLF CLAN? SEND HIM BACK TO HIS MOTHER!
NO! STRIKE ME AGAIN — I WILL NOT CRY OUT!

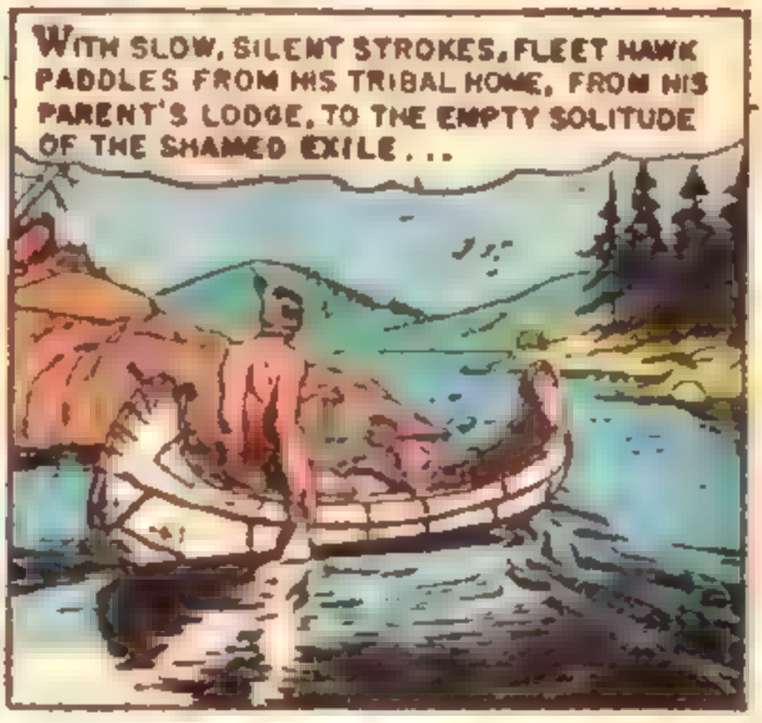

THERE IS NO ROOM IN THE LODGES OF THE ARIKARA FOR A MALE CHILD OF FOURTEEN SUMMERS WHO CRIES WHEN THE ASH BITES HIS FLESH! HE WOULD FLEE WHEN ENEMY ARROWS SEEK HIM! TAKE HIM AWAY—HE DEFILES THE SACRED FIRE!

BACK? BUT WHERE IS YOUR WARRIOR'S WOLF ROBE?
YOU HAVE RAISED A FEEBLE CHILD IN YOUR LODGE, RED PAW! PAIN DOES NOT LOOSEN A WARRIOR'S TONGUE!
DAWN BREAKS AS FLEET HAWK RETURNS

FATHER, TELL THEM OF MY...
YOUR FATHER'S VOICE NO LONGER IS LISTENED TO AT THE FIRES OF THE ARIKARA! HE PROMISED US A WARRIOR, BUT HIS CHILD MADE A LIE OF HIS PROMISE! IN ALL THINGS, HE SHALL BE LAST AMONG THE ARIKARA!


FATHER, DO NOT TURN AWAY FROM...
SILENCE! TAKE YOUR WEAPONS, LAUNCH YOUR CANOE AND NEVER SHOW YOUR FACE AMONG THE ARIKARA TILL SUMMER COMES AGAIN!


NOT TILL THE THIRTEENTH MOON IS FULL MAY YOU RETURN TO OUR LODGES! TILL THEN, LEARN THE SILENCE OF AN EXILE!
SADLY, FLEET HAWK GATHERS HIS BELONGINGS AND PUSHES HIS CANOE INTO THE WATER...


WITH SLOW, SILENT STROKES, FLEET HAWK PADDLES FROM HIS TRIBAL HOME, FROM HIS PARENT'S LODGE, TO THE EMPTY SOLITUDE OF THE SHAMED EXILE...

HALF A DAY'S JOURNEY UP THE RIVER, THE EXILE BEACHES HIS CANOE...

HERE I SHALL CAMP, STILL NEAR TO MY PEOPLE, THOUGH CAREFUL LEST I AM SEEN BY MY TRIBESMEN!

ALONE, FLEET HAWK SLEEPS IN HIS SIMPLE SHELTER OF EARTH PACKED UPON A FRAME OF SAPLINGS! ALONE, HE GOES FORTH EACH DAY TO HUNT...

THE OLD MOON WANES! TIME PASSES SLOWLY! NIGHT BRINGS TO HIM SAD LONGINGS AND UTTER LONELINESS...

CHANGE SWIFTLY, PALE MOON! TWELVE MORE TIMES MUST YOU YET CHANGE BEFORE I CAN RAISE MY BOWED HEAD IN THE CAMP OF THE ARIKARA!

AS HE SLEEPS, HUNGRY WOLVES SENSING AN EASY PREY, CREEP NEAR THE DYING FIRE...

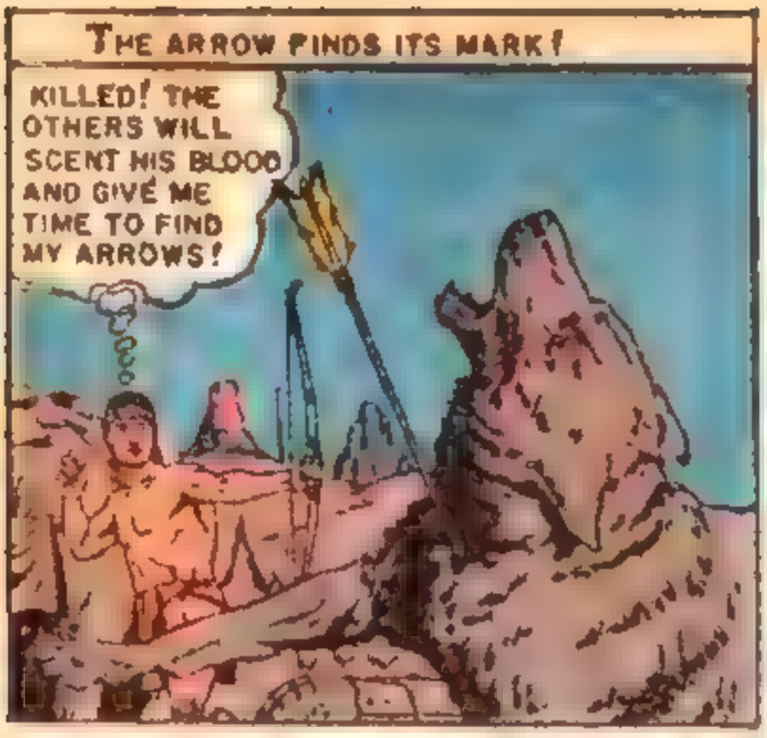
AS THE LAST FLAME FLICKERS AND THEN DIES, THE WOLF PACK SPRINGS...

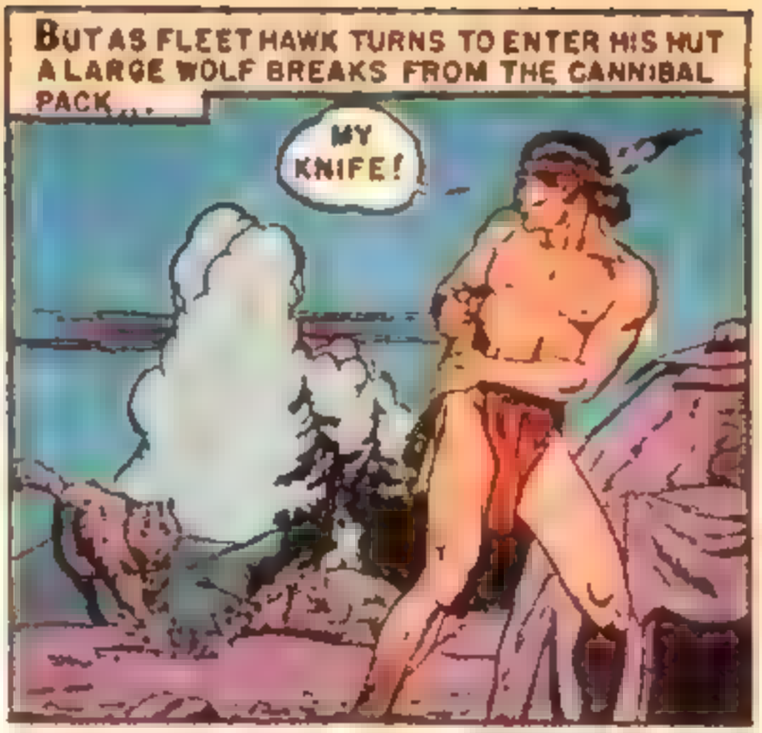
WOLVES!

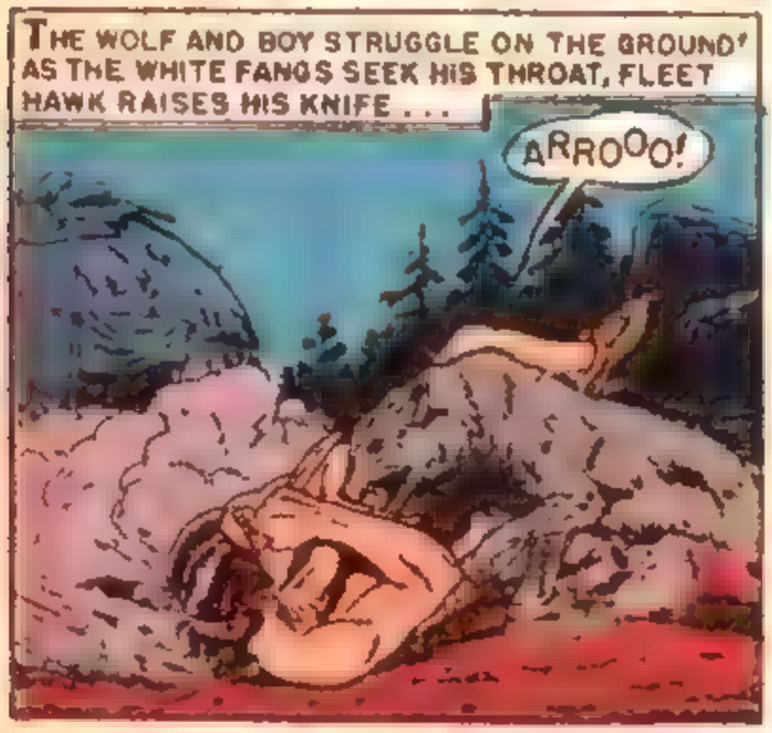
ARROOO!

QUICKLY, FLEET HAWK SEIZES HIS BOW...

I CAN ONLY FIND ONE ARROW IN THE DARK!

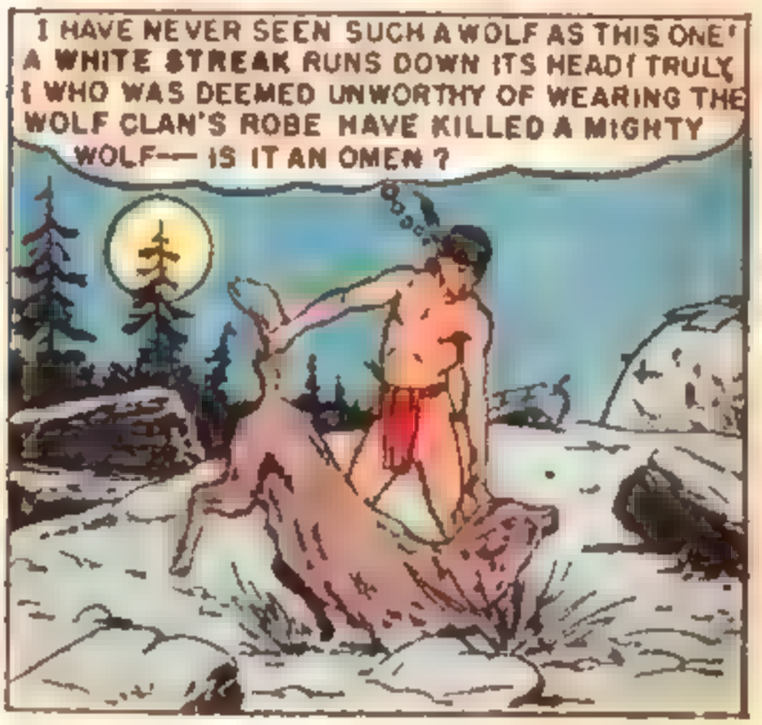

THE ARROW FINDS ITS MARK!
KILLED! THE OTHERS WILL SCENT HIS BLOOD AND GIVE ME TIME TO FIND MY ARROWS!


BUT AS FLEET HAWK TURNS TO ENTER HIS HUT A LARGE WOLF BREAKS FROM THE CANNIBAL PACK...
MY KNIFE!


THE WOLF AND BOY STRUGGLE ON THE GROUND! AS THE WHITE FANGS SEEK HIS THROAT, FLEET HAWK RAISES HIS KNIFE . . .
ARROOO!

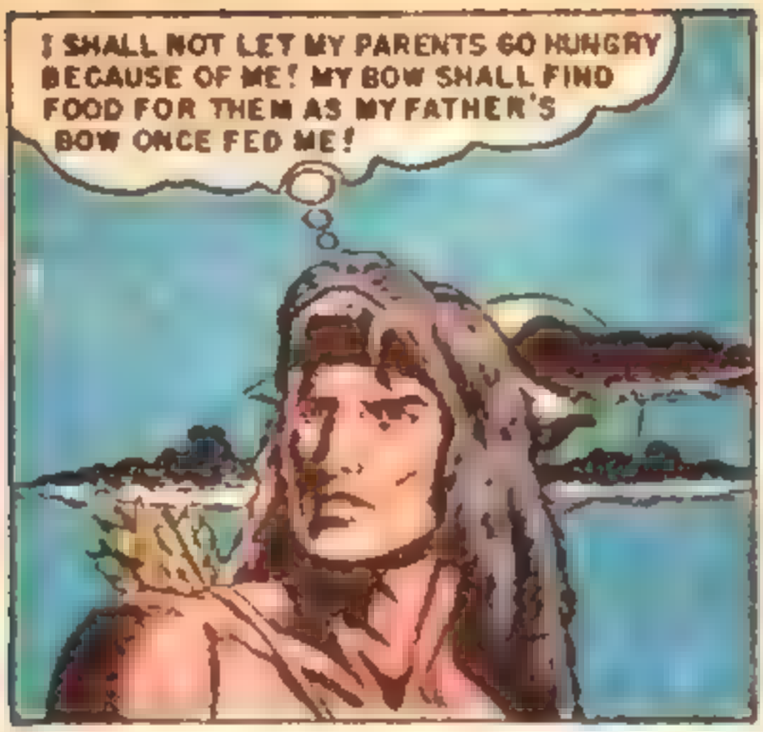
THERE!

THE LARGE WOLF SINKS TO THE GROUND LIFELESS! THE PACK SENSES THEIR LEADER IS DEAD...
THEY FLEE!

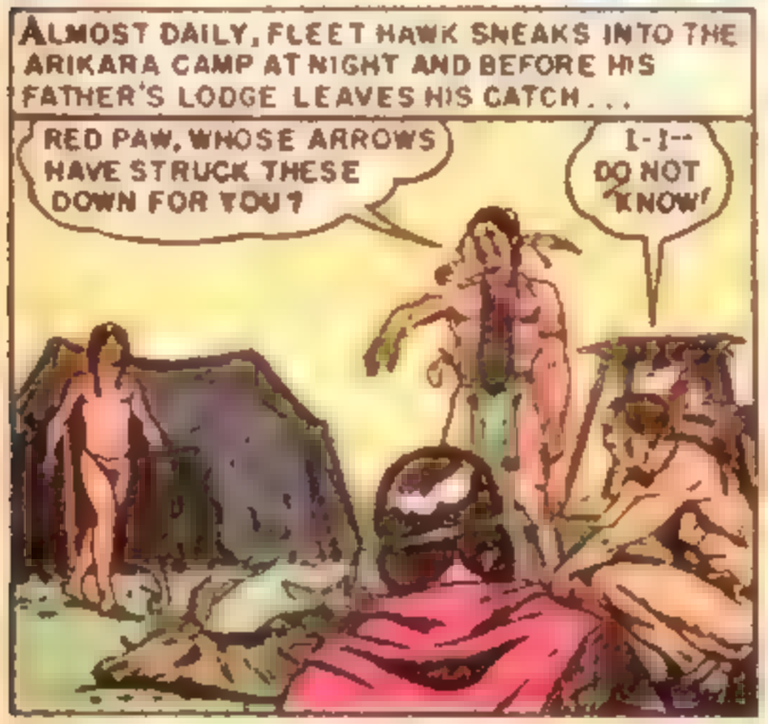

I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A WOLF AS THIS ONE! A WHITE STREAK RUNS DOWN ITS HEAD! TRULY I WHO WAS DEEMED UNWORTHY OF WEARING THE WOLF CLAN'S ROBE HAVE KILLED A MIGHTY WOLF— IS IT AN OMEN?

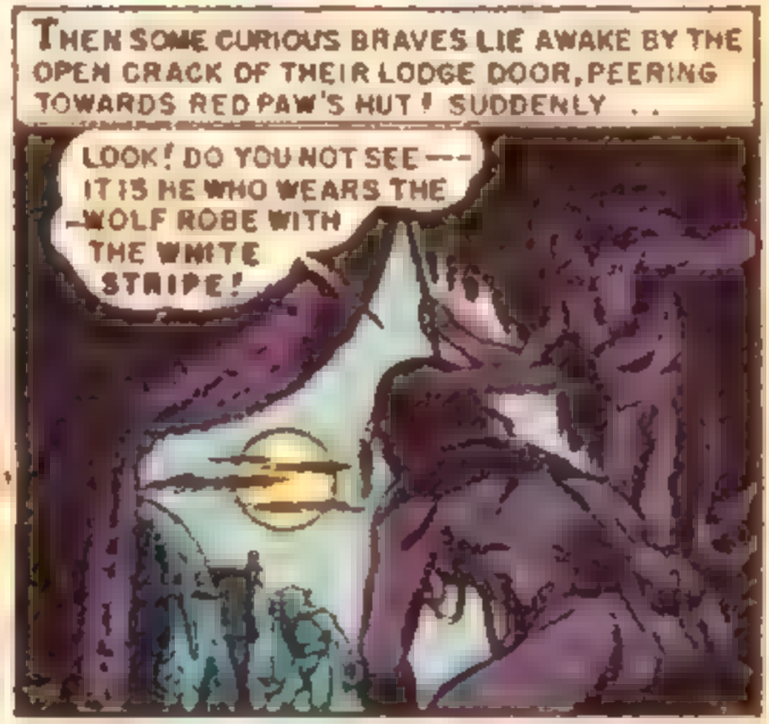
THE NEXT MORNING, FLEET HAWK STRETCHES THE WOLF SKIN BETWEEN A FRAME OF SAPLINGS...
NOW LET THE BRIGHT SUN DRY THE SKIN! I SHALL ALWAYS CARRY IT WITH ME! NO ONE ELSE HAS SUCH A WOLF ROBE -- WITH A WHITE HEAD STRIPE!
WHEN THE SKIN FINALLY DRIED, FLEET HAWK TAKES IT DOWN...
THE FUR IS SOFT AND THE WHITE HEAD STRIPE MARKS MY ROBE FROM ALL OTHERS!
IF MY FATHER COULD BUT SEE ME NOW -- IN MY OWN WOLF ROBE!
PROUDLY, FLEET HAWK STRIDES INTO THE FOREST, HIS FACE CONCEALED BENEATH THE STRIPED WOLF MASK...
ARIKARA HUNTERS! --- THERE'S MY FRIEND, LITTLE BOW!
I ALMOST CALLED TO HIM! I NEARLY FORGOT THAT I MUST NOT BE SEEN YET BY MY OWN PEOPLE -- LEAST OF ALL IN THESE ROBES OF A WOLF CLAN WARRIOR!
AS FLEET HAWK DOUBLES BACK FROM THE HUNTERS' TRAIL, A CRY RINGS THROUGH THE WOODS...
A SQUAW CRIES!
AIEEE!

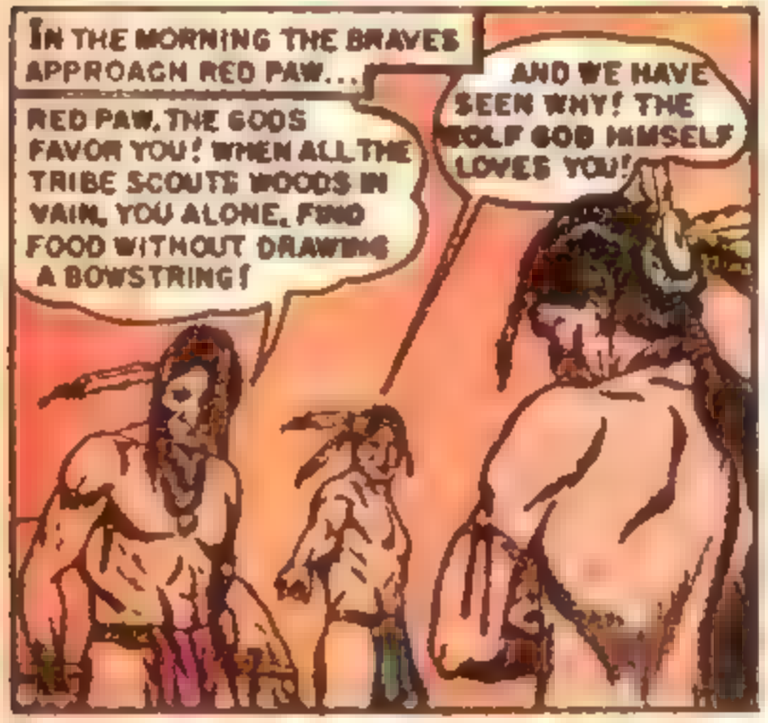
CHEYENNE! THEY ARE TRYING TO CARRY OFF THE ARIKARA SQUAW!
LET MY HUNTING ARROW FIND ITS TARGET IN THE PRAIRIE DOG OF A CHEYENNE!
A!EEEE!
THE WOLF CLAN WARRIORS HAVE COME BACK!
RUN SWIFTLY, SQUAW-FRIGHTENER, LEST YOU DO NOT OUTRACE MY ARROW!
AS FLEET HAWK APPROACHES THE STARTLED SQUAW, ARIKARA HUNTERS RUSH BACK! QUICKLY, FLEET HAWK SPRINGS INTO THE WOODS..
HE GOES! HE IS THE ONE WHO SAVED ME FROM THE CHEYENNE!
HE IS DRESSED LIKE A WOLF CLAN WARRIOR, BUT NONE AMONG US WEARS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL OR SO LARGE A ROBE! PERHAPS THE WOLF GOD HIMSELF HAS SAVED YOU! NEVER HAVE I SEEN A WHITE HEAD-STRIPED ROBE!
THAT NIGHT, THE LONGING TO BE NEAR HIS PEOPLE AGAIN DRAWS FLEET HAWK TO THE ARIKARA FIRES...
THEY DIVIDE THE CATCH OF THE HUNT, BUT FOR MY PARENTS WHO WAIT LAST ON LINE—ONLY SCRAPS!


I SHALL NOT LET MY PARENTS GO HUNGRY BECAUSE OF ME! MY BOW SHALL FIND FOOD FOR THEM AS MY FATHER'S BOW ONCE FED ME!

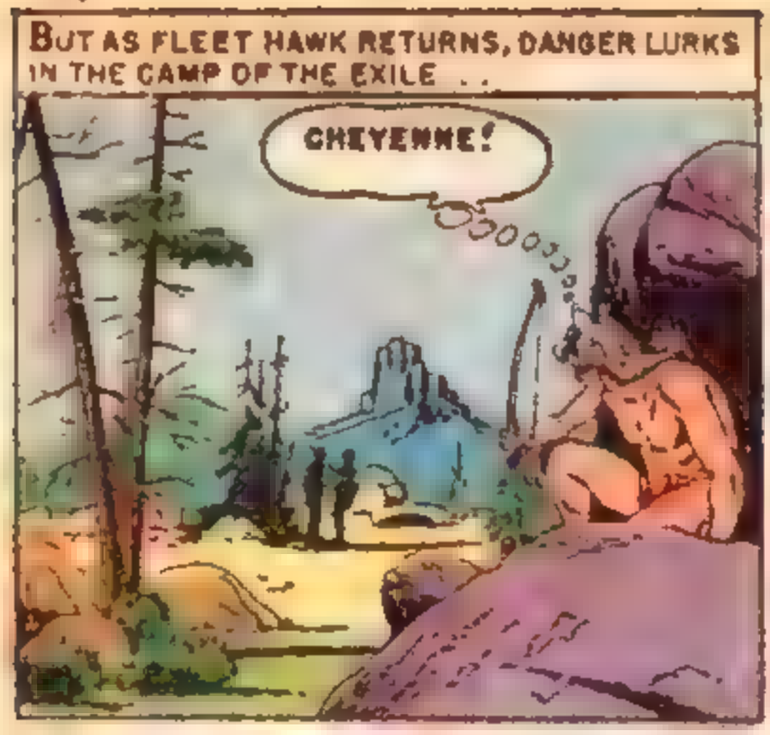
WEARING HIS MAJESTIC ROBE, HIS ARROW TAUT IN HIS BOW, FLEET HAWK SCOURS THE WOODS FOR GAME...

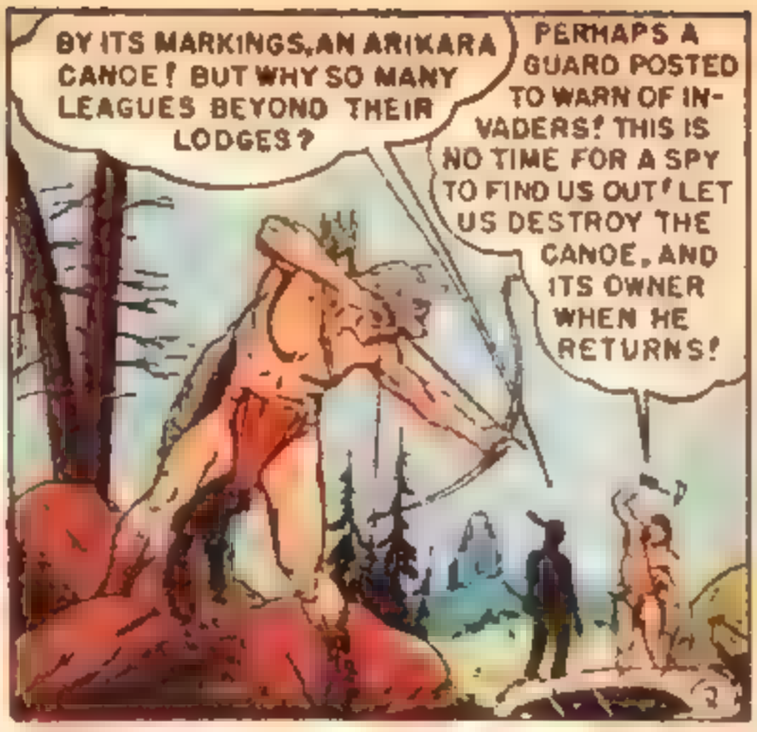

ALMOST DAILY, FLEET HAWK SNEAKS INTO THE ARIKARA CAMP AT NIGHT AND BEFORE HIS FATHER'S LODGE LEAVES HIS CATCH...
RED PAW, WHOSE ARROWS HAVE STRUCK THESE DOWN FOR YOU?
I-I-- DO NOT KNOW!

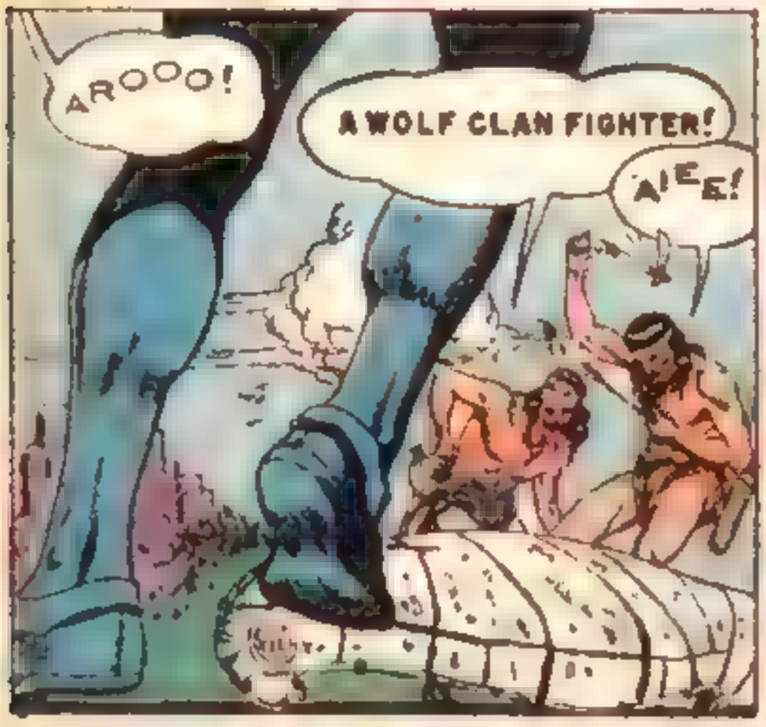

THEN SOME CURIOUS BRAVES LIE AWAKE BY THE OPEN CRACK OF THEIR LODGE DOOR, PEERING TOWARDS RED PAW'S HUT! SUDDENLY ..
LOOK! DO YOU NOT SEE --- IT IS HE WHO WEARS THE WOLF ROBE WITH THE WHITE STRIPE!


IN THE MORNING THE BRAVES APPROACH RED PAW...
RED PAW, THE GODS FAVOR YOU! WHEN ALL THE TRIBE SCOUTS WOODS IN VAIN, YOU ALONE, FIND FOOD WITHOUT DRAWING A BOWSTRING!
AND WE HAVE SEEN WHY! THE WOLF GOD HIMSELF LOVES YOU!

NEAR BY, THE SMILING BOY WATCHES...
THE WOLF GOD? YOU JEST! WERE I THE FAVORITE OF THE WOLF GOD, WOULD HE HAVE LET MY SON BE SHAMED AND NOW DRIVEN FAR FROM ME?

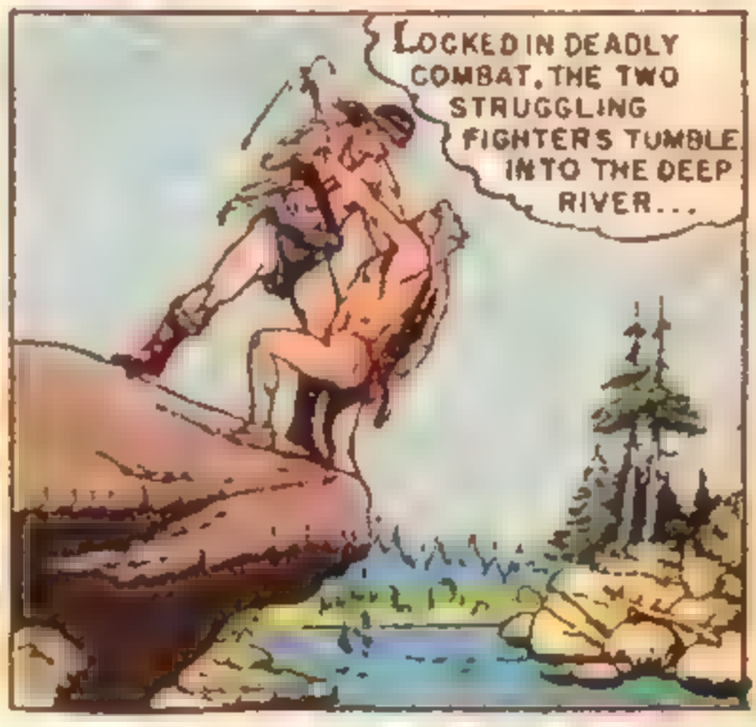

BUT AS FLEET HAWK RETURNS, DANGER LURKS IN THE CAMP OF THE EXILE . .
CHEYENNE!

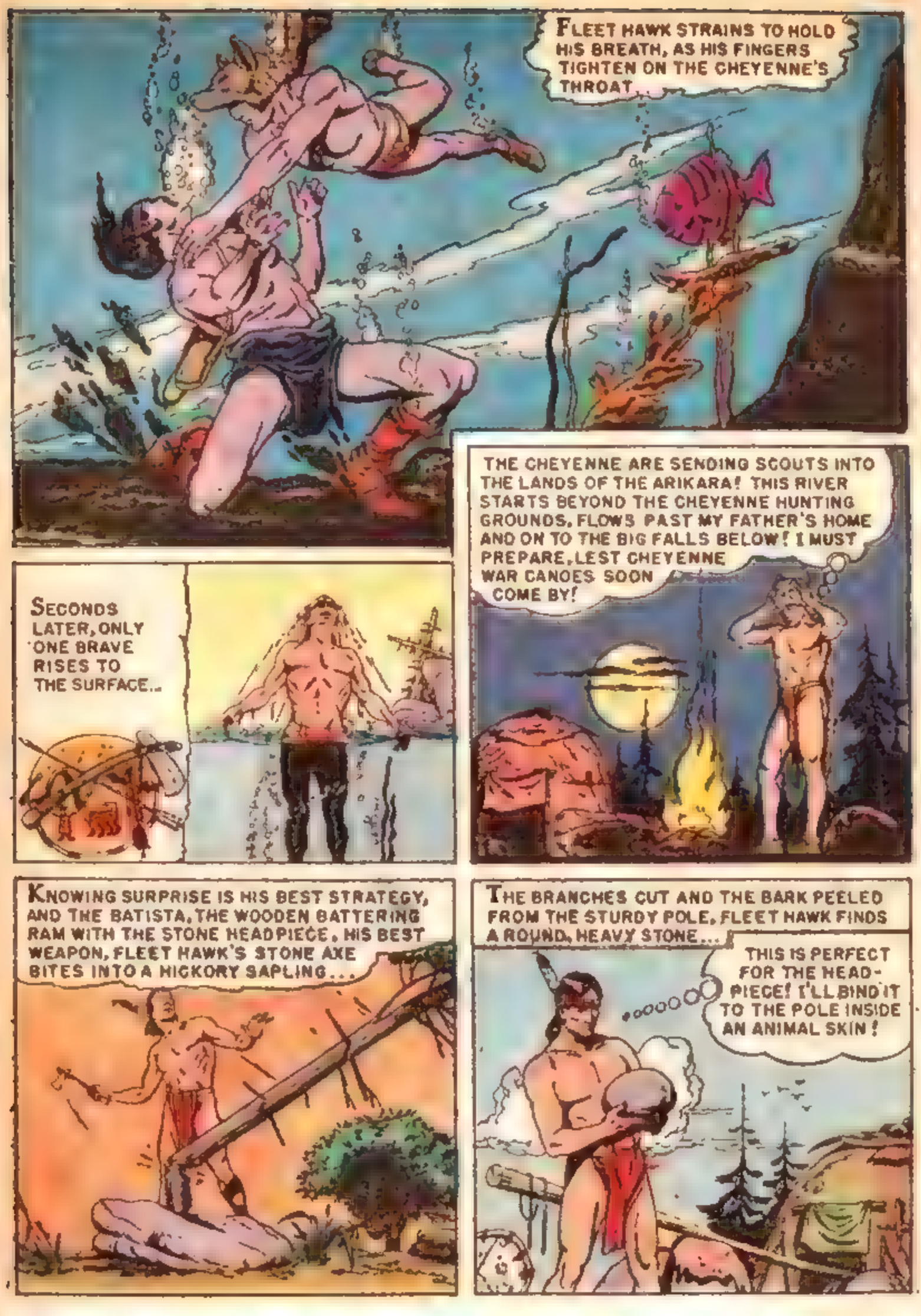

BY ITS MARKINGS, AN ARIKARA CANOE! BUT WHY SO MANY LEAGUES BEYOND THEIR LODGES?
PERHAPS A GUARD POSTED TO WARN OF INVADERS! THIS IS NO TIME FOR A SPY TO FIND US OUT! LET US DESTROY THE CANOE, AND ITS OWNER WHEN HE RETURNS!

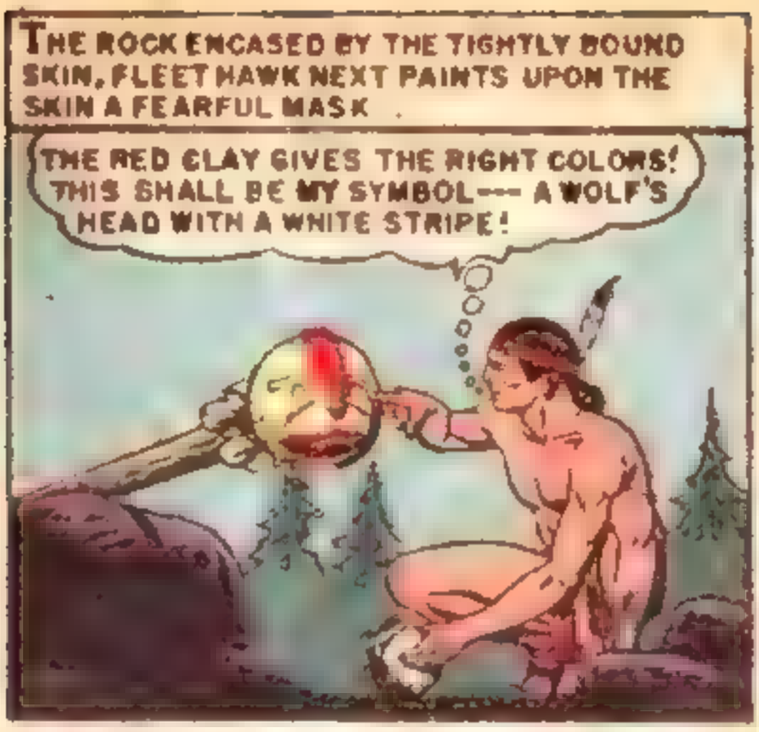

AROOO!
A WOLF CLAN FIGHTER!
AIEE!

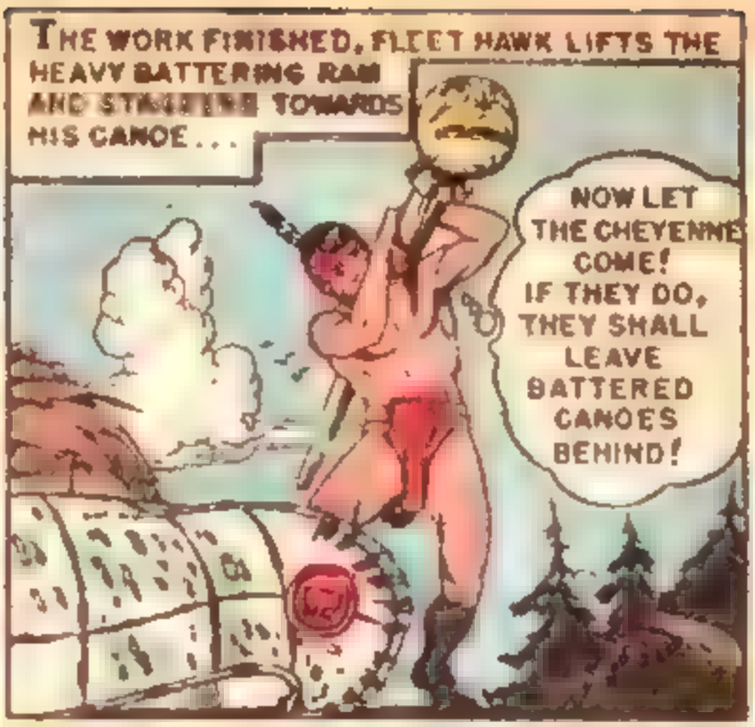
WHY DO THEY ONLY SEND TWO CHEYENNE TO FIGHT A LONE ARIKARA? DO THEY NOT KNOW IT IS FOOLHARDY?

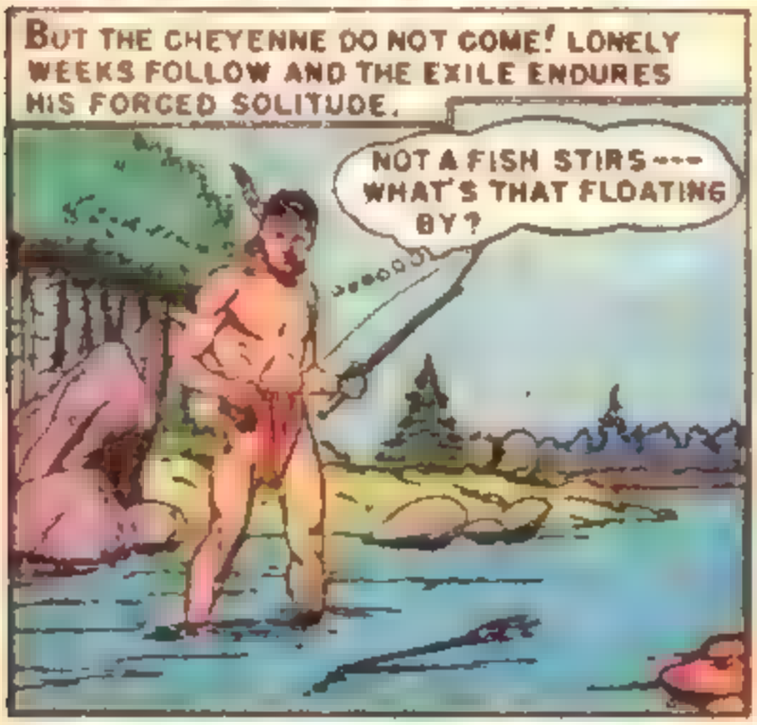
THIS WILL SILENCE YOUR BOASTFUL TONGUE!


LOCKED IN DEADLY COMBAT, THE TWO STRUGGLING FIGHTERS TUMBLE INTO THE DEEP RIVER...

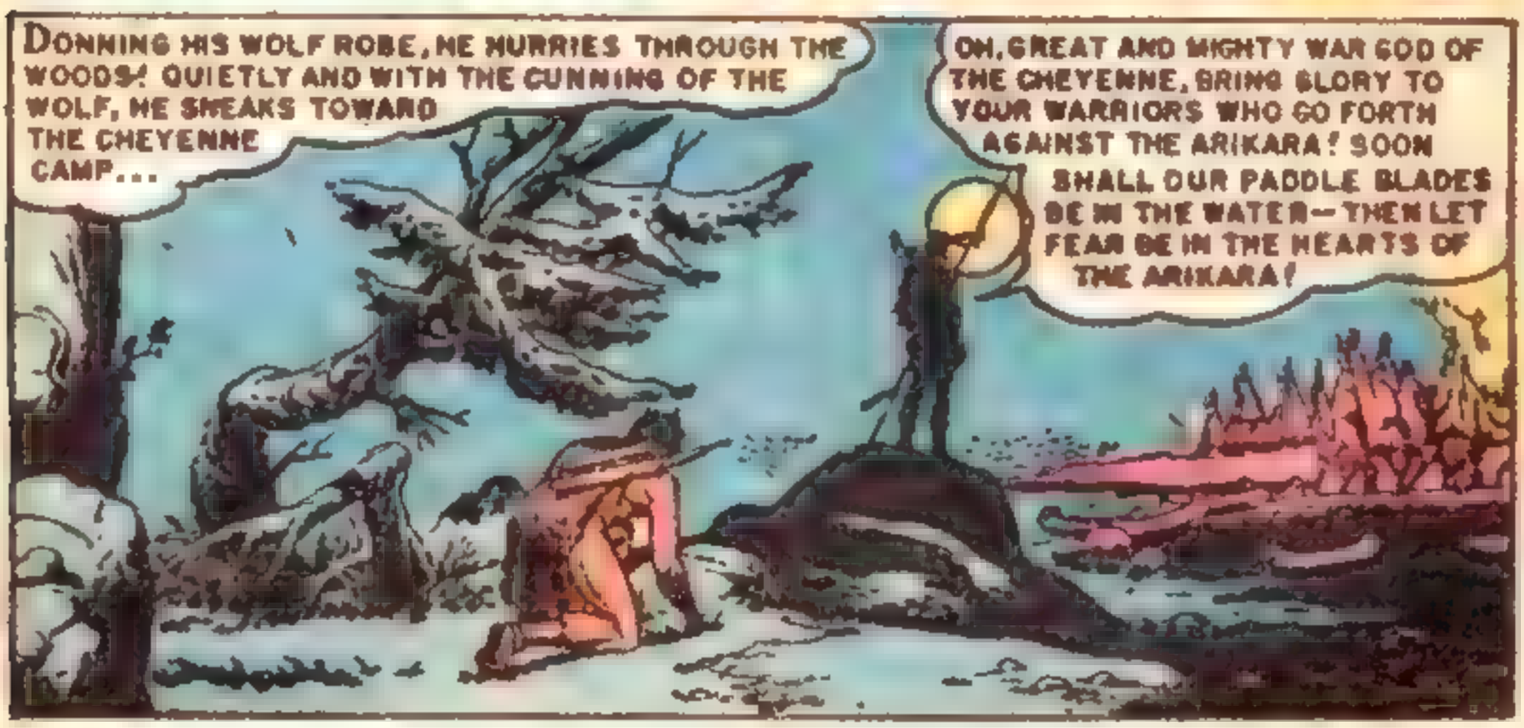

FLEET HAWK STRAINS TO HOLD HIS BREATH, AS HIS FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE CHEYENNE'S THROAT...
THE CHEYENNE ARE SENDING SCOUTS INTO THE LANDS OF THE ARIKARA! THIS RIVER STARTS BEYOND THE CHEYENNE HUNTING GROUNDS, FLOWS PAST MY FATHER'S HOME AND ON TO THE BIG FALLS BELOW! I MUST PREPARE, LEST CHEYENNE WAR CANOES SOON COME BY!
SECONDS LATER, ONLY ONE BRAVE RISES TO THE SURFACE...
KNOWING SURPRISE IS HIS BEST STRATEGY, AND THE BATISTA, THE WOODEN BATTERING RAM WITH THE STONE HEADPIECE, HIS BEST WEAPON, FLEET HAWK'S STONE AXE BITES INTO A HICKORY SAPLING...
THE BRANCHES CUT AND THE BARK PEELED FROM THE STURDY POLE, FLEET HAWK FINDS A ROUND, HEAVY STONE...
THIS IS PERFECT FOR THE HEAD-PIECE! I'LL BIND IT TO THE POLE INSIDE AN ANIMAL SKIN!

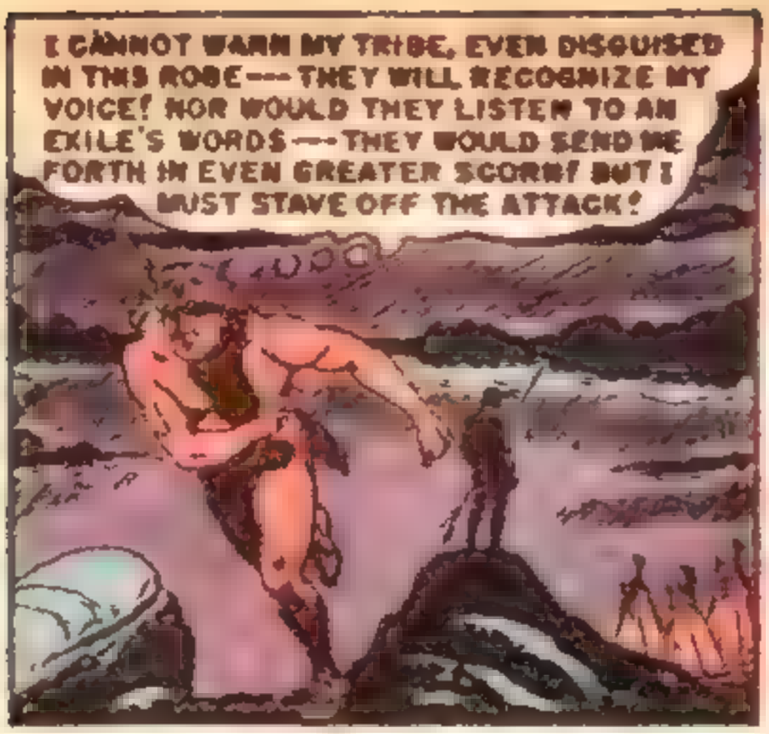

THE ROCK ENCASED BY THE TIGHTLY BOUND SKIN, FLEET HAWK NEXT PAINTS UPON THE SKIN A FEARFUL MASK .
THE RED CLAY GIVES THE RIGHT COLORS! THIS SHALL BE MY SYMBOL--- A WOLF'S HEAD WITH A WHITE STRIPE!

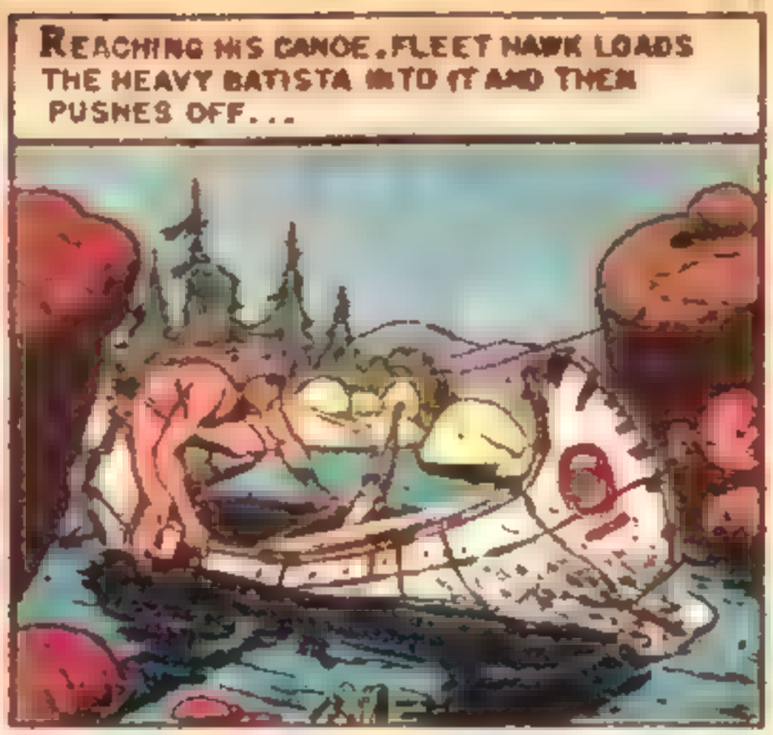

THE WORK FINISHED, FLEET HAWK LIFTS THE HEAVY BATTERING RAM AND STAGGERS TOWARDS HIS CANOE...
NOW LET THE CHEYENNE COME! IF THEY DO, THEY SHALL LEAVE BATTERED CANOES BEHIND!

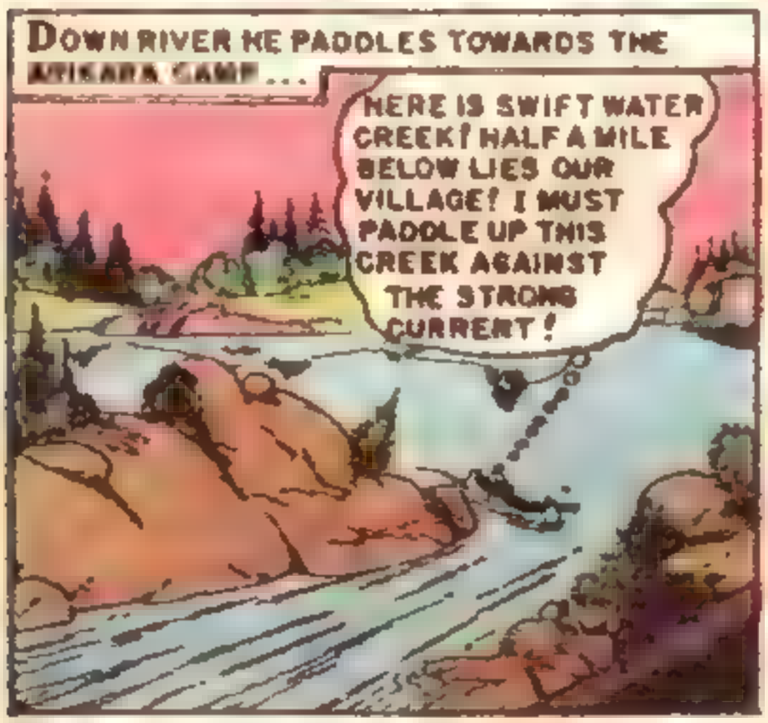

BUT THE CHEYENNE DO NOT COME! LONELY WEEKS FOLLOW AND THE EXILE ENDURES HIS FORCED SOLITUDE.
NOT A FISH STIRS--- WHAT'S THAT FLOATING BY?

A BLUNT ARROW— BY ITS MARKINGS— A CHEYENNE FISHING ARROW! THEY ARE NEAR!

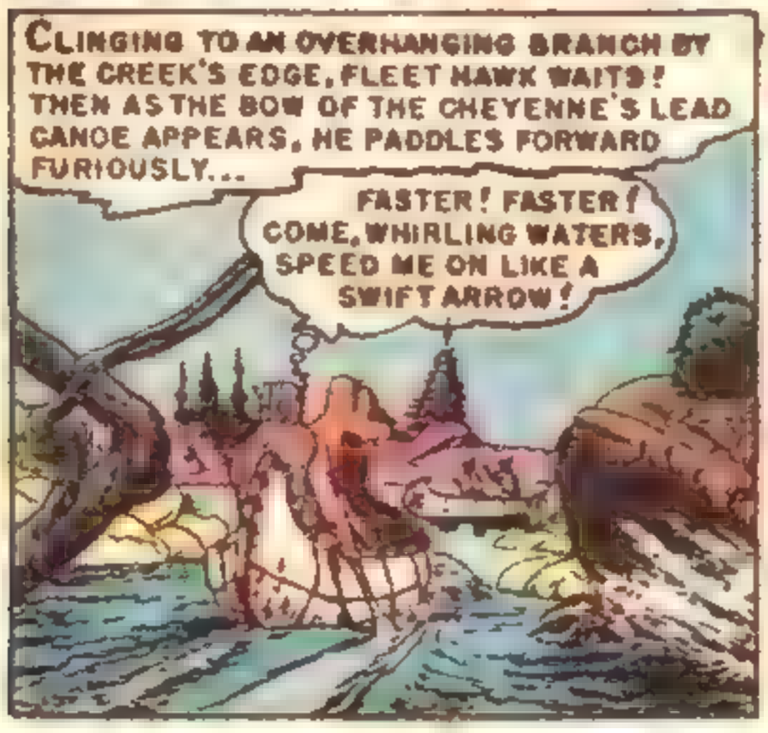

DONNING HIS WOLF ROBE, HE HURRIES THROUGH THE WOODS! QUIETLY AND WITH THE CUNNING OF THE WOLF, HE SNEAKS TOWARD THE CHEYENNE CAMP...
OH, GREAT AND MIGHTY WAR GOD OF THE CHEYENNE, BRING GLORY TO YOUR WARRIORS WHO GO FORTH AGAINST THE ARIKARA! SOON SHALL OUR PADDLE BLADES BE IN THE WATER— THEN LET FEAR BE IN THE HEARTS OF THE ARIKARA!


I CANNOT WARN MY TRIBE, EVEN DISGUISED IN THIS ROBE — THEY WILL RECOGNIZE MY VOICE! NOR WOULD THEY LISTEN TO AN EXILE'S WORDS — THEY WOULD SEND ME FORTH IN EVEN GREATER SCORN! BUT I MUST STAVE OFF THE ATTACK!

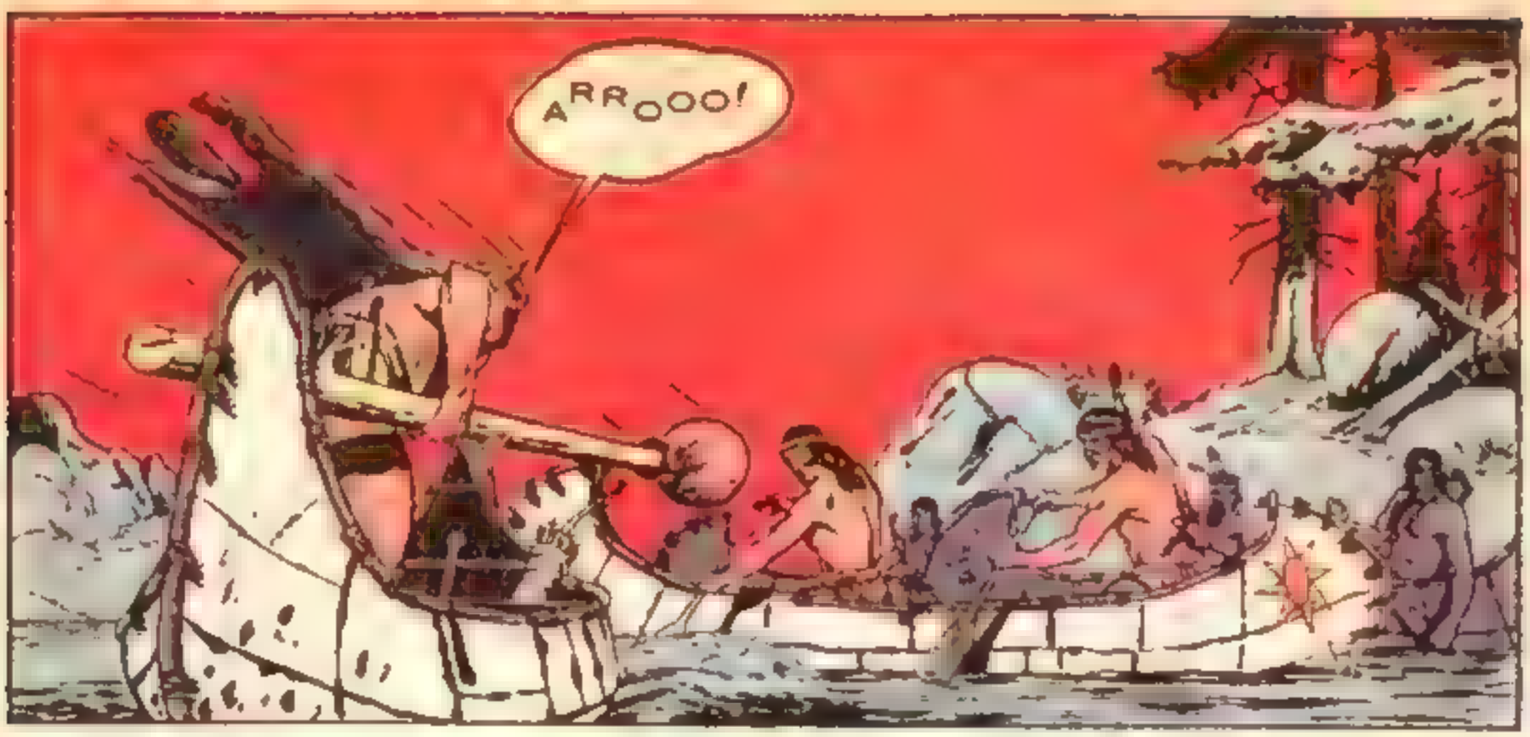

REACHING HIS CANOE, FLEET HAWK LOADS THE HEAVY BATISTA INTO IT AND THEN PUSHES OFF...

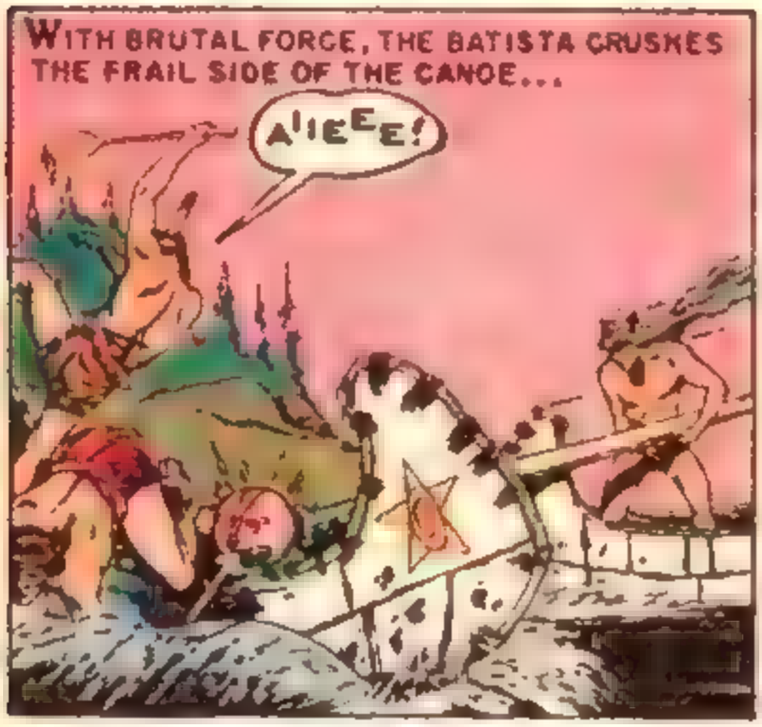

DOWN RIVER HE PADDLES TOWARDS THE ARIKARA CAMP...
HERE IS SWIFT WATER CREEK! HALF A MILE BELOW LIES OUR VILLAGE! I MUST PADDLE UP THIS CREEK AGAINST THE STRONG CURRENT!

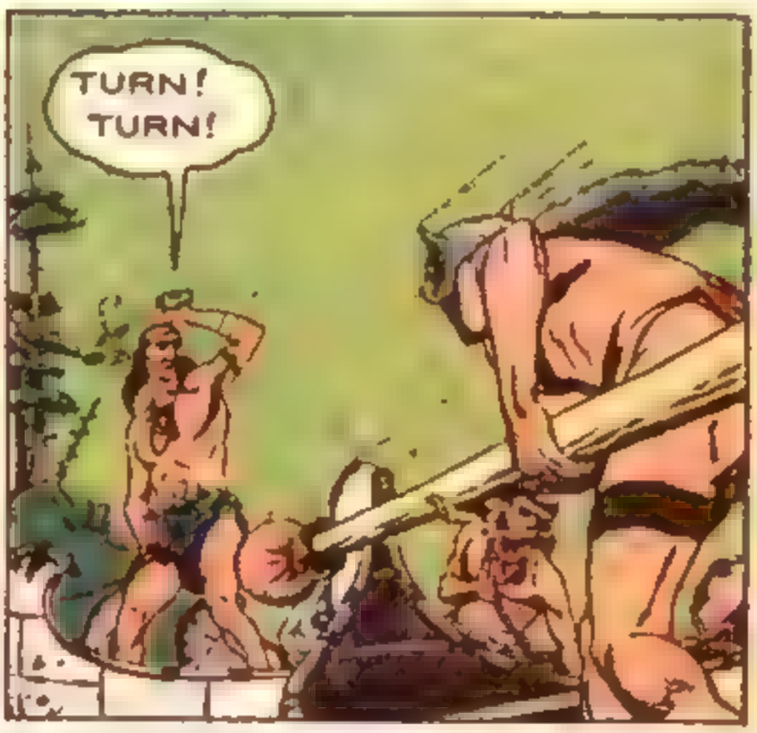
WITH SHORT, QUICK STROKES HE DIGS INTO THE ANGRY WATERS...
FROM HERE I CAN SURPRISE THE CHEYENNE CANOES AND SWOOP DOWN ON THEM FROM THEIR FLANK!

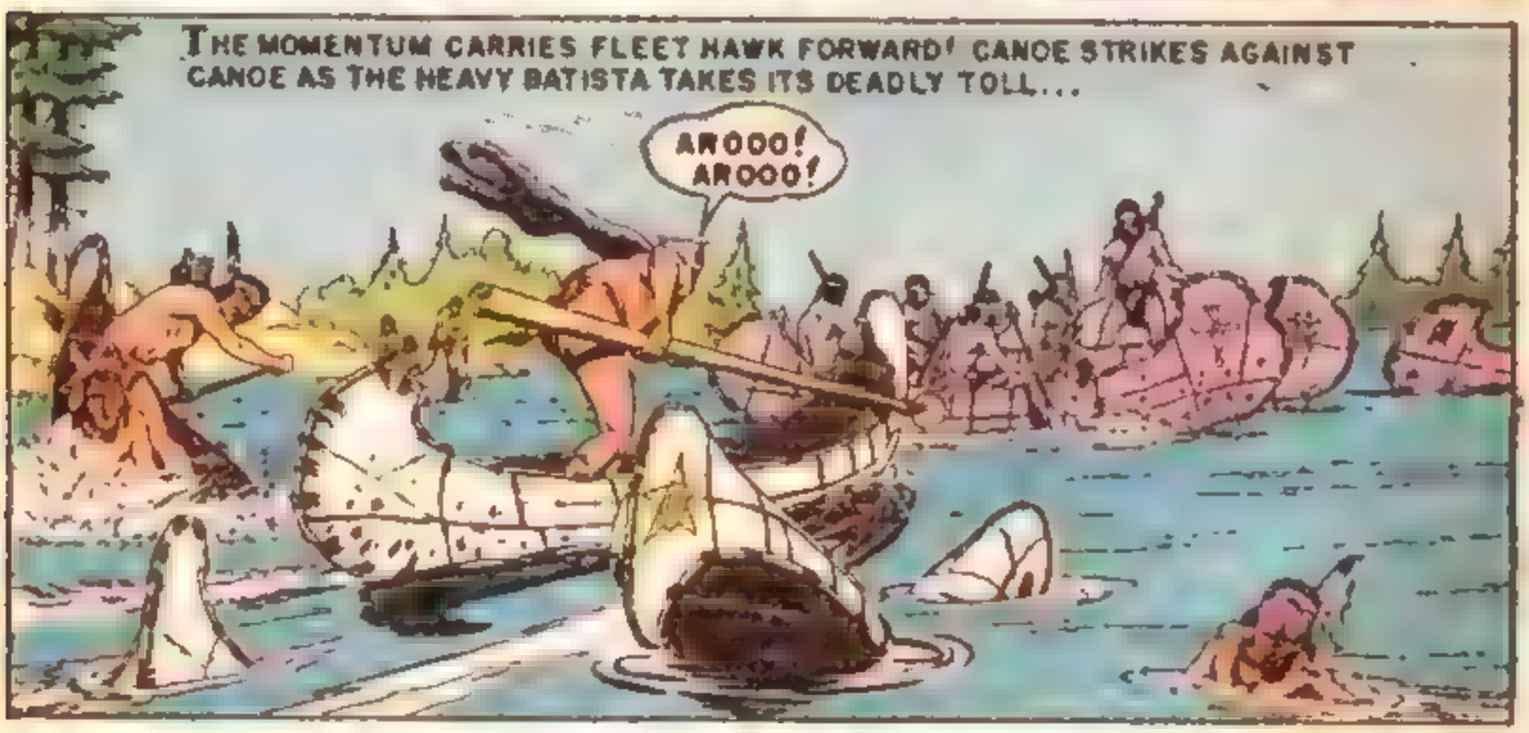

CLINGING TO AN OVERHANGING BRANCH BY THE CREEK'S EDGE, FLEET HAWK WAITS! THEN AS THE BOW OF THE CHEYENNE'S LEAD CANOE APPEARS, HE PADDLES FORWARD FURIOUSLY...
FASTER! FASTER! COME, WHIRLING WATERS, SPEED ME ON LIKE A SWIFT ARROW!

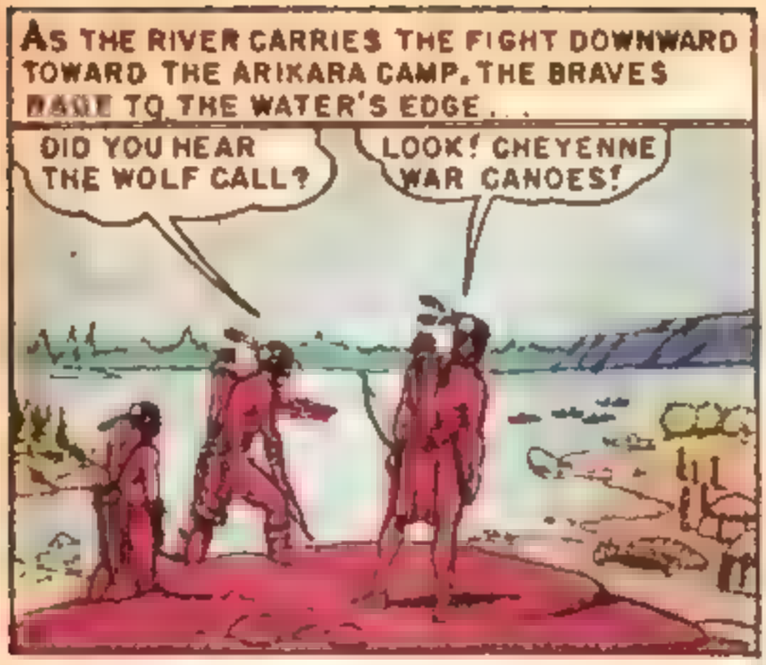
AS THE WATERS SWEEP HIM FORWARD, FLEET HAWK DROPS HIS PADDLE...
NOW LET THE WOLF'S HEAD SCOWL! LET THE CANOES OF THE CHEYENNE TREMBLE!


ARROOO!

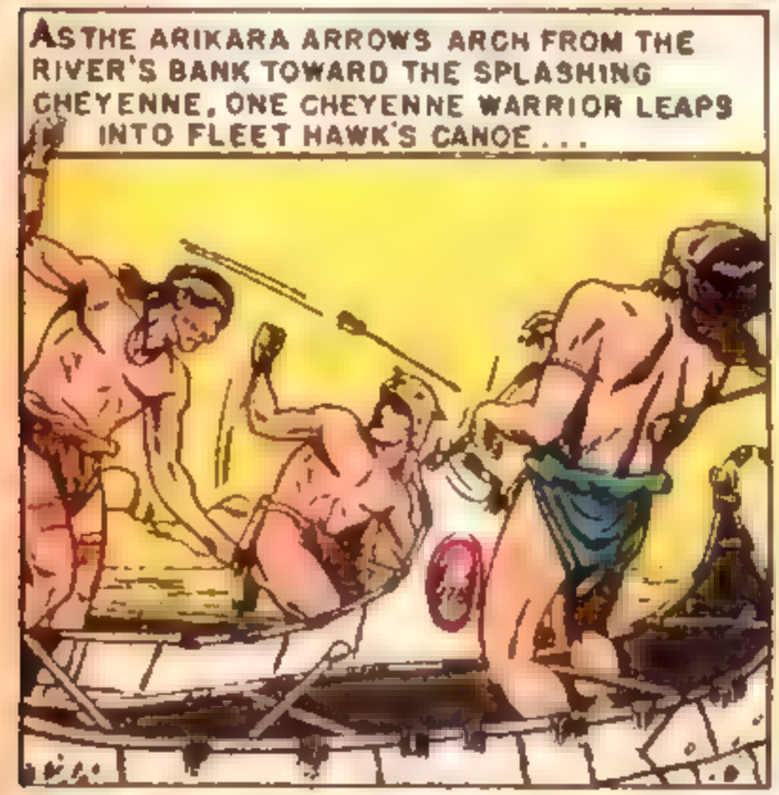

WITH BRUTAL FORCE, THE BATISTA CRUSHES THE FRAIL SIDE OF THE CANOE...
ALIEEEE!

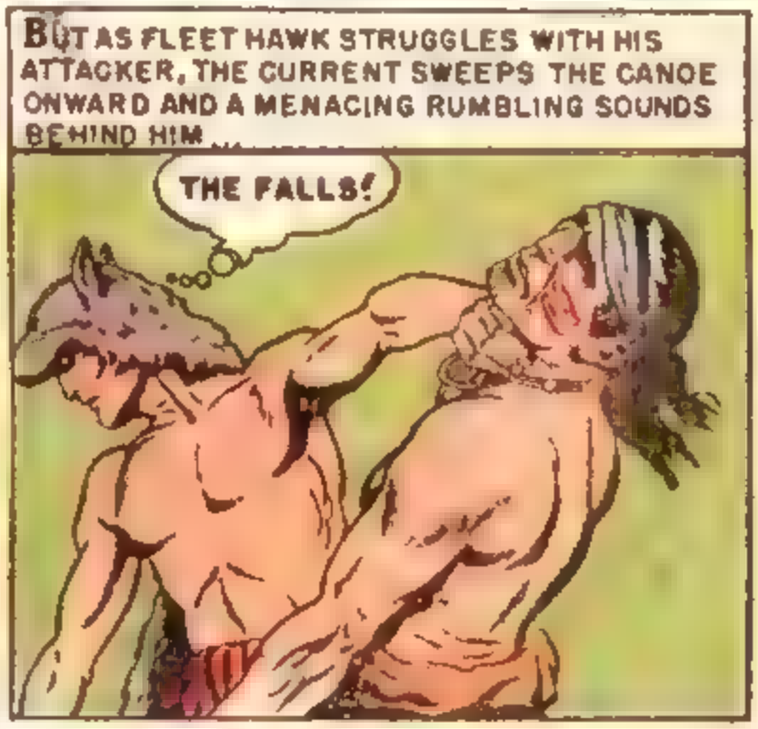

TURN! TURN!


THE MOMENTUM CARRIES FLEET HAWK FORWARD! CANOE STRIKES AGAINST CANOE AS THE HEAVY BATISTA TAKES ITS DEADLY TOLL...
AROOO! AROOO!

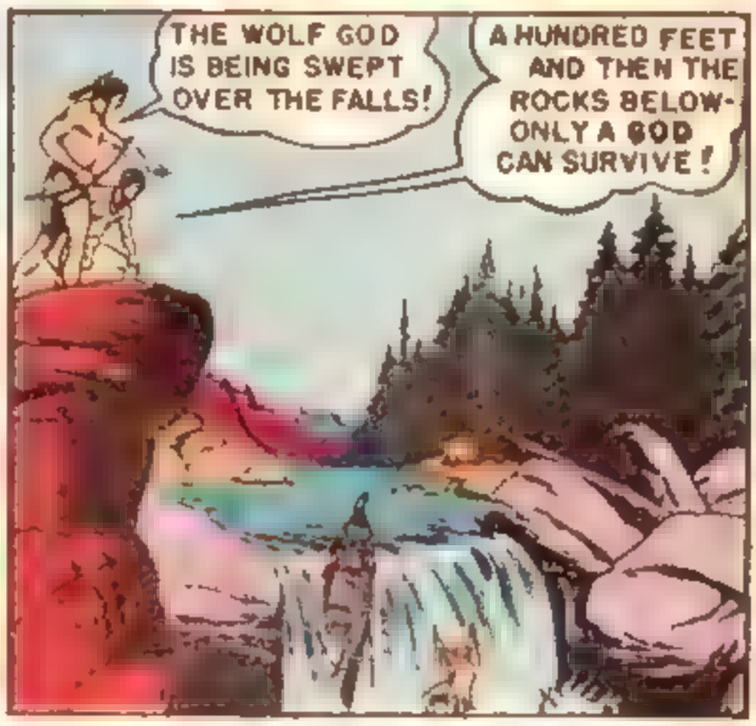

AS THE RIVER CARRIES THE FIGHT DOWNWARD TOWARD THE ARIKARA CAMP, THE BRAVES RAGE TO THE WATER'S EDGE . . .
DID YOU HEAR THE WOLF CALL?
LOOK! CHEYENNE WAR CANOES!

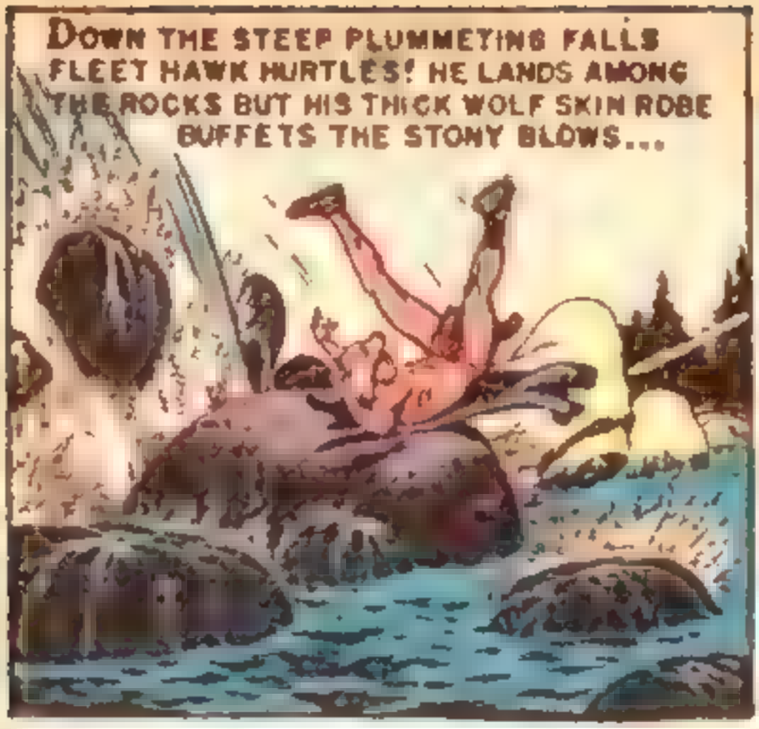
THE WOLF GOD HAS RETURNED TO SAVE US!
SURELY IT IS HE! THERE IS THE WHITE STREAK UPON HIS HEAD!

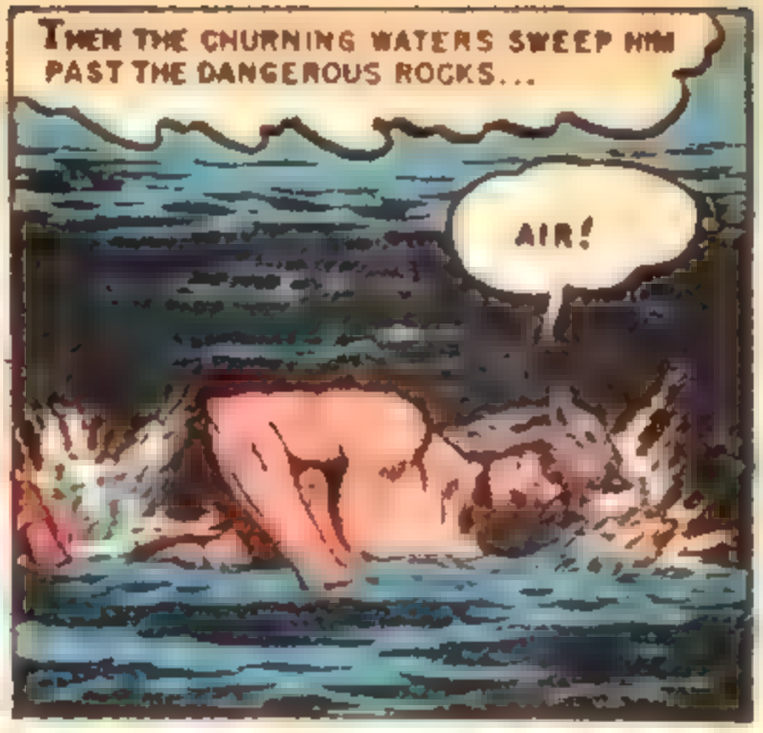

AS THE ARIKARA ARROWS ARCH FROM THE RIVER'S BANK TOWARD THE SPLASHING CHEYENNE, ONE CHEYENNE WARRIOR LEAPS INTO FLEET HAWK'S CANOE . . .

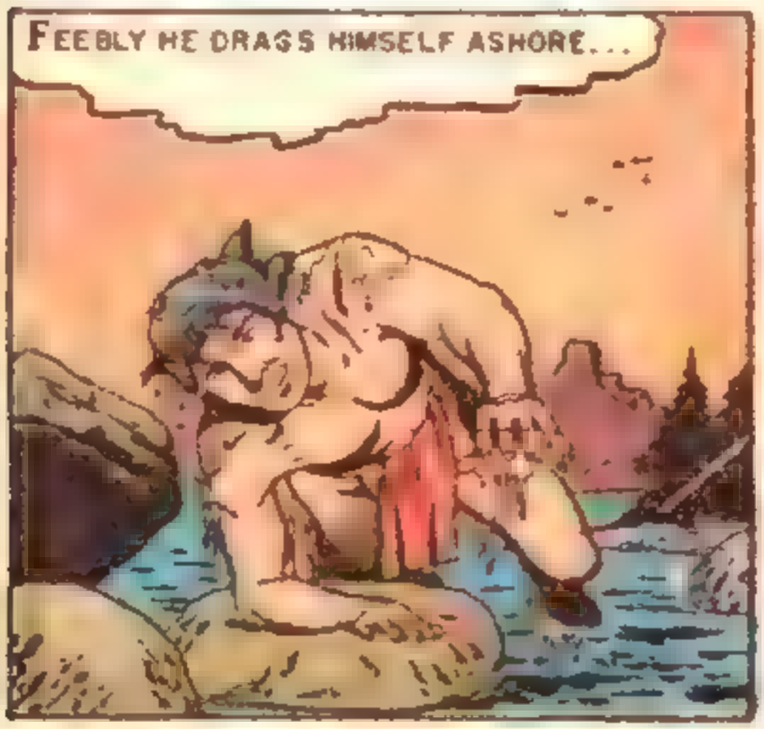

BUT AS FLEET HAWK STRUGGLES WITH HIS ATTACKER, THE CURRENT SWEEPS THE CANOE ONWARD AND A MENACING RUMBLING SOUNDS BEHIND HIM . . .
THE FALLS!

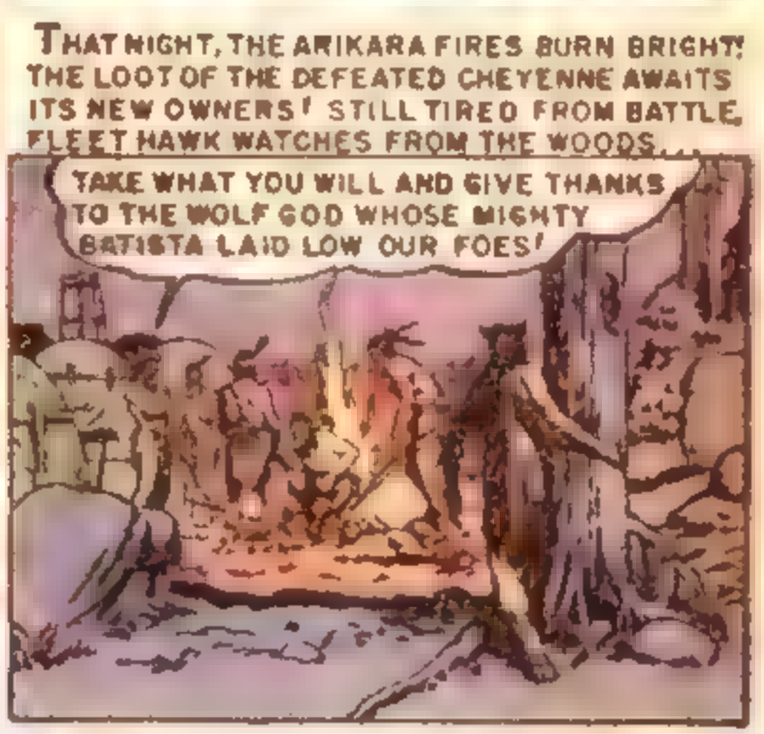
I'LL JUMP AND TRY TO MAKE SHORE BEFORE I GO OVER THE FALLS!

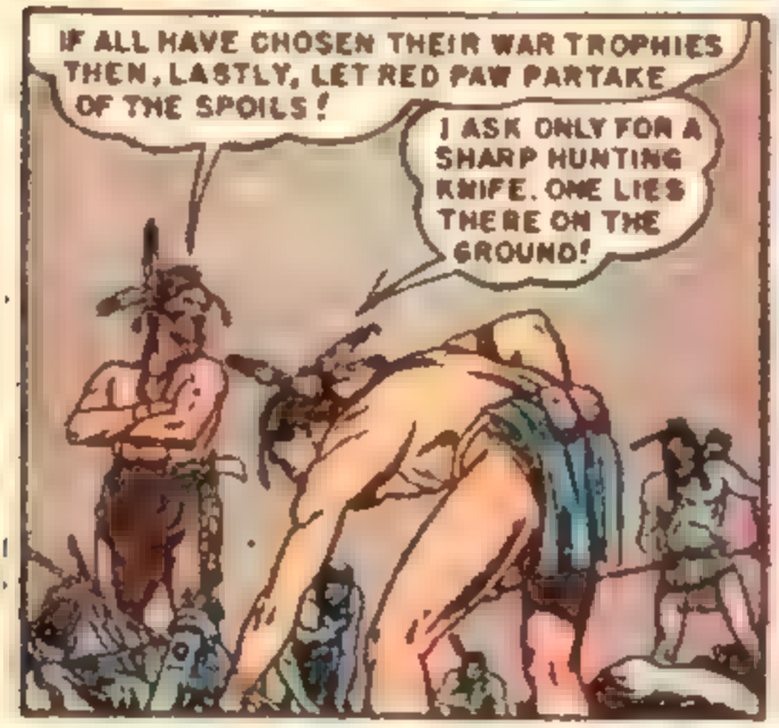

THE WOLF GOD IS BEING SWEPT OVER THE FALLS!
A HUNDRED FEET AND THEN THE ROCKS BELOW- ONLY A GOD CAN SURVIVE!


DOWN THE STEEP PLUMMETING FALLS FLEET HAWK HURTLES! HE LANDS AMONG THE ROCKS BUT HIS THICK WOLF SKIN ROBE BUFFETS THE STONY BLOWS...


THEN THE CHURNING WATERS SWEEP HIM PAST THE DANGEROUS ROCKS...
AIR!


FEEBLY HE DRAGS HIMSELF ASHORE...


THAT NIGHT, THE ARIKARA FIRES BURN BRIGHT! THE LOOT OF THE DEFEATED CHEYENNE AWAITS ITS NEW OWNERS! STILL TIRED FROM BATTLE, FLEET HAWK WATCHES FROM THE WOODS...
TAKE WHAT YOU WILL AND GIVE THANKS TO THE WOLF GOD WHOSE MIGHTY BATISTA LAID LOW OUR FOES!

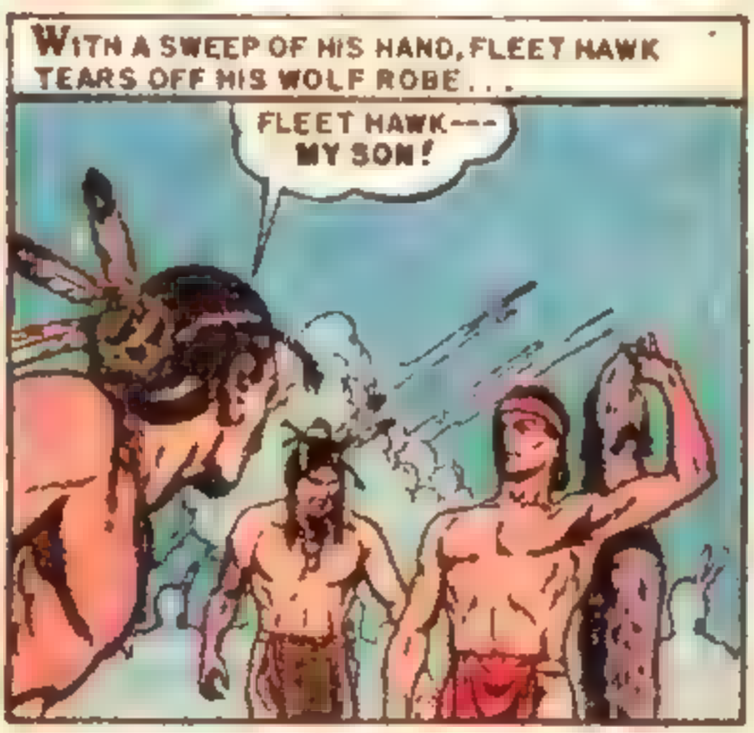

IF ALL HAVE CHOSEN THEIR WAR TROPHIES THEN, LASTLY, LET RED PAW PARTAKE OF THE SPOILS!
I ASK ONLY FOR A SHARP HUNTING KNIFE. ONE LIES THERE ON THE GROUND!

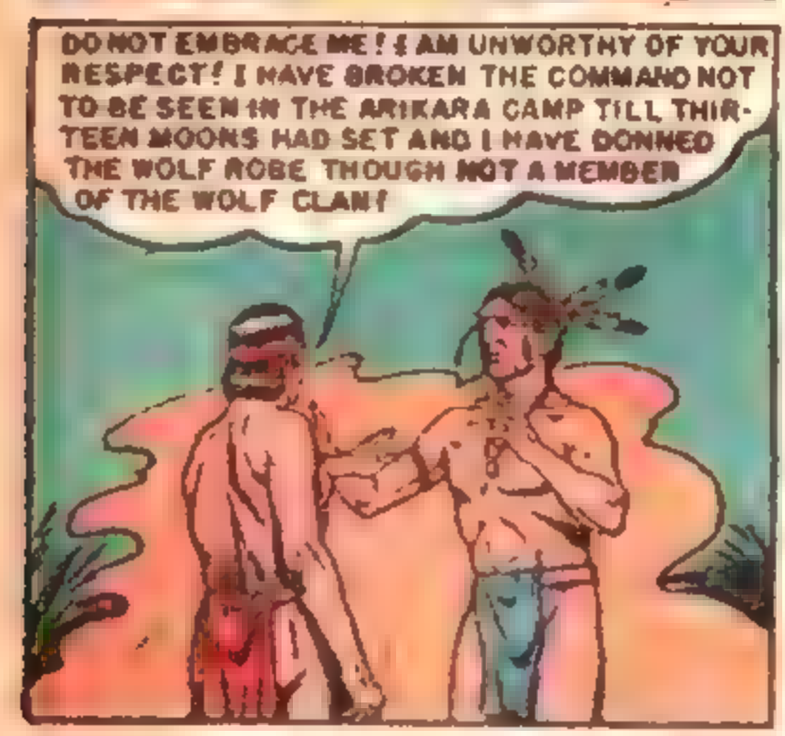
NO! A KNIFE IS NOT FOR THE FATHER OF A SQUAW-MAN! CHOOSE THE BEADS, THE NECKLACE, OR THE BRIGHT FEATHERS, BUT LEAVE THE KNIFE TO THOSE WHO FATHER TRUE SONS!

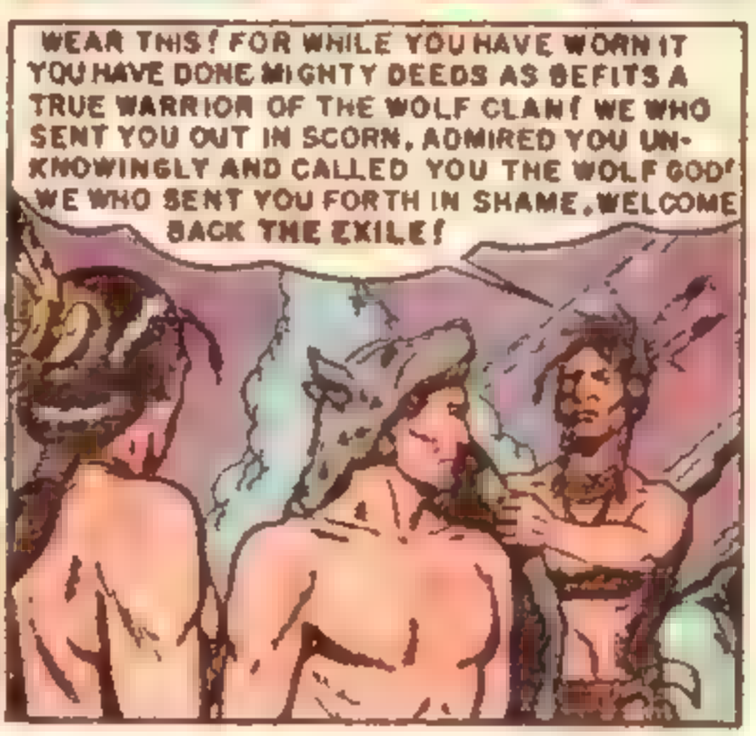
SUDDENLY INTO THE ARIKARA CAMP STRIDES...
THE WOLF GOD!
HE LIVES!

HE ADVANCES SILENTLY TO THE FIRE AND PICKS THE HUNTING KNIFE FROM THE GROUND...

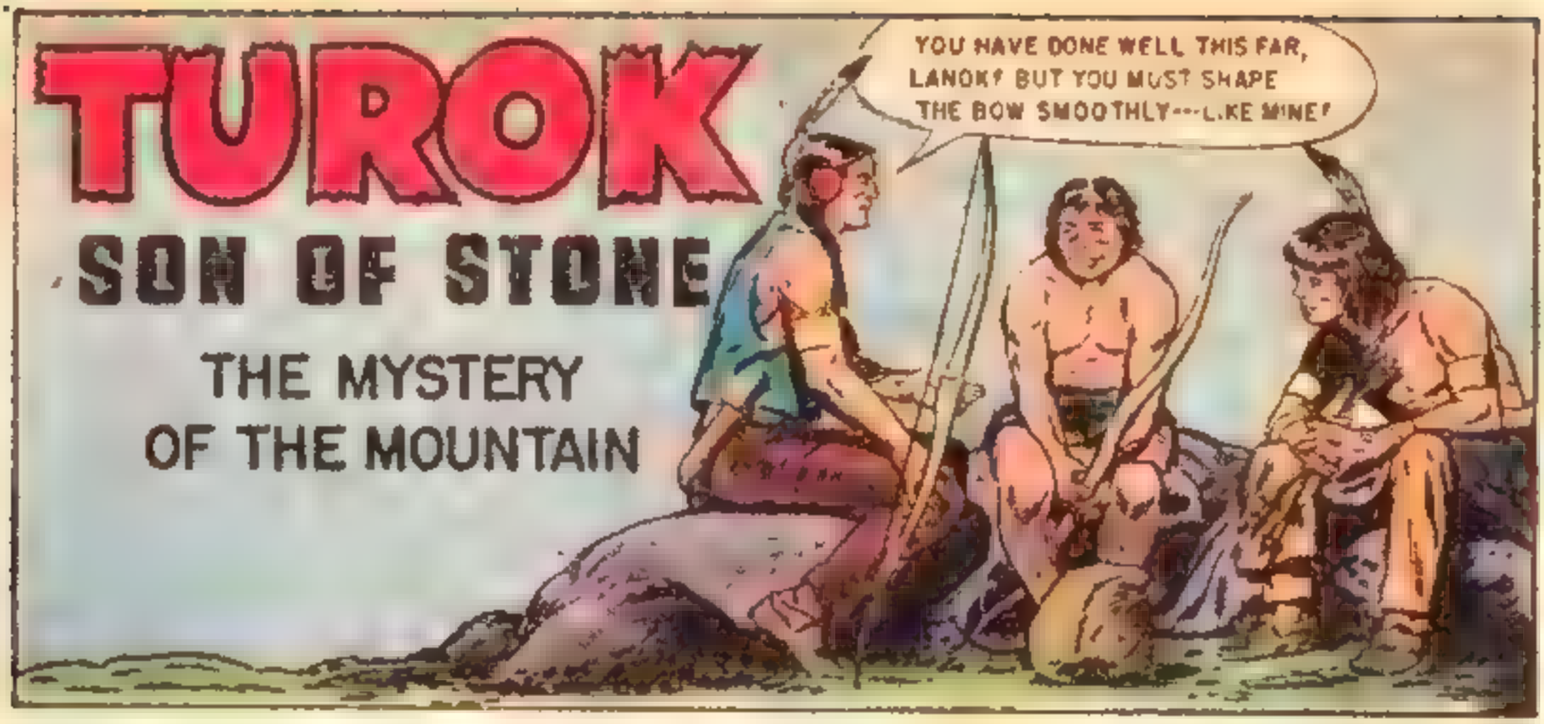
THEN...
I CANNOT TAKE IT! MY CHIEF SAYS IT IS NOT FITTING FOR ME WHO HAS FATHERED A SON WHO IS NOT A TRUE MAN!


WITH A SWEEP OF HIS HAND, FLEET HAWK TEARS OFF HIS WOLF ROBE...
FLEET HAWK--- MY SON!

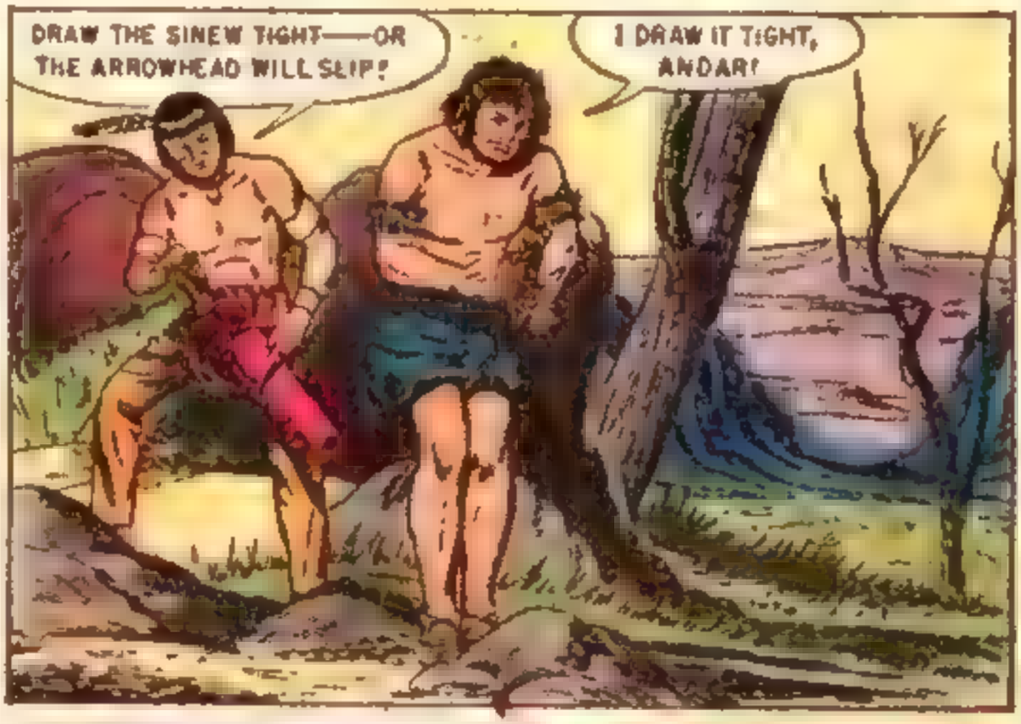

DO NOT EMBRACE ME! I AM UNWORTHY OF YOUR RESPECT! I HAVE BROKEN THE COMMAND NOT TO BE SEEN IN THE ARIKARA CAMP TILL THIRTEEN MOONS HAD SET AND I HAVE DONNED THE WOLF ROBE THOUGH NOT A MEMBER OF THE WOLF CLAN!

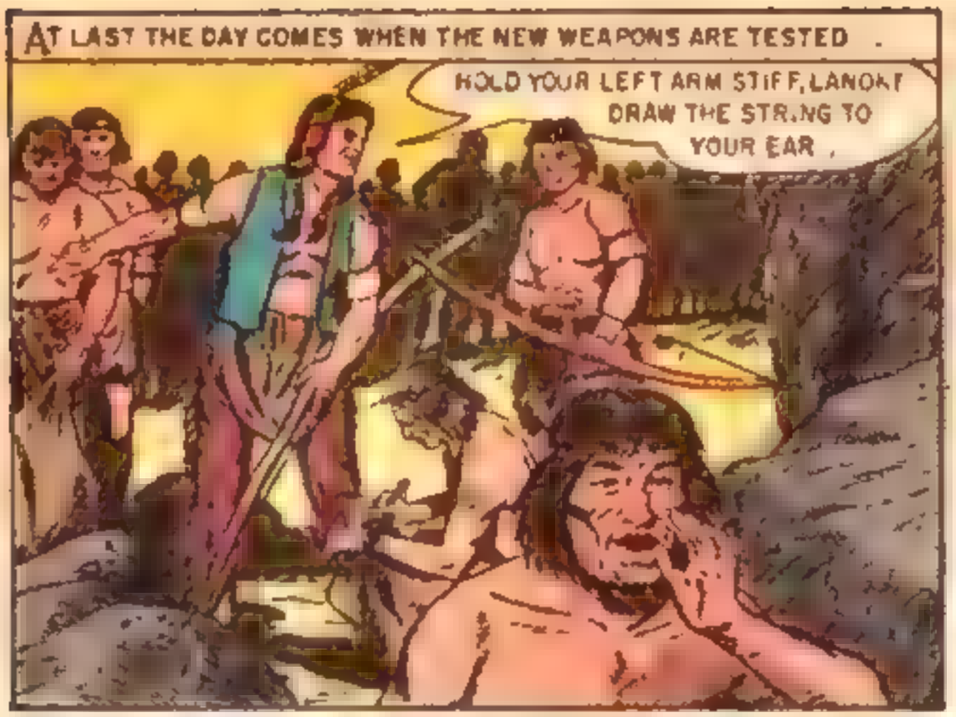

WEAR THIS! FOR WHILE YOU HAVE WORN IT YOU HAVE DONE MIGHTY DEEDS AS BEFITS A TRUE WARRIOR OF THE WOLF CLAN! WE WHO SENT YOU OUT IN SCORN, ADMIRED YOU UNKNOWINGLY AND CALLED YOU THE WOLF GOD! WE WHO SENT YOU FORTH IN SHAME, WELCOME BACK THE EXILE!

TUROK
SON OF STONE
THE MYSTERY OF THE MOUNTAIN



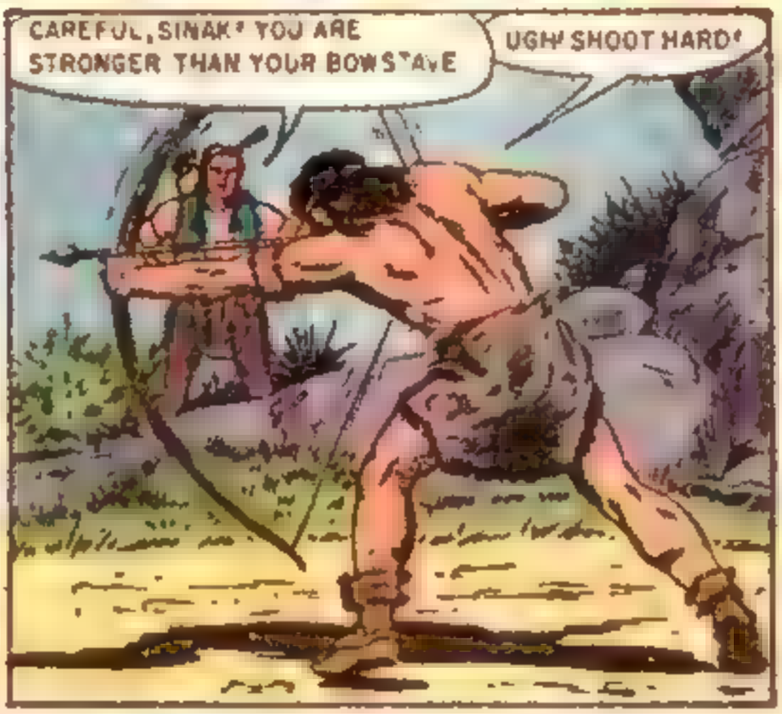
IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE WHITE MAN, TUROK AND ANDAR HAVE ENTERED A STRANGE SUNKEN VALLEY, THROUGH ONE OF THE CAVERNS IN THE CARLSBAD AREA. THE VALLEY, OF SEVERAL MILES EXTENT, IS ACTUALLY AN ENORMOUS CAVERN WHOSE ROOF FELL IN, AGES BEFORE... WARM SPRINGS AND MOIST ATMOSPHERE HAVE PRESERVED MUCH OF THE PREHISTORIC LIFE THAT HAS LONG BEEN EXTINCT EVERYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD .. AND IN A SMALL BOX CANYON, THE NEWCOMERS FIND A TRIBE OF STONE AGE INDIANS, UNUSED TO BOW AND ARROWS ..



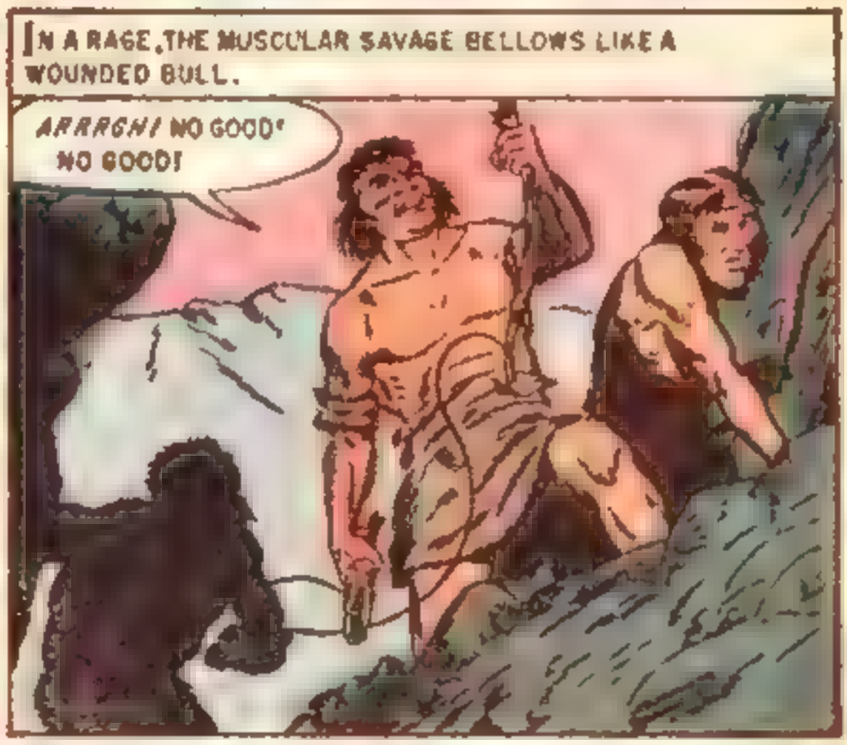

AT LAST THE DAY COMES WHEN THE NEW WEAPONS ARE TESTED .
HOLD YOUR LEFT ARM STIFF, LANOKI DRAW THE STRING TO YOUR EAR .

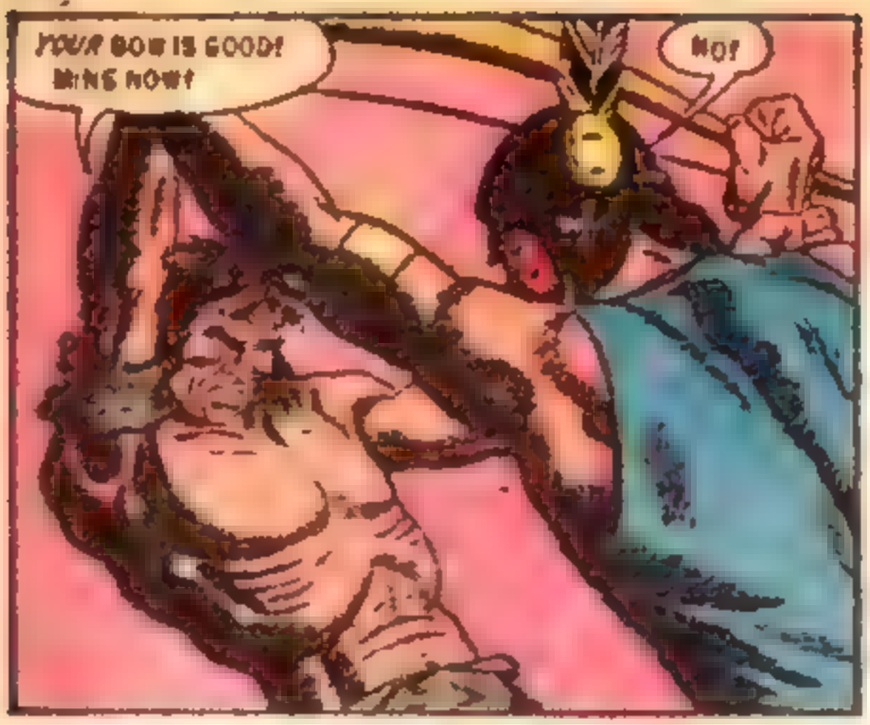
UGH! MISSED··
YOU CAME CLOSE! MANY SHOTS WILL MAKE YOU GOOD!

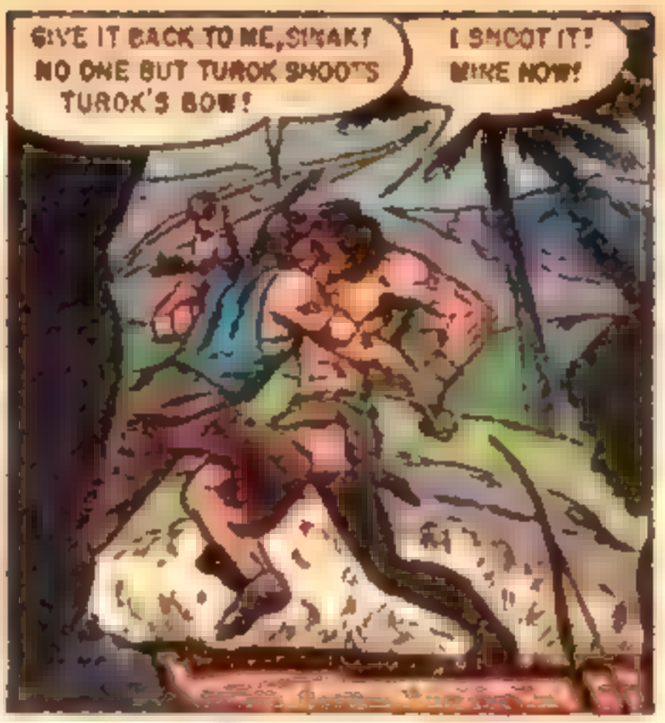
NO, NO! PANKO SHOT IT IN THE *HORN!* HAW, HAW!


CAREFUL, SINAK! YOU ARE STRONGER THAN YOUR BOWSTAVE
UGH! SHOOT HARD!

CRACK!


IN A RAGE, THE MUSCULAR SAVAGE BELLOWS LIKE A WOUNDED BULL.
ARRRGH! NO GOOD! NO GOOD!


YOUR BOW IS GOOD! MINE NOW!
NO!

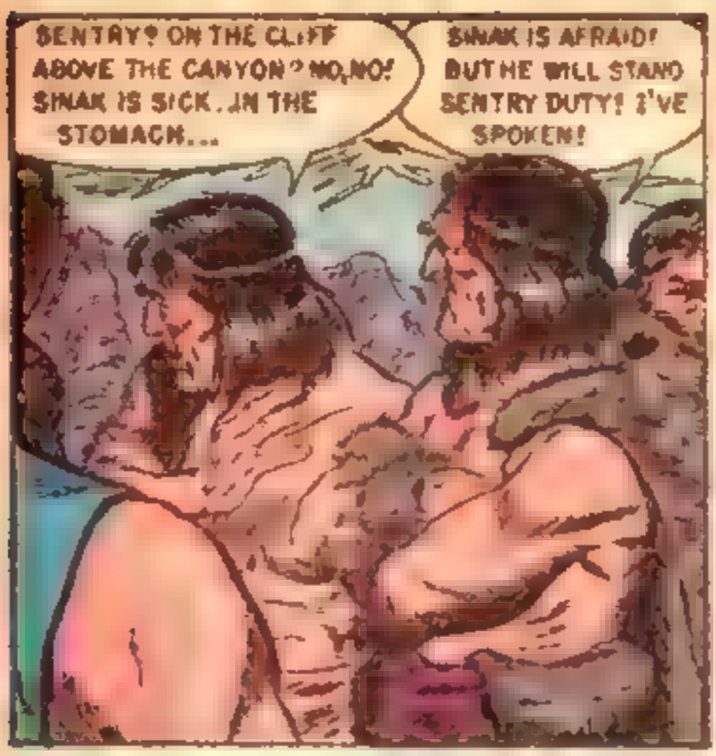

GIVE IT BACK TO ME, SINAK! NO ONE BUT TUROK SHOOTS TUROK'S BOW!
I SHOOT IT! MINE NOW!

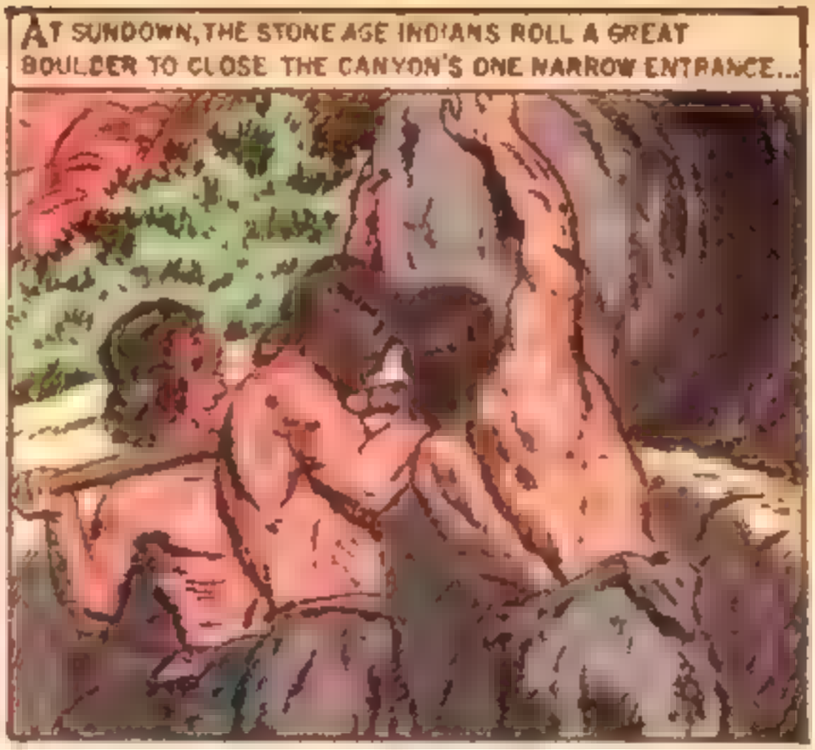
LET GO!
OWW!

AHRGH! YARROW! SINAK WILL BREAK YOU —— LIKE BOW WOOD!
TUROK! LET ME!
NO, ANDAR! I'LL HANDLE HIM...

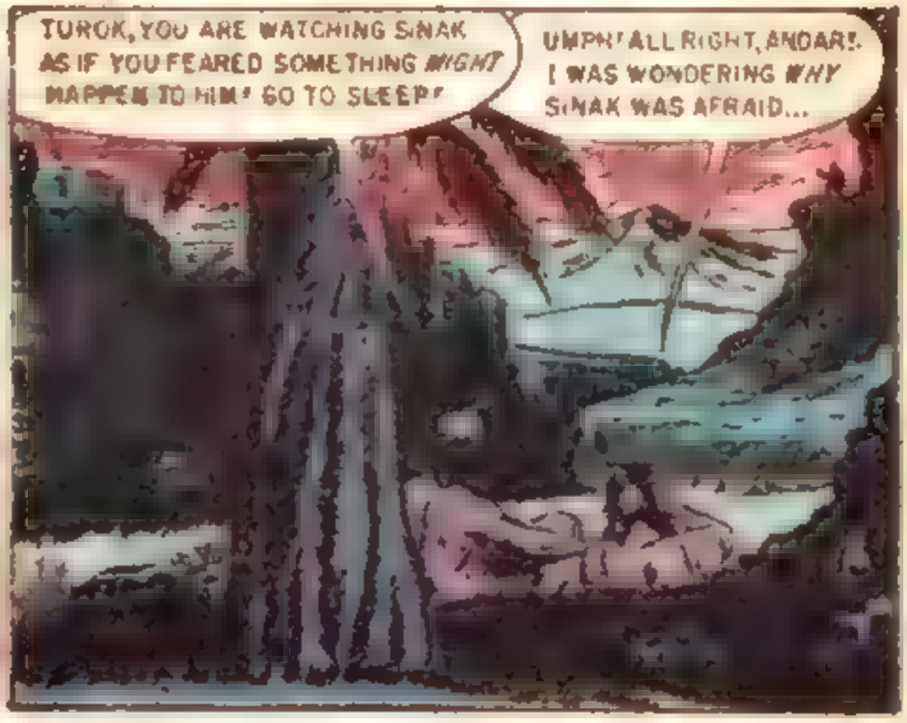
BUT SUDDENLY THE CHIEF AND OTHER WARRIORS ARRIVE .
BE QUIET, SINAK! HOLD HIM, WARRIORS! I SAW IT ALL!
SINAK'S ANGER DOES NOT LAST LONG — IT WILL PASS!
AHH! OURRH! I FIGHT TUROK!

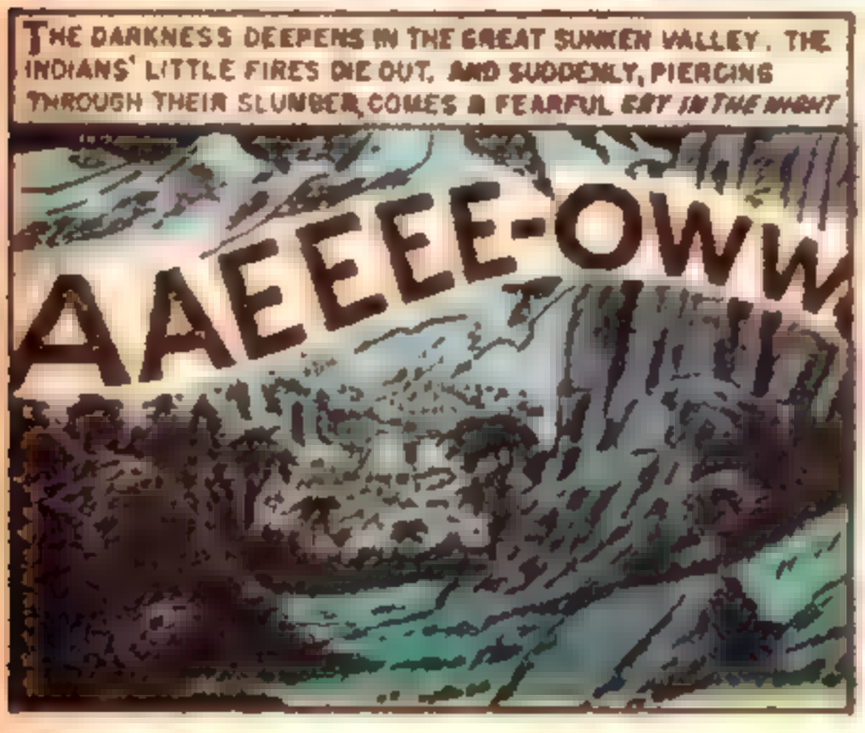
—— AND CALM THE GIANT DOWN!
SINAK DID WRONG! HE MUST BE PUNISHED —— BY STANDING SENTRY DUTY ABOVE THE CANYON TONIGHT!


SENTRY? ON THE CLIFF ABOVE THE CANYON? NO,NO! SINAK IS SICK..IN THE STOMACH...
SINAK IS AFRAID! BUT HE WILL STAND SENTRY DUTY! I'VE SPOKEN!


AT SUNDOWN, THE STONE AGE INDIANS ROLL A GREAT BOULDER TO CLOSE THE CANYON'S ONE NARROW ENTRANCE...

AND SINAK, ARMED WITH A HUGE CLUB, TAKES HIS POST HIGH ABOVE.

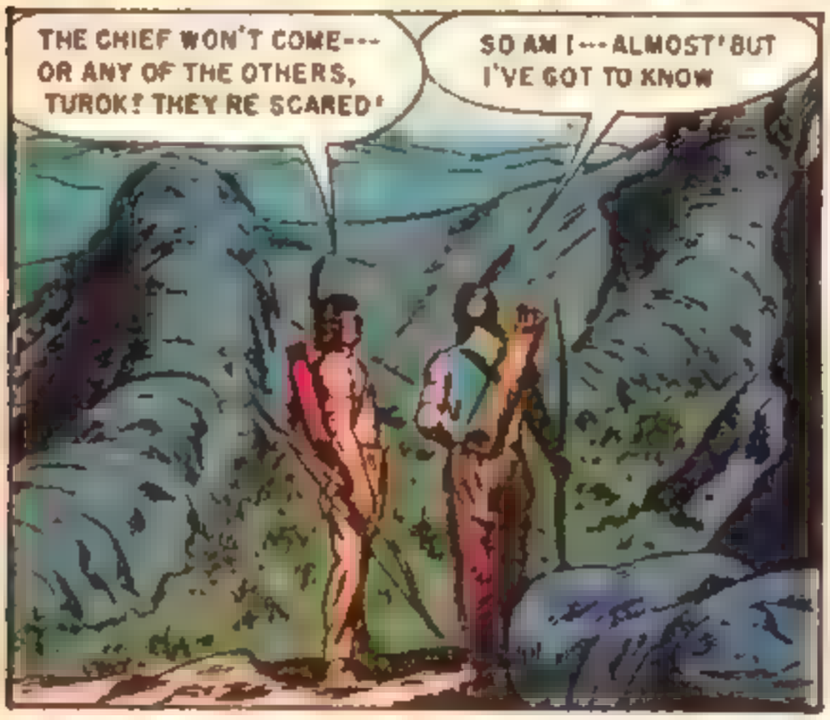

TUROK, YOU ARE WATCHING SINAK AS IF YOU FEARED SOMETHING *MIGHT* HAPPEN TO HIM! GO TO SLEEP!
UMPH! ALL RIGHT, ANDAR! I WAS WONDERING *WHY* SINAK WAS AFRAID...

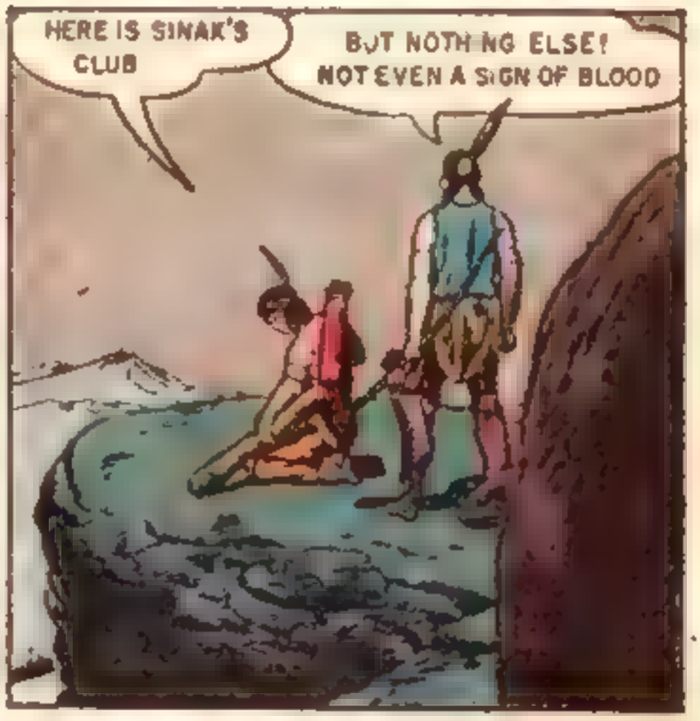

THE DARKNESS DEEPENS IN THE GREAT SUNKEN VALLEY. THE INDIANS' LITTLE FIRES DIE OUT, AND SUDDENLY, PIERCING THROUGH THEIR SLUMBER, COMES A FEARFUL *CRY IN THE NIGHT*
AAEEEE-OWW

TUROK! WHAT--- WAS THAT SCREAM?
IT WAS HUMAN--- OF THAT I'M SURE...

LOOK! SINAK IS GONE! HIS PLACE IS EMPTY!
OH-OOOOO! IT IS TRUE!
SOMETHING GOT HIM!

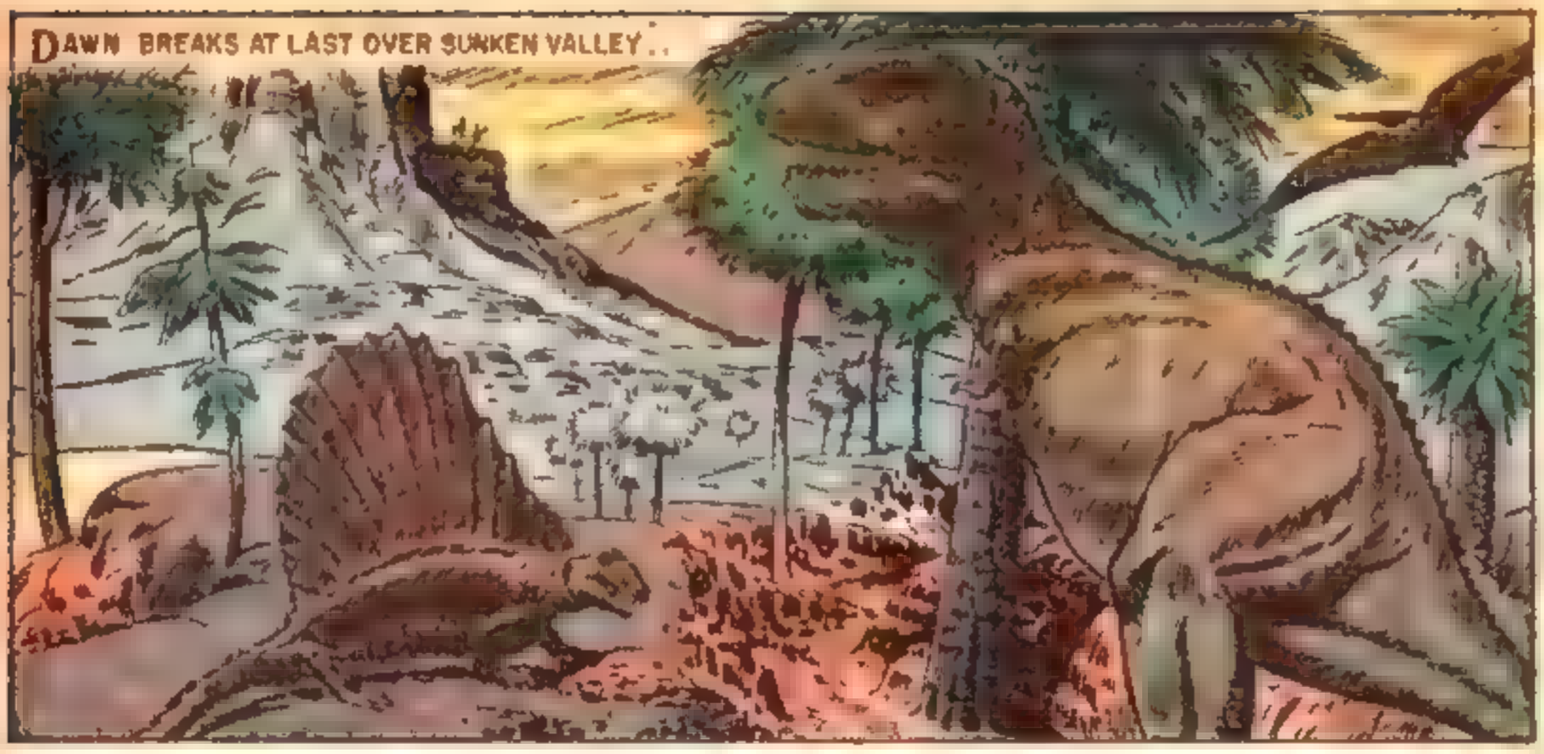
COME ON! WE'LL SEE WHAT SORT OF BEAST IT WAS, CHIEF---
NO! NO, IT MIGHT KILL US ALL!


THE CHIEF WON'T COME--- OR ANY OF THE OTHERS, TUROK! THEY RE SCARED!
SO AM I---ALMOST! BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW


HERE IS SINAK'S CLUB
BUT NOTHING ELSE! NOT EVEN A SIGN OF BLOOD

--- AND THERE'S NO COVER THAT A BEAST COULD HAVE HIDDEN BEHIND TO APPROACH SINAK UNSEEN!
SINAK WASN'T SLEEPING---HE WAS TOO MUCH AFRAID! BUT *SOMETHING* TOOK HIM!

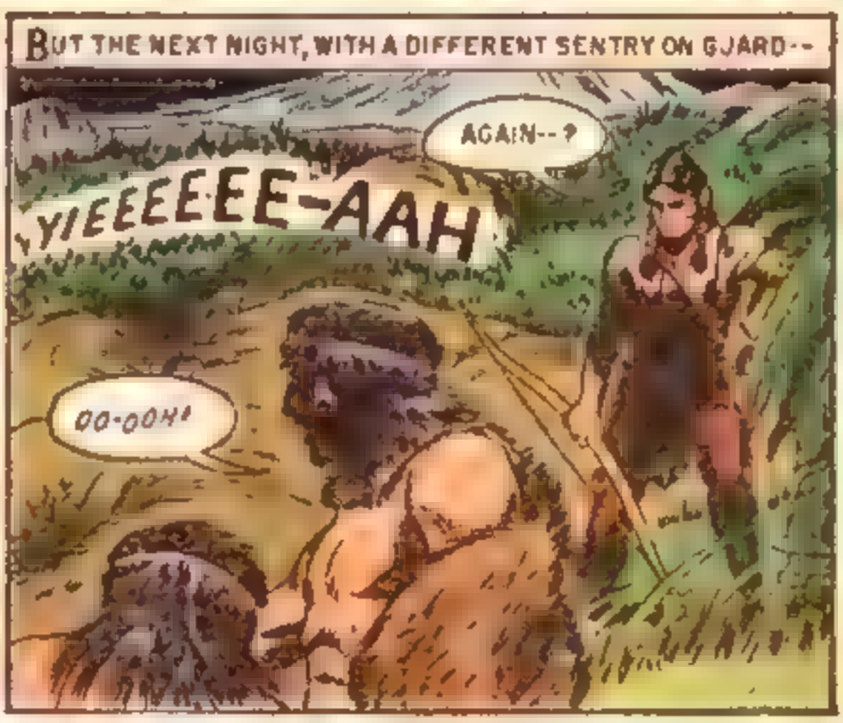
OH, CHIEF! ANDAR AND I WILL STAND SENTRY HERE, UNTIL DAYBREAK! THERE'S NO SIGN WHERE SINAK WENT!
HUMPH! NOW *I CAN'T* LEAVE TILL YOU DO, TUROK!


DAWN BREAKS AT LAST OVER SUNKEN VALLEY..

DO YOU THINK ONE OF *THOSE* COULD HAVE TAKEN SINAK?
NO, ANDAR! THIS SHOULDER OF ROCK IS TOO HIGH FOR EVEN A GIANT HOPPER TO JUMP OR CLIMB!

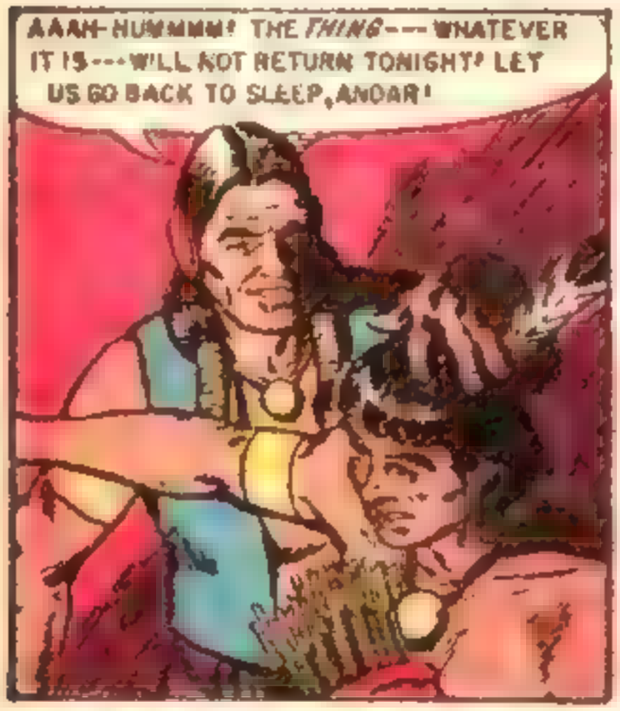
BESIDES, EVEN A PANTHER BIG ENOUGH TO CARRY OFF A MAN WOULD HAVE LEFT CLAW MARKS ON THE ROCK--- AND THERE ARE NONE!
NO

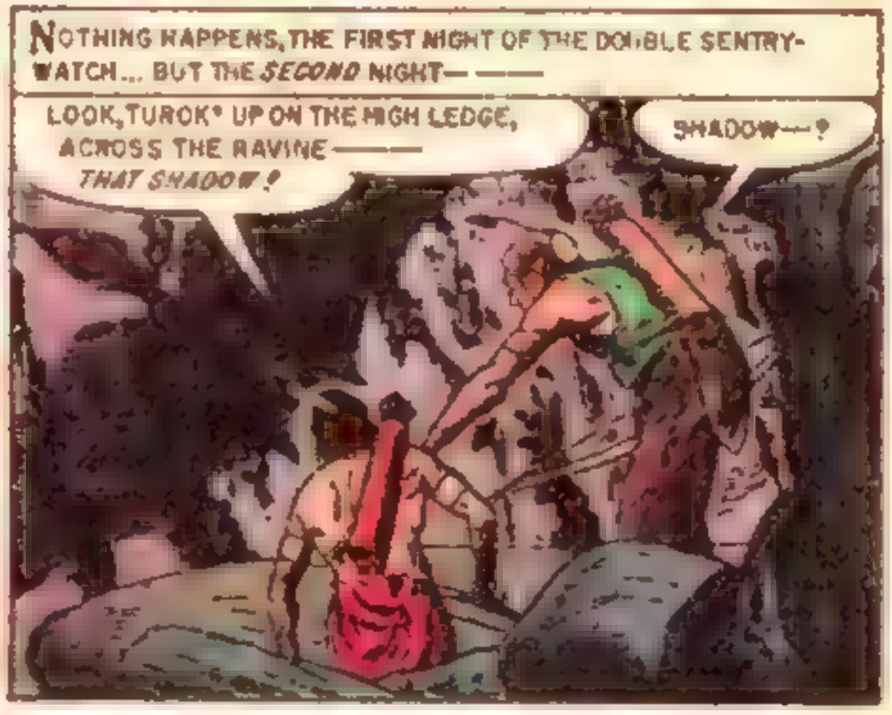
I THINK SINAK MUST HAVE HAD A NIGHTMARE AND *ROLLED OFF* THE ROCK! *THEN* SOME BEAST GOT HIM!
THAT COULD BE, ANDAR!


BUT THE NEXT NIGHT, WITH A DIFFERENT SENTRY ON GUARD--
AGAIN--?
YIEEEEEE-AAH
OO-OOH!

IT'S PANKO! PANKO IS GONE!
TAKEN AT THE SAME TIME OF NIGHT?

BUT TOMORROW NIGHT, ANOAR AND I WILL TAKE THE SENTRY POST TOGETHER! ONE OF US WILL SEE THE THING!
ONE OF YOU? AND WHAT OF THE OTHER, TUROK?


AAAH-HUMMMM! THE THING---WHATEVER IT IS---WILL NOT RETURN TONIGHT! LET US GO BACK TO SLEEP, ANOAR!


NOTHING HAPPENS, THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE DOUBLE SENTRY-WATCH... BUT THE SECOND NIGHT———
LOOK, TUROK! UP ON THE HIGH LEDGE, ACROSS THE RAVINE——— THAT SHADOW!
SHADOW—?

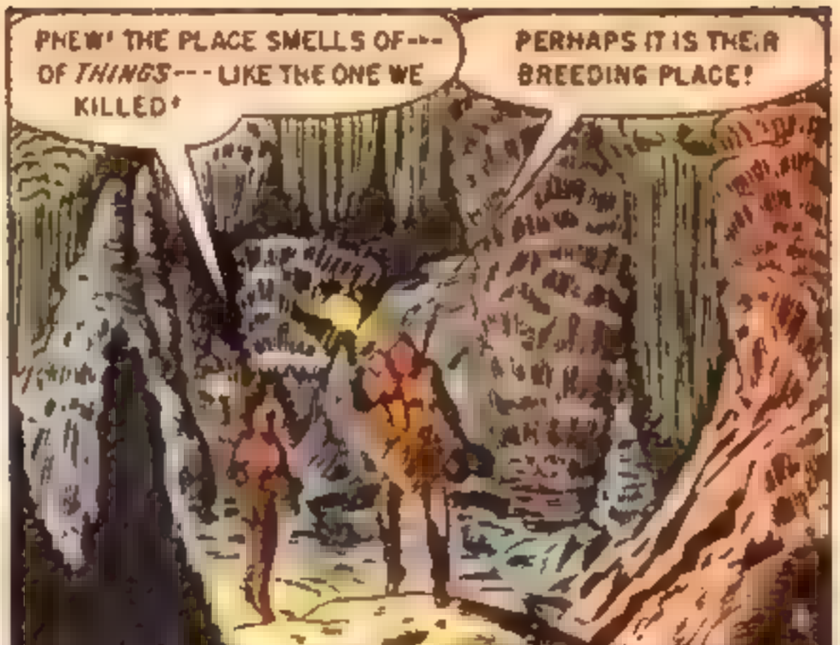
THAT IS NO SHADOW, ANOAR! IT MOVED!

HERE IT COMES!
SHOOT--- NOW!

WITH FOUR OF THE POISON-TIPPED ARROWS UNDER ITS LEATHERY HIDE, THE MONSTER REPTILE MISSES ITS STRIKE---BY INCHES!

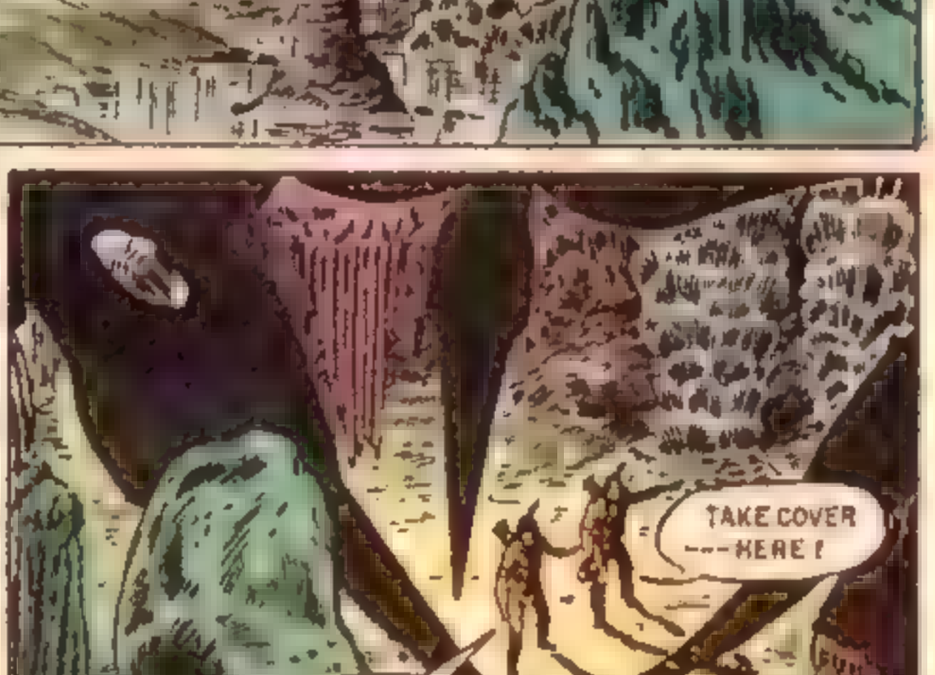
WITH A SPRAY OF SPARKS, THE PTERANODON LANDS SQUARELY IN A CAMPFIRE---DEAD!

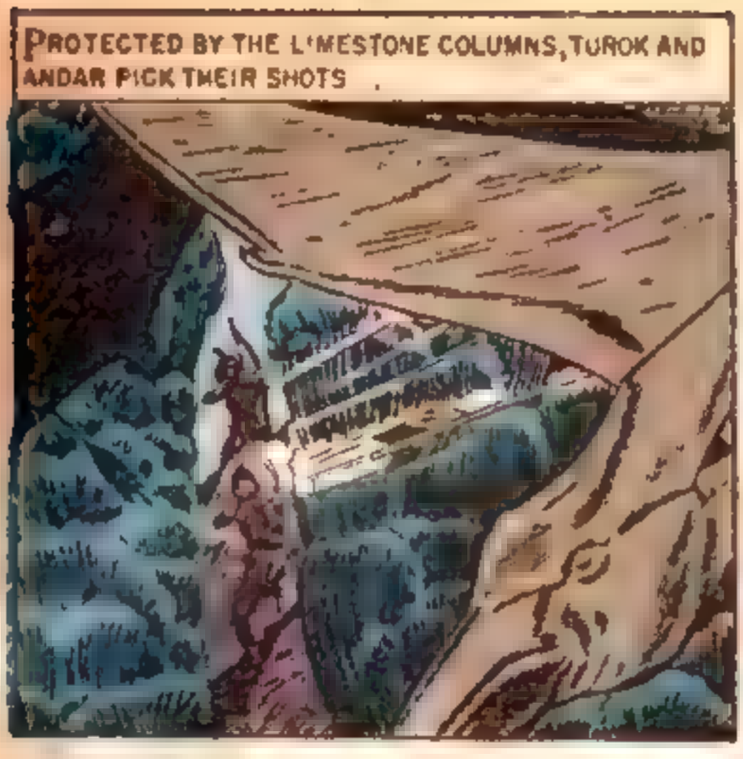
WHAT IF THERE ARE *MORE* OF THEM INSIDE, TUROK?
THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE COME TO FIND OUT, ANDAR! LIGHT YOUR TORCH!


PHEW! THE PLACE SMELLS OF--- OF *THINGS*--- LIKE THE ONE WE KILLED!
PERHAPS IT IS THEIR BREEDING PLACE!

YOU WERE RIGHT, TUROK! THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH THEM!

QUICK-- WEDGE YOUR TORCH NEAR MINE ---BEFORE THEY RUSH US!

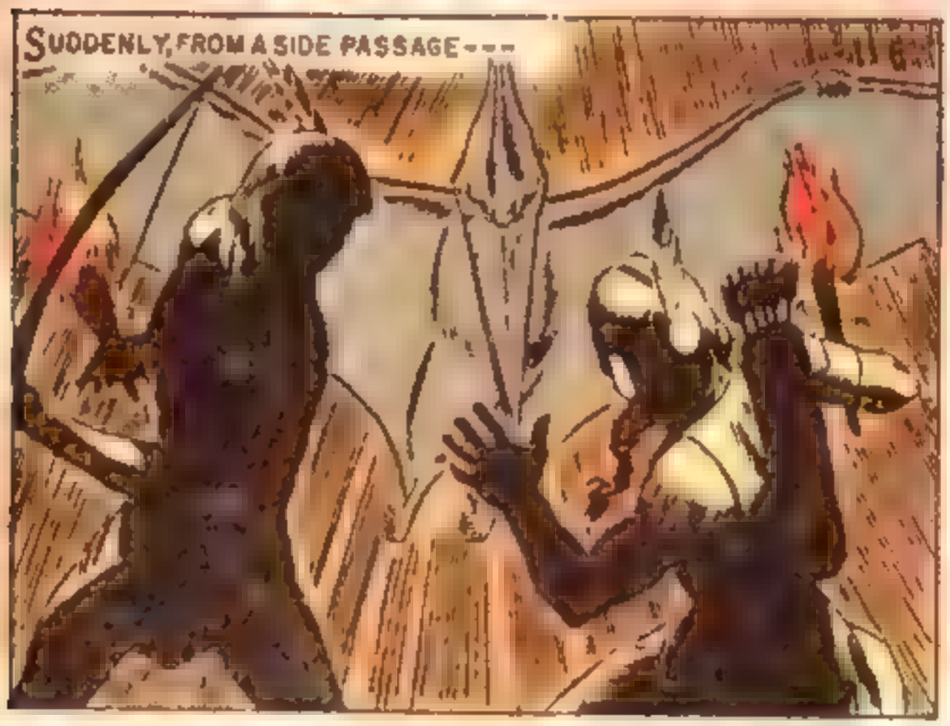

TAKE COVER ---HERE!
HERE THEY COME!

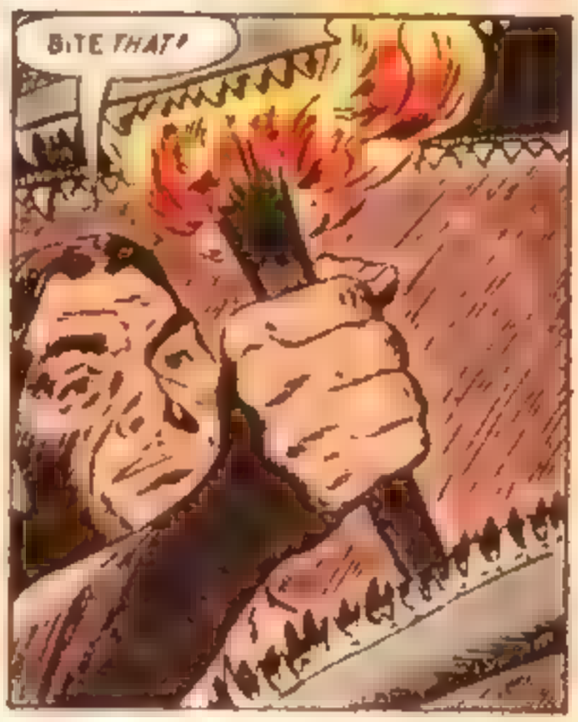

PROTECTED BY THE LIMESTONE COLUMNS, TUROK AND ANDAR PICK THEIR SHOTS .

AND WHEN NO MORE ATTACK---
NOW TO WIPE THEM OUT! EVEN LITTLE ONES GROW UP TO BE MAN-EATERS!

THERE'S ONE BIG ONE GOT AWAY! COME ON, ANDAR--

WHAT IF OUR TORCHES BURN OUT---IN HERE?
THERE'S ENOUGH OF THEM LEFT TO BURN AWHILE COME!

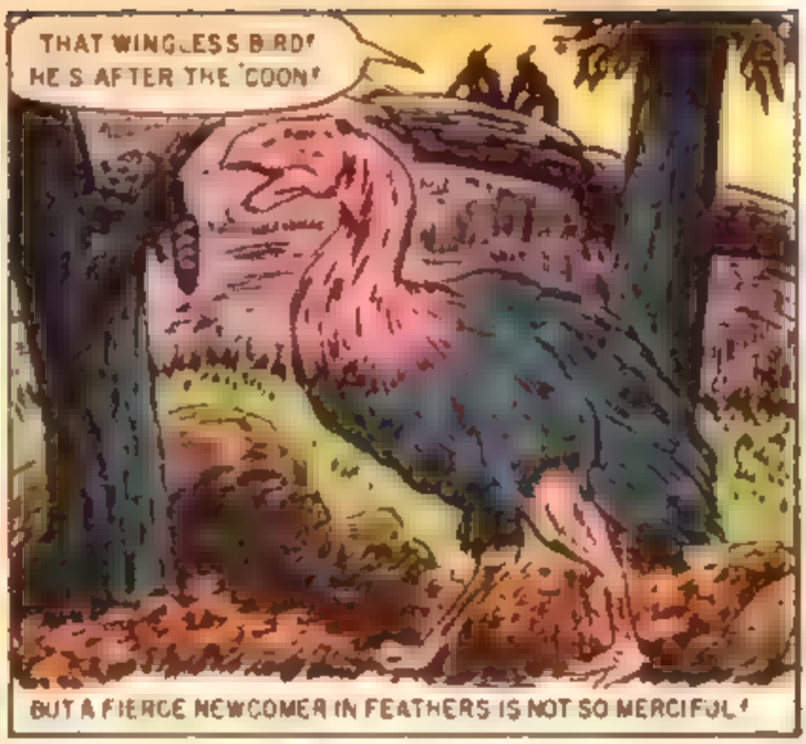

SUDDENLY, FROM A SIDE PASSAGE---

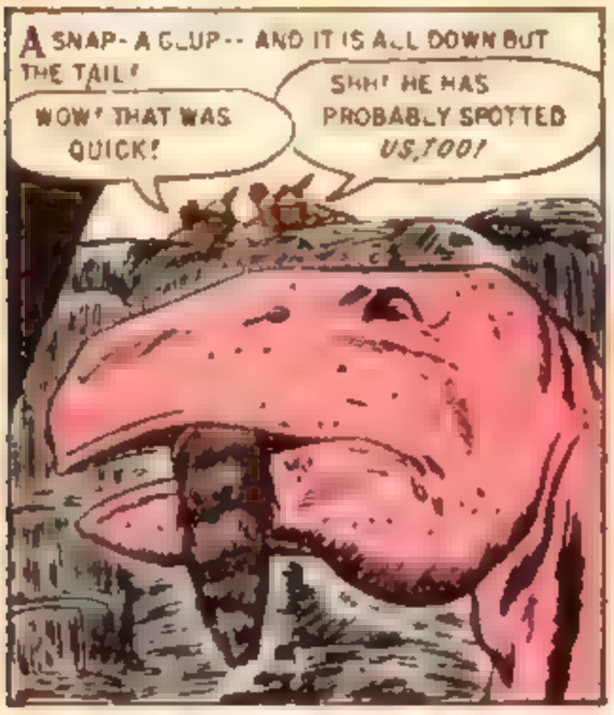

BITE THAT!

FOLLOW HIM---YOU HOLD THE TORCH, ANDAR!
FINISHED! THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, ANDAR!
---AND THE LAST OF OUR TORCHES, TOO! WE'D BETTER---
WAGH! LOOK! A BIGGER CAVE THAN WE HAVE SEEN!
---AND DAYLIGHT! THROUGH THE ROOF!
TOSSING ASIDE HIS BURNED-OUT TORCH, ANDAR HEADS FOR THE GLEAM OF WATER
A RUNNING STREAM--- AND I'M THIRSTY!
HOI LOOK AT THAT LIZARD---WHITE!
HE NEVER SEES THE SUN---THAT'S WHY HE'S WHITE!

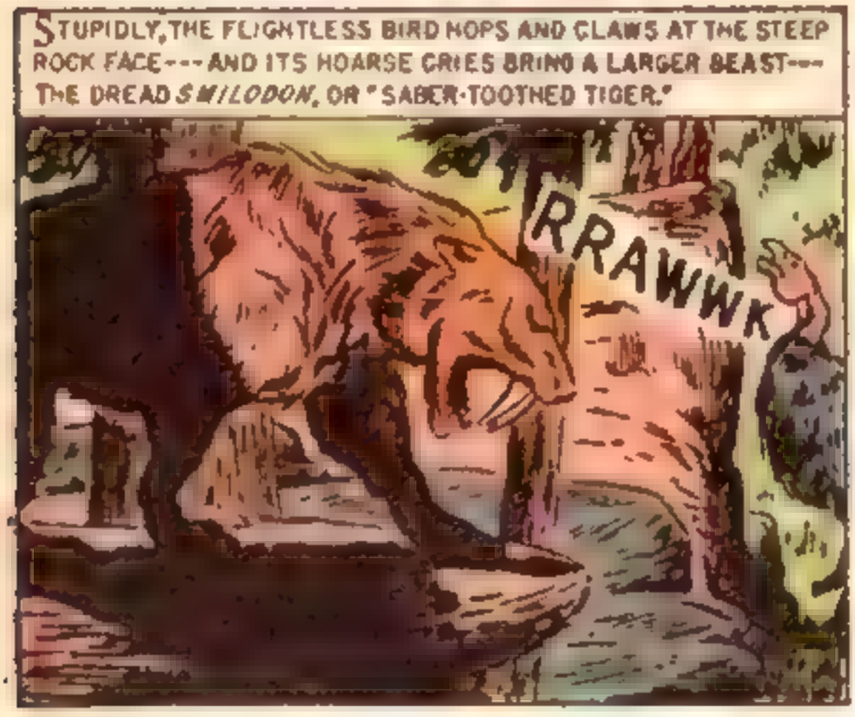
I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE WAY WE CAME IN, BUT IT'S NOT!
HUMPH! EVEN IF IT WERE--- HOW COULD WE FIND OUR WAY BACK WITHOUT TORCHES?
THIS NEXT CAVE HAS A CRACK IN THE ROOF.. AND IT LEADS TO ANOTHER, BEYOND...
DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE WALL OF THAT CAVE! AND THE SMELL OF STALE BONES!
I SMELL IT-- AND SOMETHING ELSE! A BEAST'S DEN, TUROK!
THERE ARE THE BONES . BUT THE BEAST IS NOT AT HOME NOW!
AND THERE IS THE WAY OUT!
A SECOND VALLEY?
AND IT'S BIG!

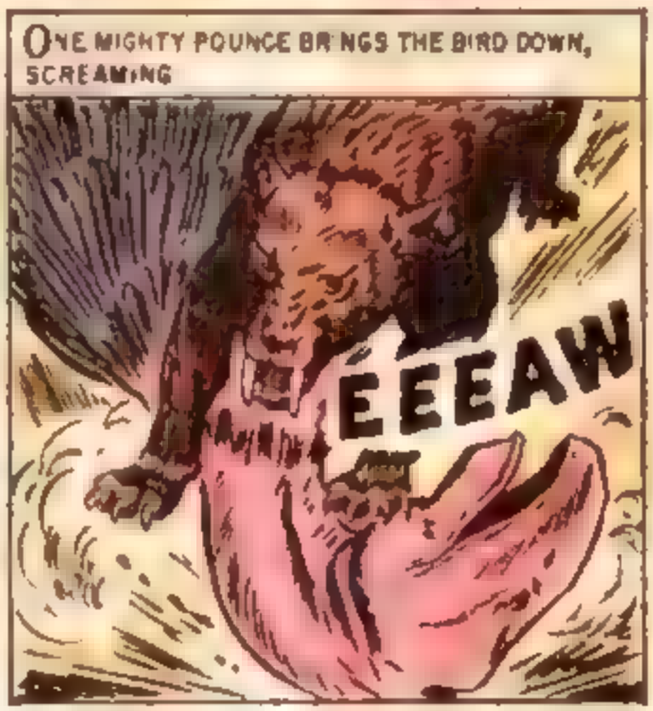
A RING-TAIL! EATING FRUIT FROM THIS TREE, TUROK! I'LL SHOOT IT---
NO! IT HAS SHOWN US GOOD FOOD, ANDAR! LET IT GO---


THAT WINGLESS BIRD! HE'S AFTER THE 'COON!
BUT A FIERCE NEWCOMER IN FEATHERS IS NOT SO MERCIFUL!


A SNAP- A GULP-- AND IT IS ALL DOWN BUT THE TAIL!
WOW! THAT WAS QUICK!
SHH! HE HAS PROBABLY SPOTTED US, TOO!

HE'S AFTER US, TUROK! I'LL FIX HIM!
SAVE YOUR ARROWS! HE CAN'T CLIMB UP THIS LEDGE .. NO WINGS!
RRAWW
AWWRK


STUPIDLY, THE FLIGHTLESS BIRD HOPS AND CLAWS AT THE STEEP ROCK FACE--- AND ITS HOARSE CRIES BRING A LARGER BEAST--- THE DREAD SMILODON, OR "SABER-TOOTHED TIGER."
RRAWWK

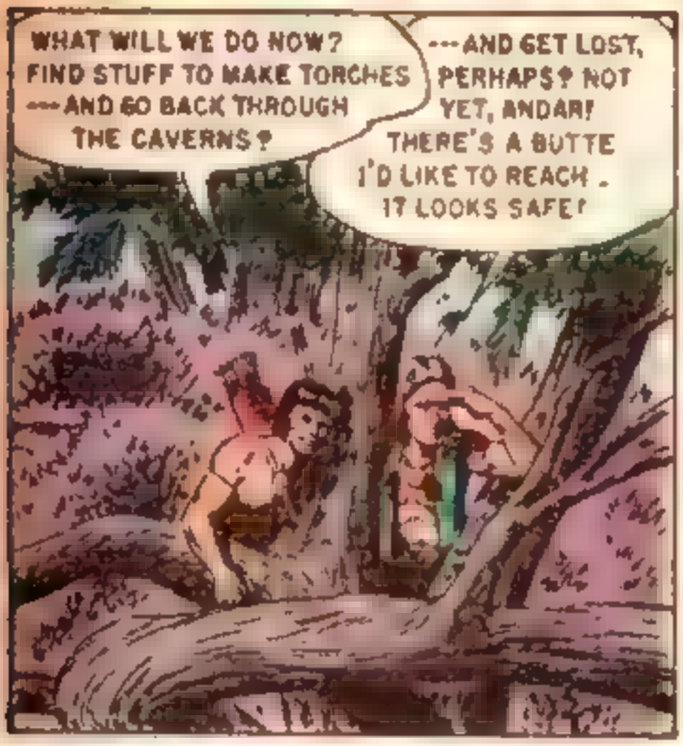

ONE MIGHTY POUNCE BRINGS THE BIRD DOWN, SCREAMING
EEEAW

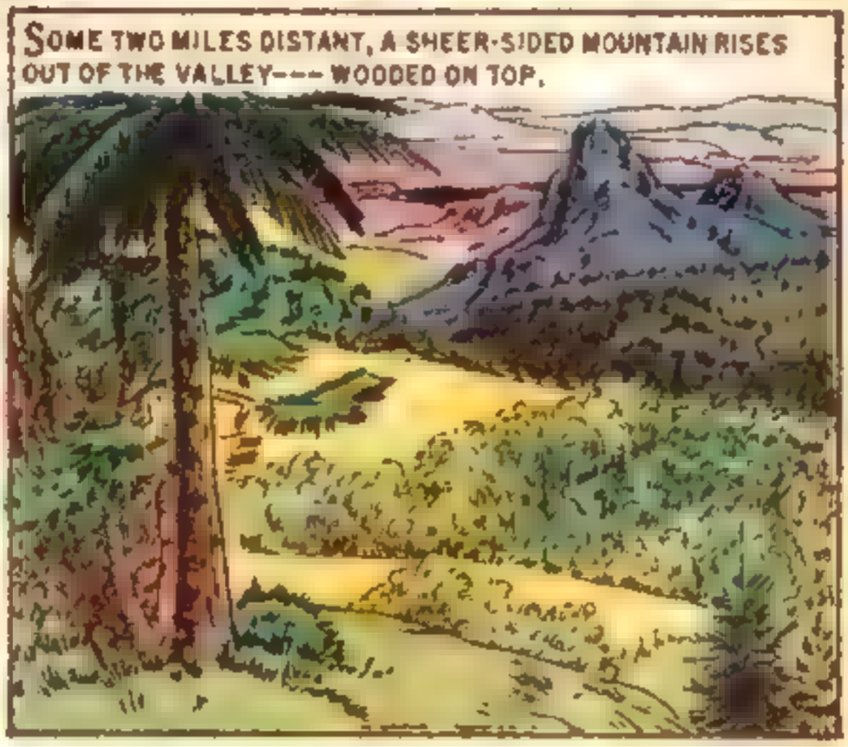
THE DIATRYMA'S STRUGGLES QUICKLY CEASE---AND THE SABER TOOTH ADJUSTS ITS WEIGHT ACROSS HER SHOULDERS--FOR CARRYING...

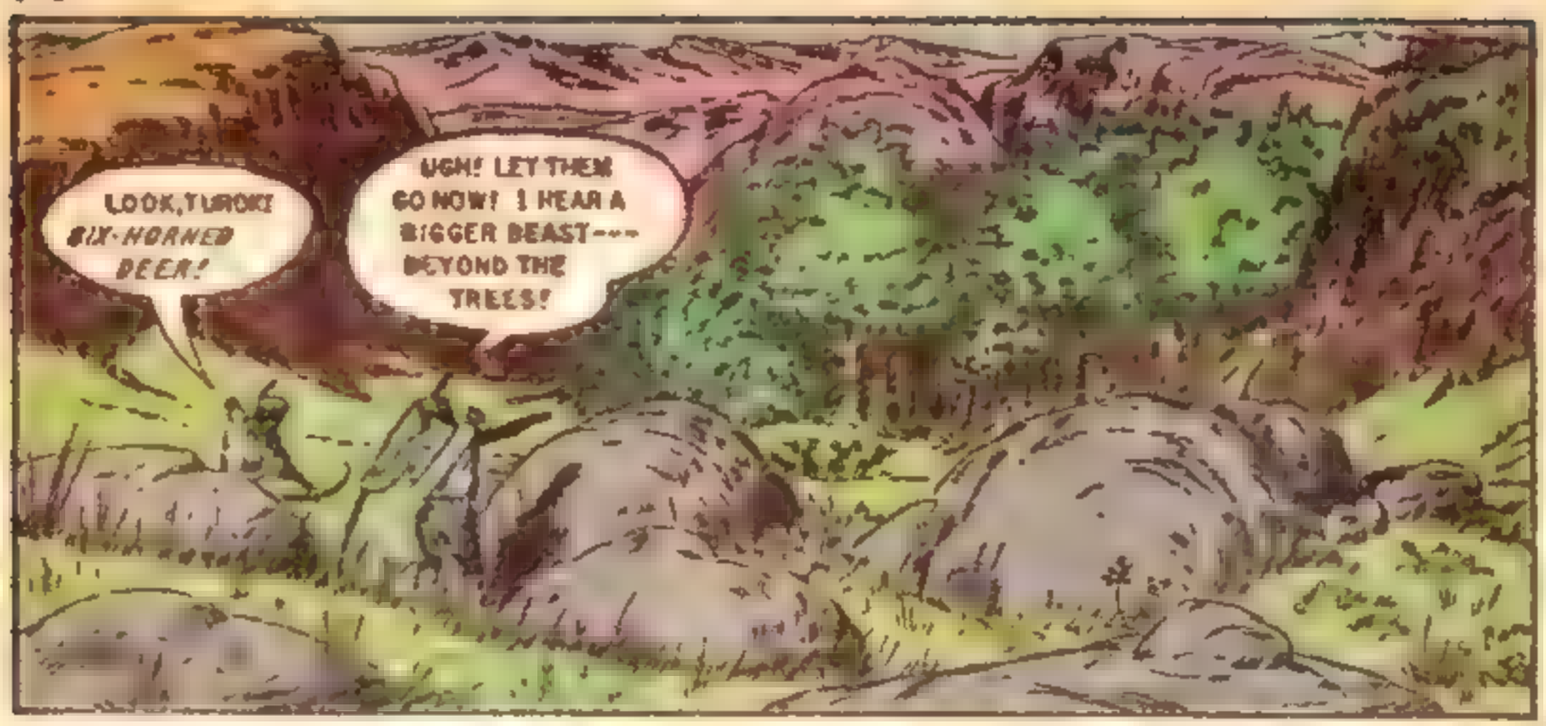
WAGH! IT NEVER SCENTED US!
LUCKY! I DON'T BELIEVE EVEN POISONED ARROWS COULD STOP A CAT THAT SIZE--IN TIME!

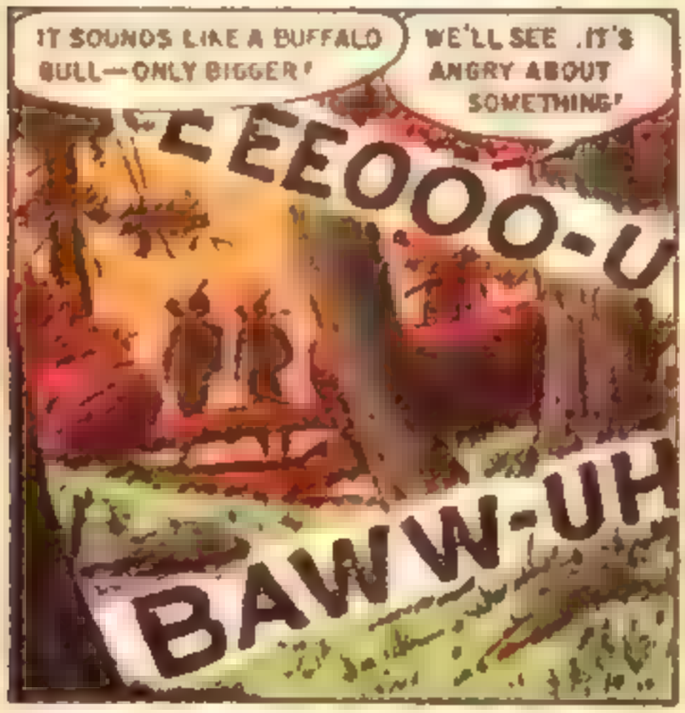
THE GIANT CAT MUST HAVE BEEN TAKING MEAT TO ITS KITTENS.
UGH! WHAT KITTENS! AS BIG AS WOLVES I GUESS!

WE'LL FIND BETTER FRUIT HIGHER UP--AND BE OUT OF THE WAY OF HUNGRY BEASTS! COME ON...
UMMM...NOT BAD... A LITTLE TOO SWEET, I'D SAY!


WHAT WILL WE DO NOW? FIND STUFF TO MAKE TORCHES --AND GO BACK THROUGH THE CAVERNS?
---AND GET LOST, PERHAPS? NOT YET, ANDAR! THERE'S A BUTTE I'D LIKE TO REACH. IT LOOKS SAFE!


SOME TWO MILES DISTANT, A SHEER-SIDED MOUNTAIN RISES OUT OF THE VALLEY--- WOODED ON TOP.


LOOK, TUROK! SIX-HORNED DEER!
UGH! LET THEM GO NOW! I HEAR A BIGGER BEAST--- BEYOND THE TREES!


IT SOUNDS LIKE A BUFFALO BULL—ONLY BIGGER!
WE'LL SEE. IT'S ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING!
EEEOOO-U
BAWW-UH

EMERGING FROM THE TREES, TUROK AND ANDAR SEE A BISON BULL WITH STRANGELY LONG, SHARP HORNS ———
EEEE-UH

HE HAS CORNERED A MAN IN THAT CLEFT OF THE ROCK! SHOOT, ANDAR!
BUT IF HE CHARGES US —BEFORE THE [illegible] WORK———?

WE'LL RISK THAT--!

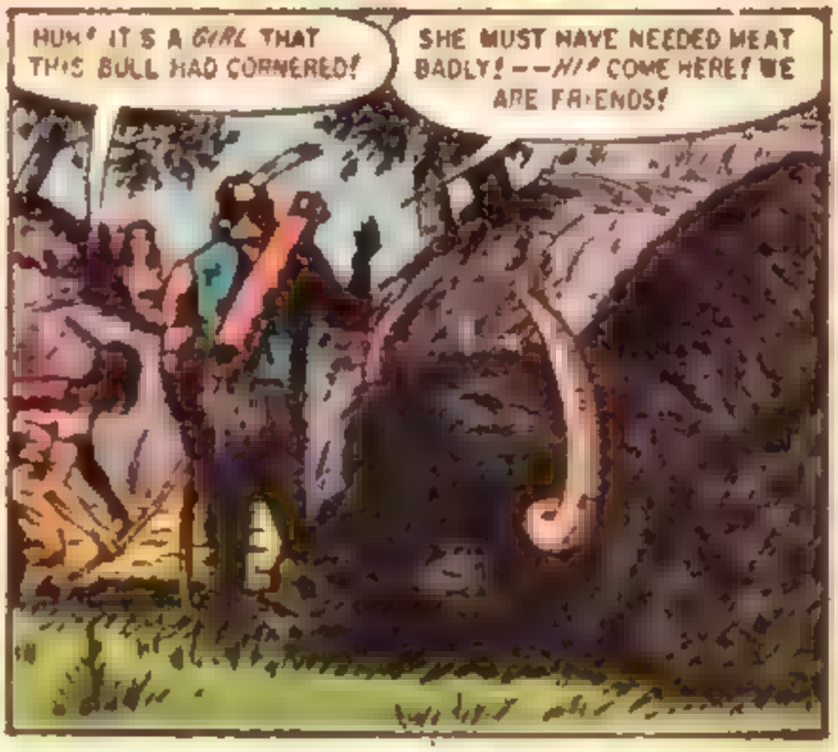
AT THE ARROWS' PRICK, THE BRUTE WHEELS TO SEE WHAT CREATURE BIT HIM.

AT A SWIFT GALLOP, THE BULL CHARGES HIS NEW ENEMIES...
BAWR-RRR
CLIMB A TREE, ANDAR! QUICKLY—

CRACK
UNHH

SHOOT, TUROK—!

BUT THERE IS NO NEED OF ANOTHER ARROW! THE SLEEP-PRODUCING POISON OF THE FIRST TWO HAS DONE ITS WORK.


HUH? IT'S A GIRL THAT THIS BULL HAD CORNERED!
SHE MUST HAVE NEEDED MEAT BADLY! --HI! COME HERE! WE ARE FRIENDS!

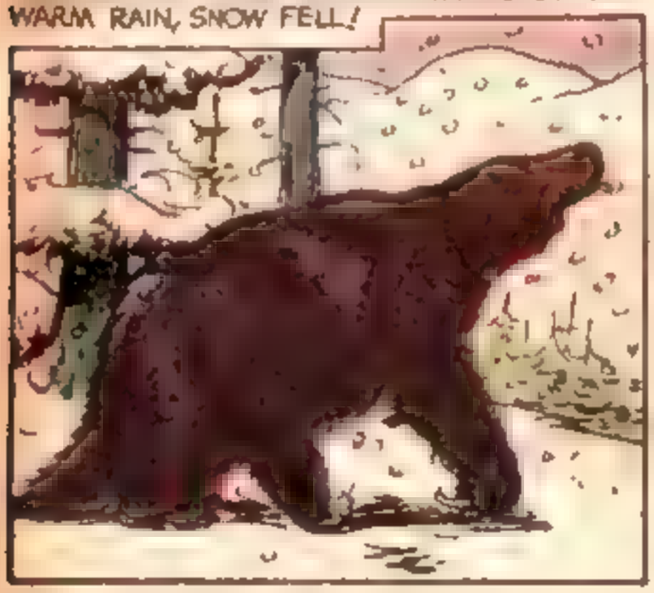
WE COME IN PEACE! (SHE DOES LOOK HUNGRY, TUROK!)
COME, SHARE OUR MEAT! (SHE UNDERSTANDS, I THINK, ANDAR!)
WHY DO YOU HUNT ALONE, MAIDEN?
THE YOUNG MEN OF MY TRIBE ARE GONE—FOR TWO MOONS! WE HAVE NO MORE FOOD IN CAMP!
THAT IS BAD!
IN SIGN TALK, CONVERSATION CONTINUES
AN HOUR LATER, LOADED WITH MEAT, THE THREE YOUNG PEOPLE APPROACH THE SHEER WALL OF THE BUTTE.
WE CLIMB—HERE! TO MY CAMP!
WAGH! LOOK AT THAT GIRL CLIMB—LIKE A SQUIRREL! I'M OUT OF BREATH, ALREADY...
SO AM I!
BUT AT LAST—THE TOP!
I THOUGHT (PUFF, PUFF!) I WAS... GOING TO...FALL! WE'LL NEVER GET DOWN AGAIN... *THIS* WAY!
DON'T PUFF SO! SHE'S LAUGHING AT US!
HA, HA, HA!
WELL—AT LEAST, NO GREAT BEASTS CAN CLIMB UP *AFTER* US, ANDAR!

YOUNG EARTH

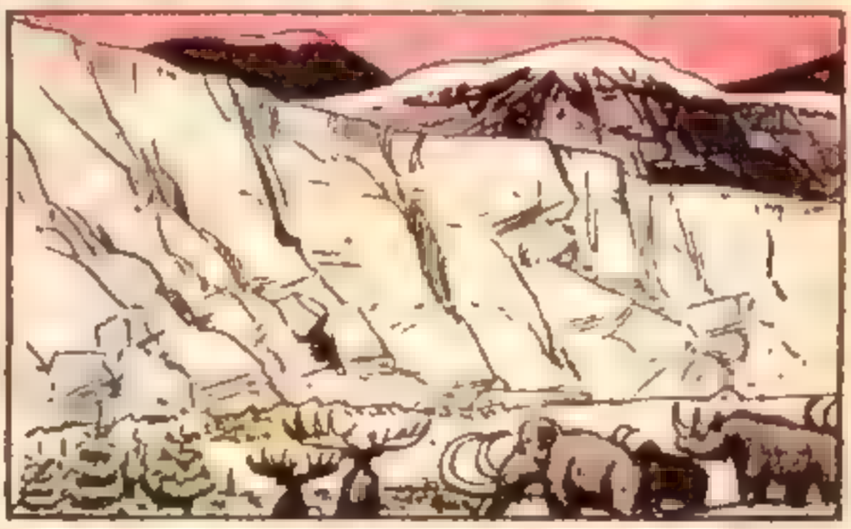
THE ICE AGE

A MILLION YEARS AGO, MAMMALS OF EVERY SHAPE AND FORM ROAMED THE WORLD. IT WAS A WARM, FOOD-FILLED WORLD, BUT STARTLING CHANGES WERE ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE---AFFECTING ALL THE MAMMALS!

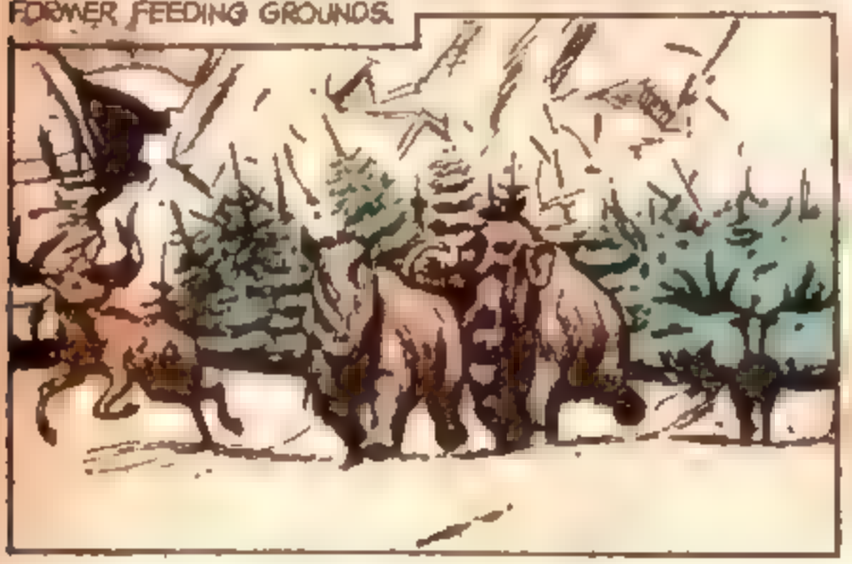
THE CLIMATE GREW COLDER! INSTEAD OF THE WARM RAIN, SNOW FELL!



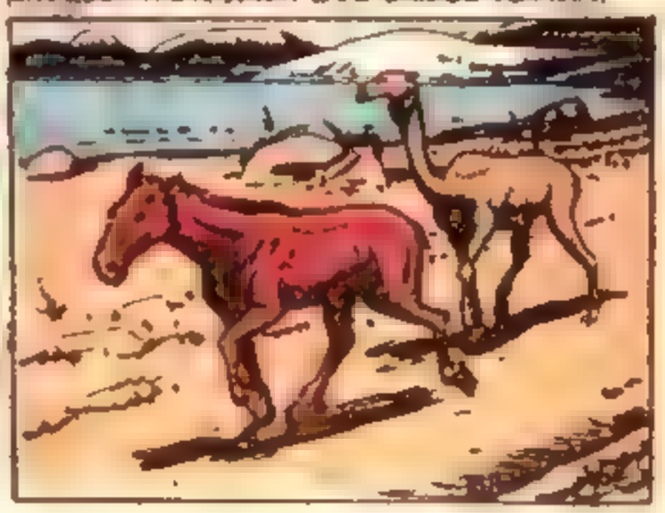
FROM THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLAR REGIONS, GIANT GLACIERS BUILT UP THEY PUSHED HUGE SHEETS OF ICE DEEP INTO NORTH AMERICA, EUROPE, AND THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE!



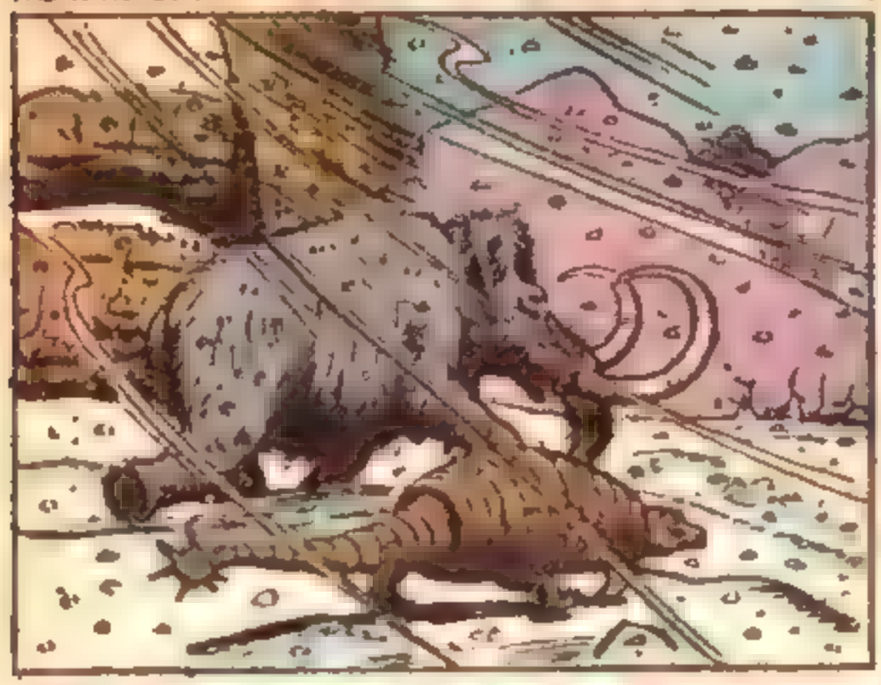
THE BITING COLD KILLED OFF THE FOOD OF THE PLANT-EATERS. MAMMALS FLED, AS WALLS OF WHITE PUSHED DOWN ON THEIR FORMER FEEDING GROUNDS.



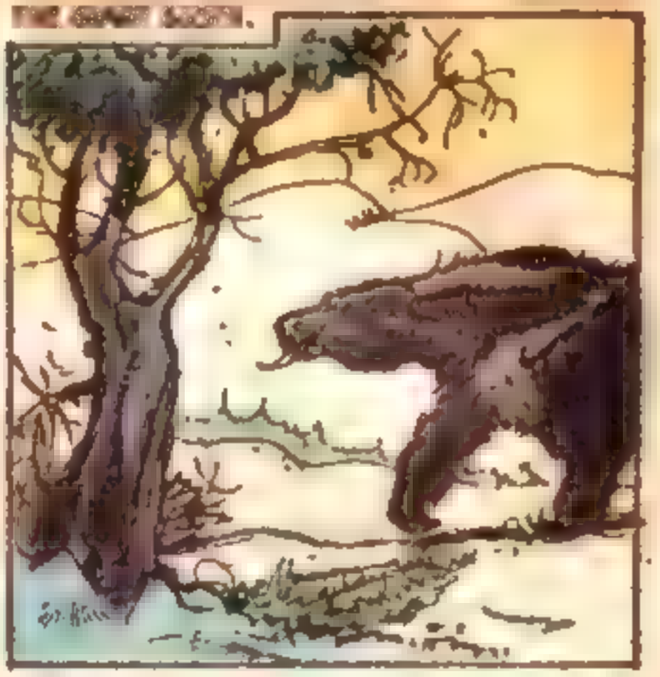
NORTH AMERICA LOST TWO ANIMALS THAT ORIGINATED THERE, AS SEARCHING FOR WARMTH AND FOOD, THE EARLY CAMEL AND HORSE CROSSED THE NARROW LAND BRIDGE TO ASIA.

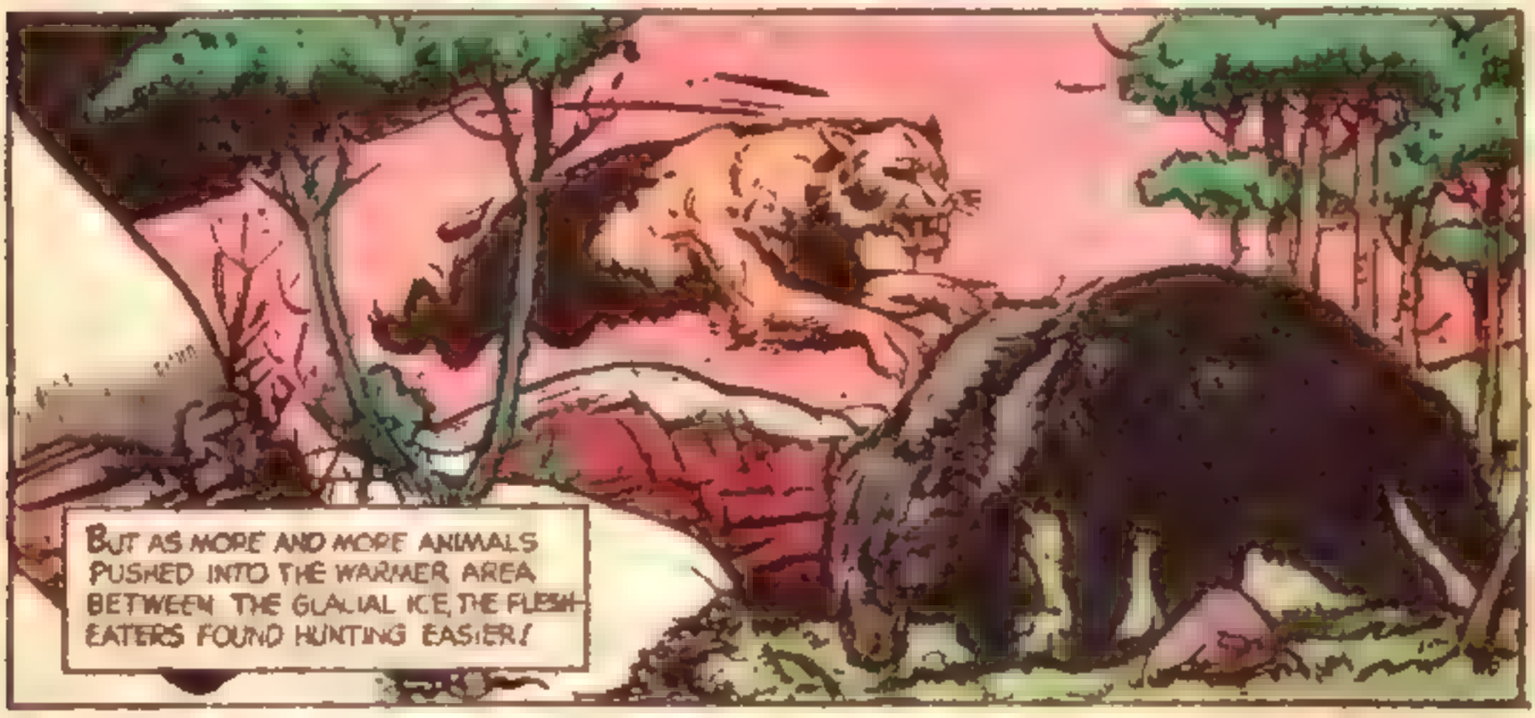


BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH, DRIVEN FROM ASIA BY THE COMING COLD THE MAMMOTH AND GLYPTODON SOUGHT WARMTH IN NORTH AMERICA!

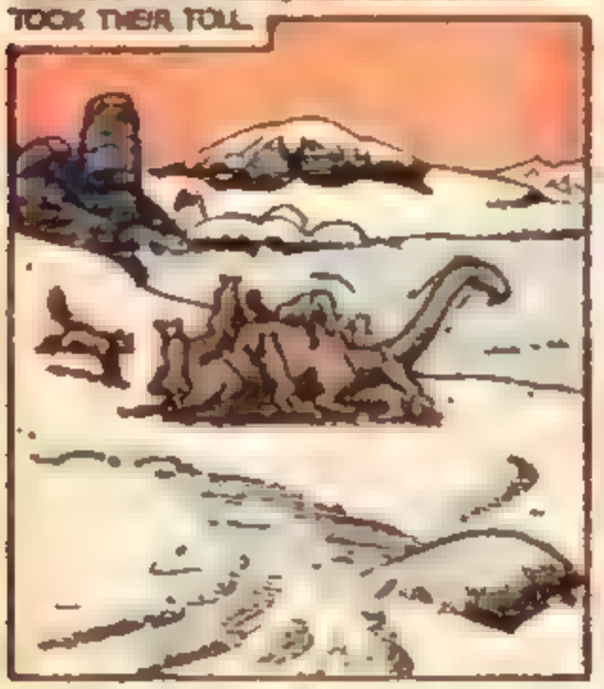


AS THE ICE PUSHED INTO SOUTH AMERICA, INTO THE WARMER REGIONS OF NORTH AMERICA CAME THE GIANT SLOTH.

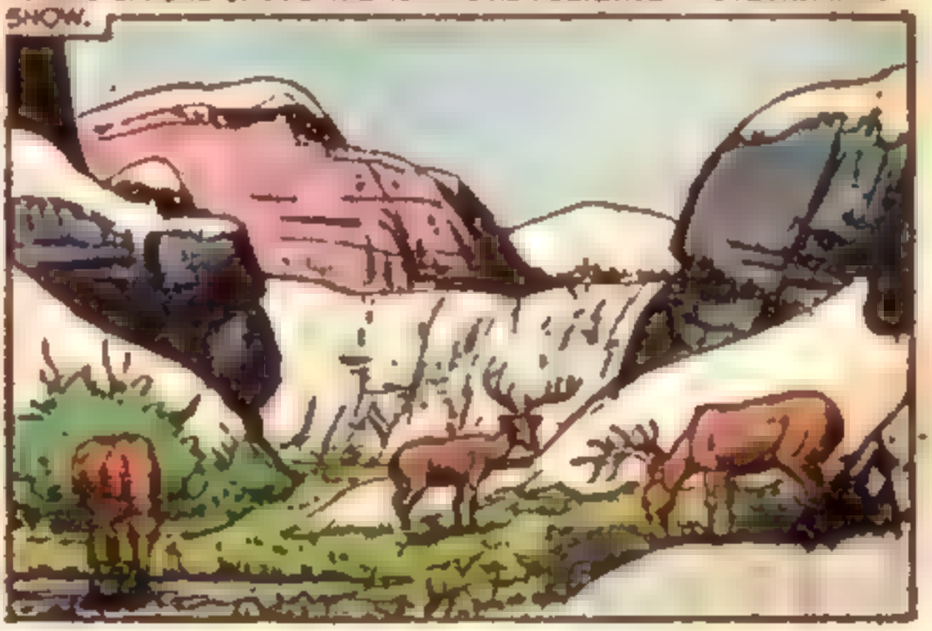




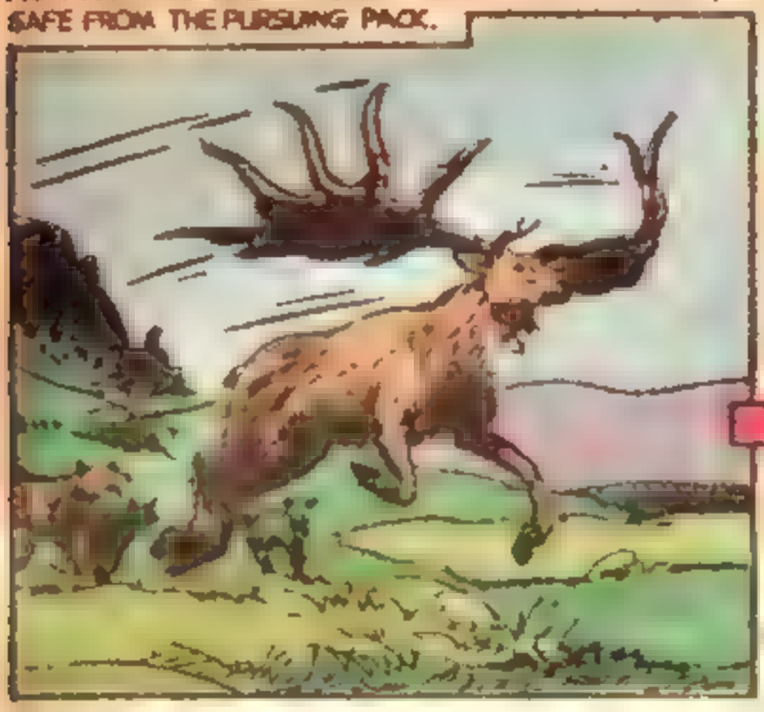
ALONE OR IN PACKS, THE FLESH-EATERS TOOK THEIR TOLL.



THEN AT LAST, THE WORLD WARMED AGAIN! THE SNOW MELTED, THE GLACIERS SHRANK BACK! WHERE THE GLACIERS HAD WET THE SOIL, PLANTS SPRUNG UP AND THE MAMMALS FOLLOWED THE RETREATING SNOW.

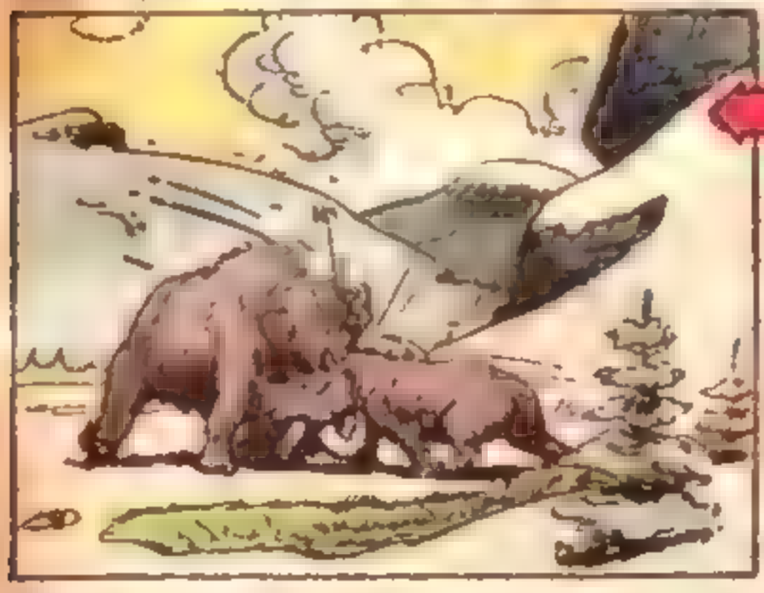


NOW ANIMALS LIKE THE GIANT STAG COULD FIND FOOD, SAFE FROM THE PURSUING PACK.

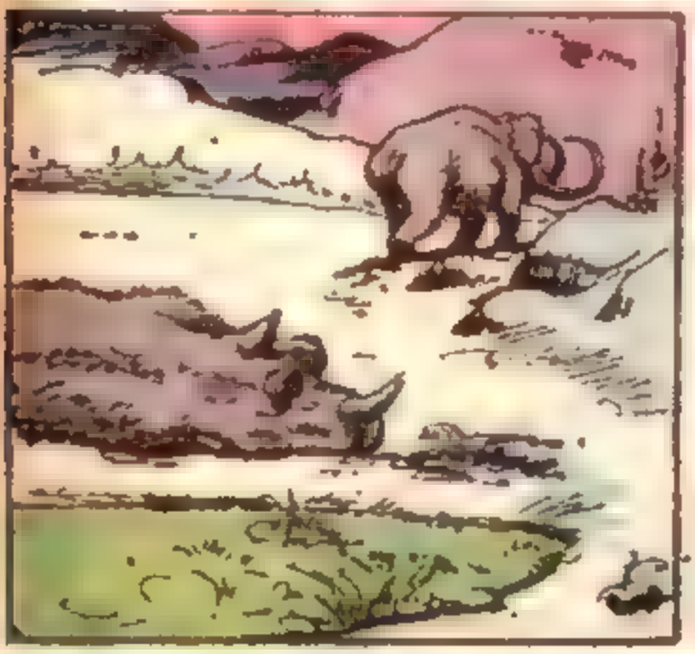


BUT AFTER SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS, THE WORLD GREW COLDER AND COLDER. ONCE MORE, THE SNOW FELL, BUT SOME ANIMALS DID NOT [illegible] THE WORLD OF SNOW. PROTECTED BY ITS THICK COAT, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH STOOD UP TO THE COLD, A LUMP OF FAT ON ITS BACK STORING EMERGENCY FOOD.

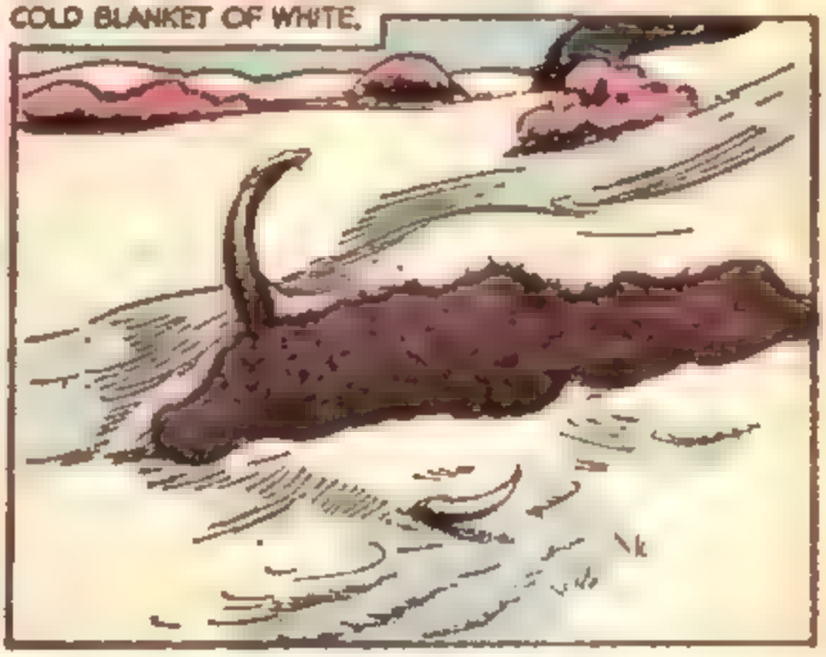
BUT OTHER CREATURES LIKE THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS ROAMED THE SNOWFIELDS! WHEN A PATCH OF GREEN AMONG THE SNOW MEANT FOOD AND SURVIVAL FOR ONLY ONE, TUSKS AND HORNS SLASHED AND CLASHED...



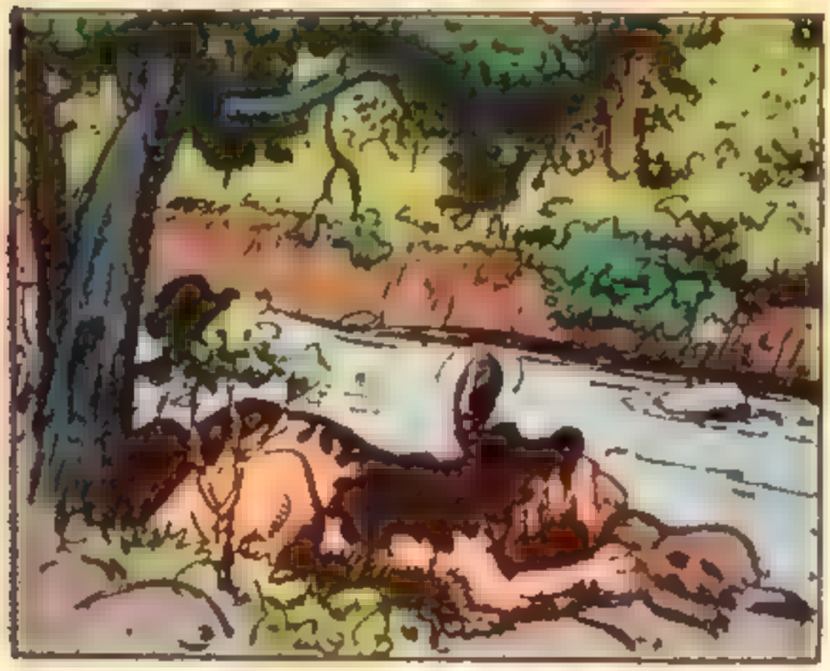
AND ONLY ONE LEFT THE FIELD OF BATTLE, TRAILING ITS BLOOD ACROSS THE SNOW!



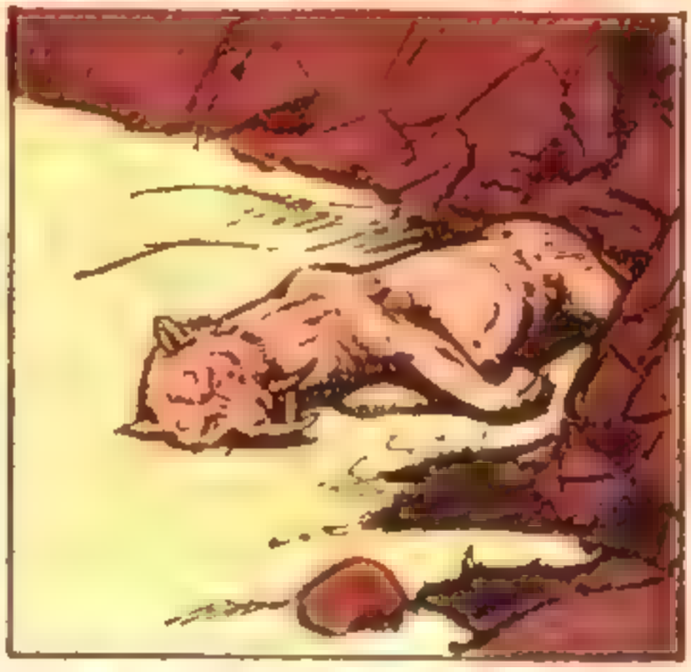
OTHER MAMMALS PERISHED IN THE SNOW! THE GIANT BISON WITH HIS SIX-FOOT SPREAD OF HORNS DIED UNDER THE COLD BLANKET OF WHITE.



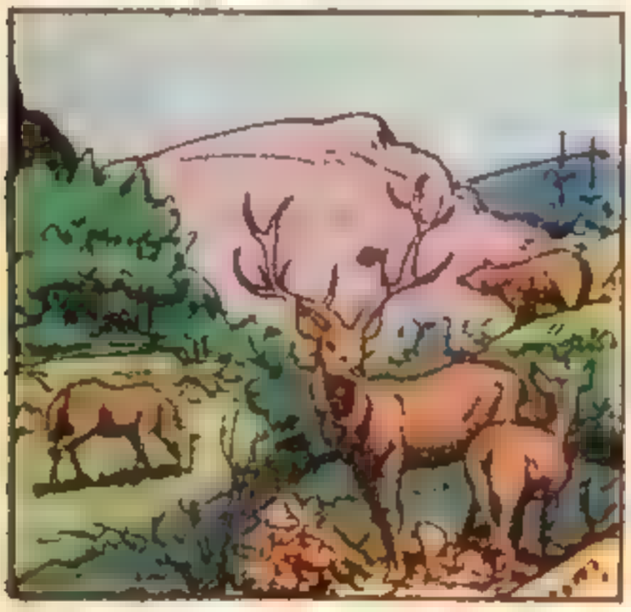
IN NORTH AMERICA, GIANT CATS FED ON GIANT BEAVERS--- ONLY IN TIME TO JOIN THE GIANT BEAVER IN EXTINCTION.



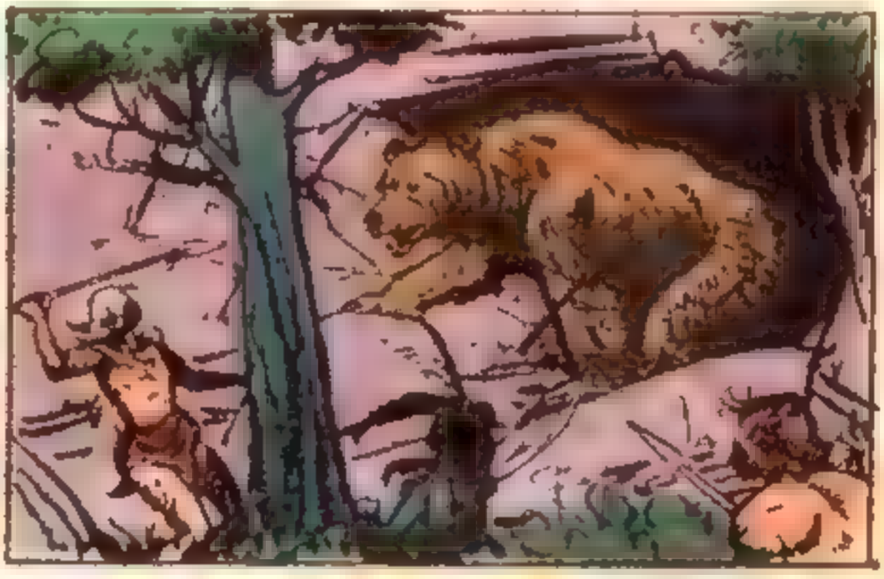
FOUR TIMES THE GLACIERS ADVANCED AND THEN RETREATED, LEAVING DEATH IN THEIR WAKE.

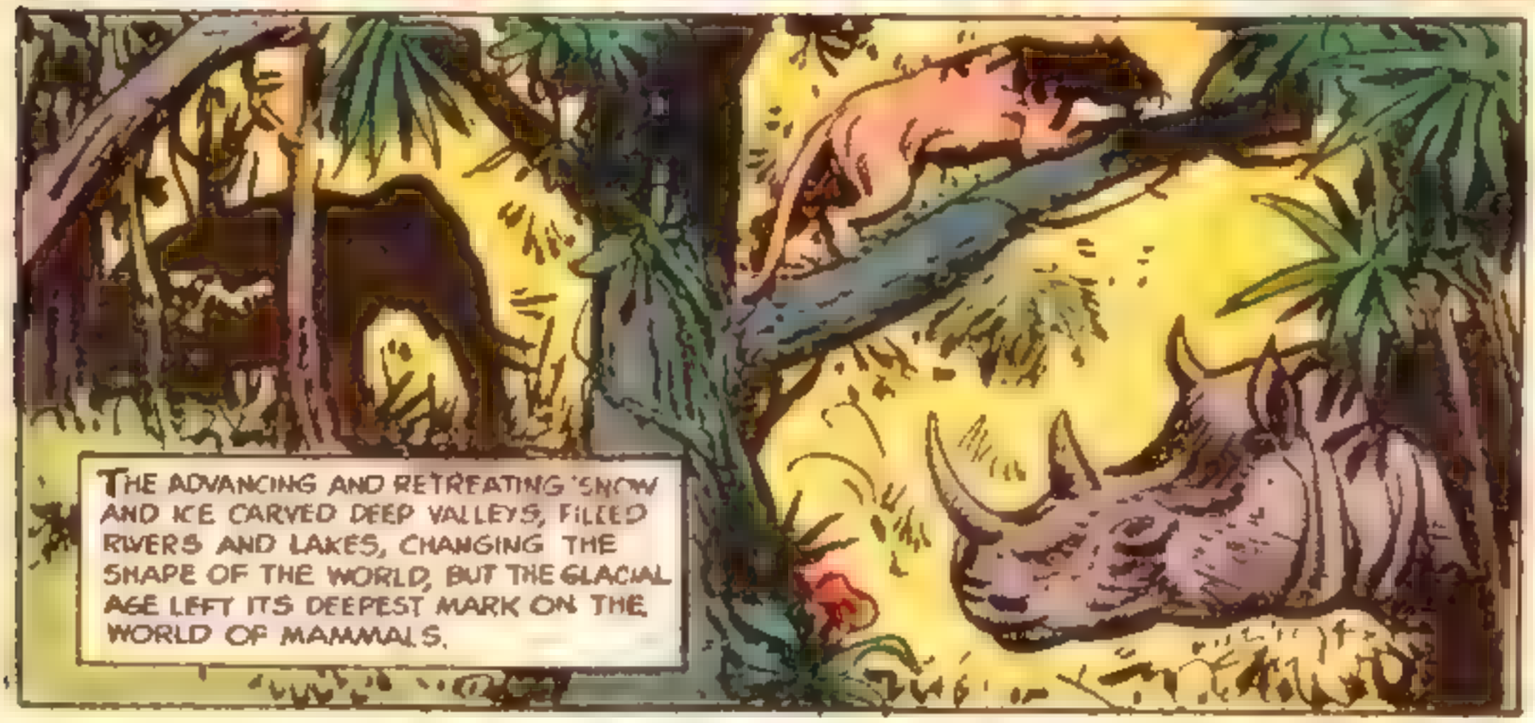


THEN AT LAST, THE WORLD WARMED UP! THE SNOW AND ICE RETREATED TO THE POLAR REGIONS FOR GOOD!



THE MAMMALS THAT SURVIVED TO THE END OF THE ICE AGE WERE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE THAT LIVED AT THE BEGINNING OF THAT PERIOD. AND NOW, THE SURVIVING MAMMALS FACED THEIR MOST DANGEROUS FOE -- MAN, THE HUNTER!



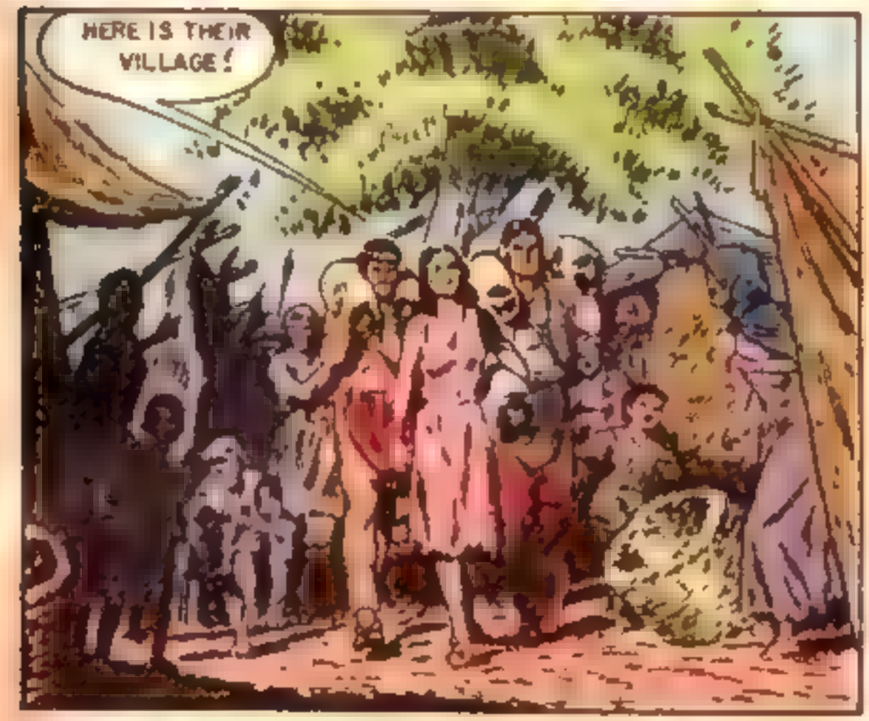


THE ADVANCING AND RETREATING SNOW AND ICE CARVED DEEP VALLEYS, FILLED RIVERS AND LAKES, CHANGING THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD, BUT THE GLACIAL AGE LEFT ITS DEEPEST MARK ON THE WORLD OF MAMMALS.

TUROK
SON OF STONE

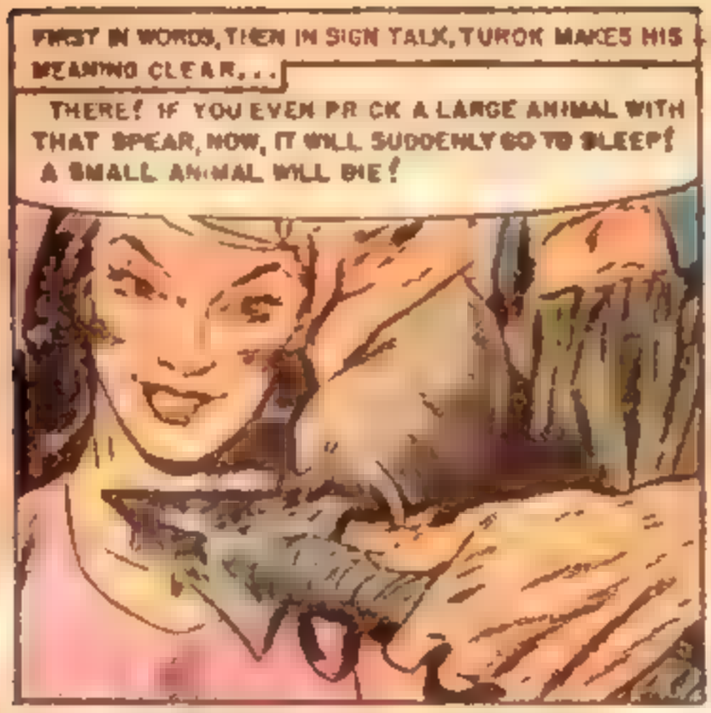
THE MISSING HUNTERS

HUNTING FOR A SAFE CAMPING PLACE IN THE HUGE, SUNKEN VALLEY INTO WHICH THEY HAVE BLUNDERED, TUROK AND ANDAR, TWO PRE-HISTORIC INDIANS, MEET WITH STRANGE ADVENTURES...ANIMALS AND REPTILES, LONG EXTINCT EVERYWHERE ELSE ON EARTH HAVE SOMEHOW SURVIVED HERE... AND, AT THE MOMENT, THE TWO YOUTHS ARE CARRYING MEAT FROM A LONG-HORNED BISON—FROM WHOSE ATTACK THEY RESCUED THEIR PRETTY GUIDE.

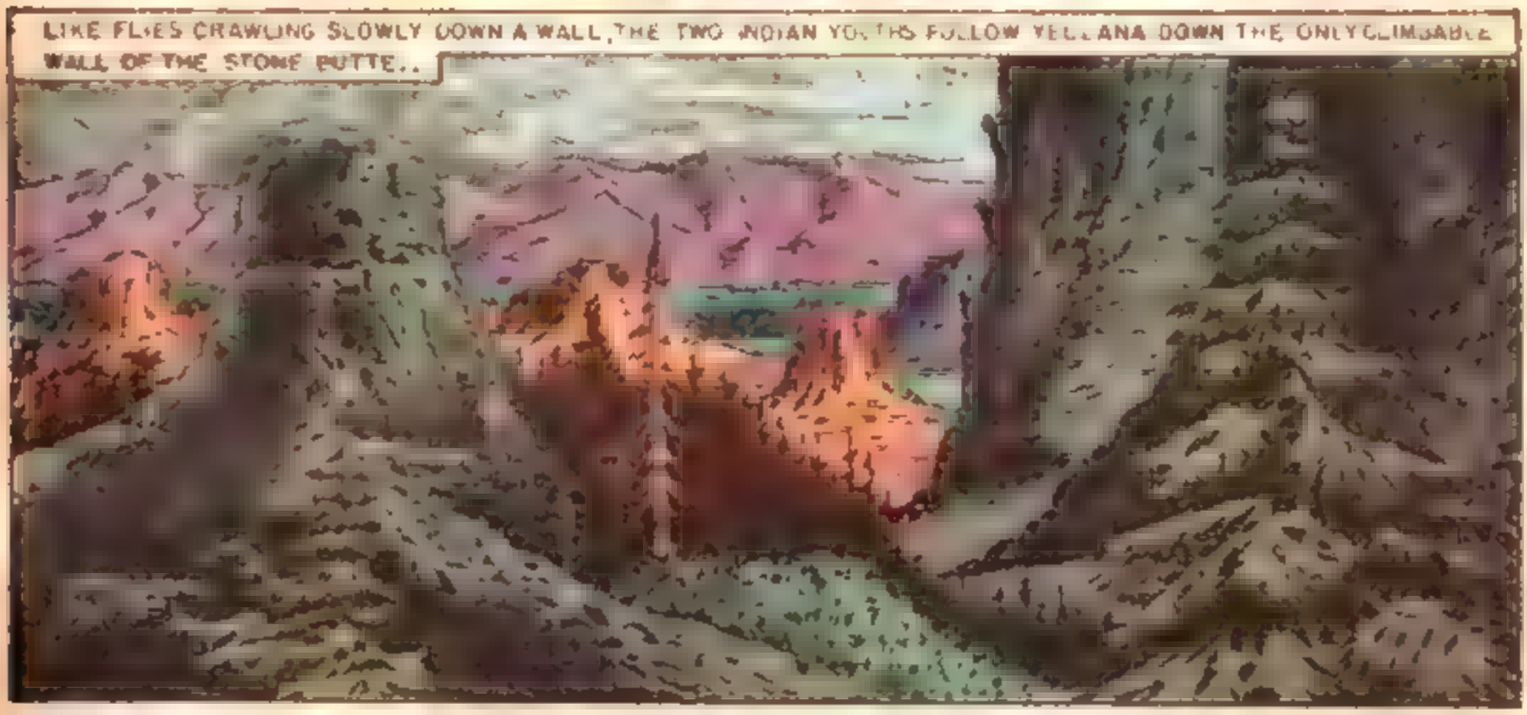


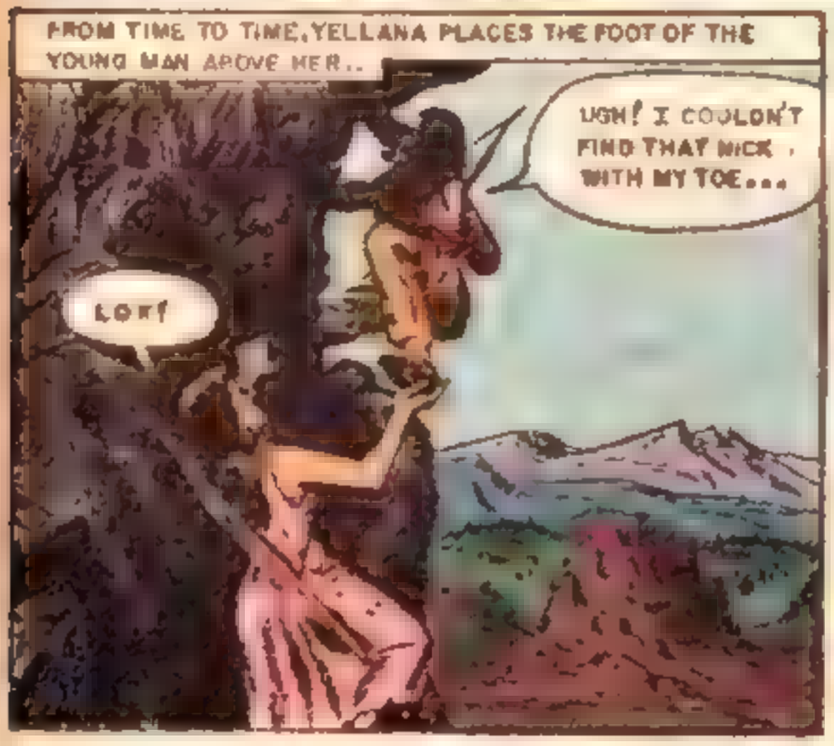
WE O BETTER SHARE WHAT WE'VE BROUGHT, ANDAR! THESE PEOPLE HAVE NOT EATEN MUCH FOR MANY DAYS.
YOU ARE RIGHT, TUROK! ALL THEIR HUNTERS ARE MISSING—JUST OLD MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN LEFT!

THAT NIGHT...
TUROK, I'M HUNGRY! WE'VE HAD ONE FULL MEAL IN TWO DAYS!
THERE IS NOT MUCH LEFT OF THE MEAT WE'VE BROUGHT. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IN THE MORNING!
AT DAYBREAK...
SEE! THE VULTURES HAVE FINISHED THE LONG-HORNED BULL WE SHOT YESTERDAY!
VULTURES! BIGGER THAN ANY I'VE SEEN!
WELL, WE'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE...
--IF WE CAN, WITHOUT FALLING! THOSE NICKS IN THE ROCKS WE USED FOR HANDHOLDS COMING UP-- WHAT
HOH! INGAK-KOOK!? CHIEF SHA-GUN!
UGH! THE GIRL--YELLANA!
SHE MEANS SHE'S GOING, TOO, I THINK!
IN ELOQUENT SIGN TALK, THE GIRL ASKS A QUESTION...
SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT "STRONG MEDICINE" MAKES OUR ARROWS KILL SO SWIFTLY, TUROK!
THE "MEDICINE" IS HERE! GIVE ME YOUR SPEAR AND I WILL PUT SOME OF THE "MEDICINE" ON IT!
OHH!


FIRST IN WORDS, THEN IN SIGN TALK, TUROK MAKES HIS MEANING CLEAR...
THERE! IF YOU EVEN PR CK A LARGE ANIMAL WITH THAT SPEAR, NOW, IT WILL SUDDENLY GO TO SLEEP! A SMALL ANIMAL WILL DIE!

ALL RIGHT, ANDAR— WHICH OF US GOES NEXT?
I (GULP!) I WILL! BUT I HATE THAT CLIMB!

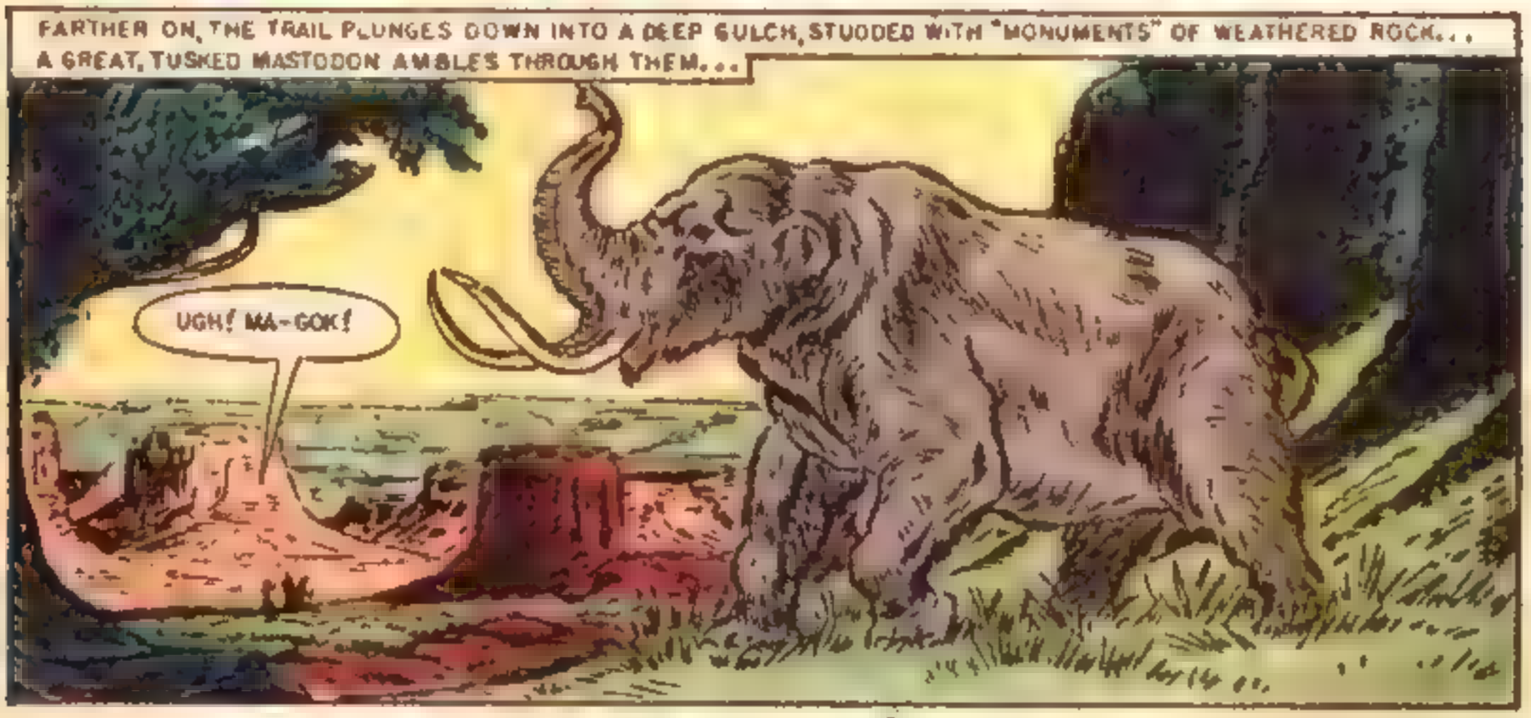

LIKE FLIES CRAWLING SLOWLY DOWN A WALL, THE TWO INDIAN YOUTHS FOLLOW YELLANA DOWN THE ONLY CLIMBABLE WALL OF THE STONE BUTTE..

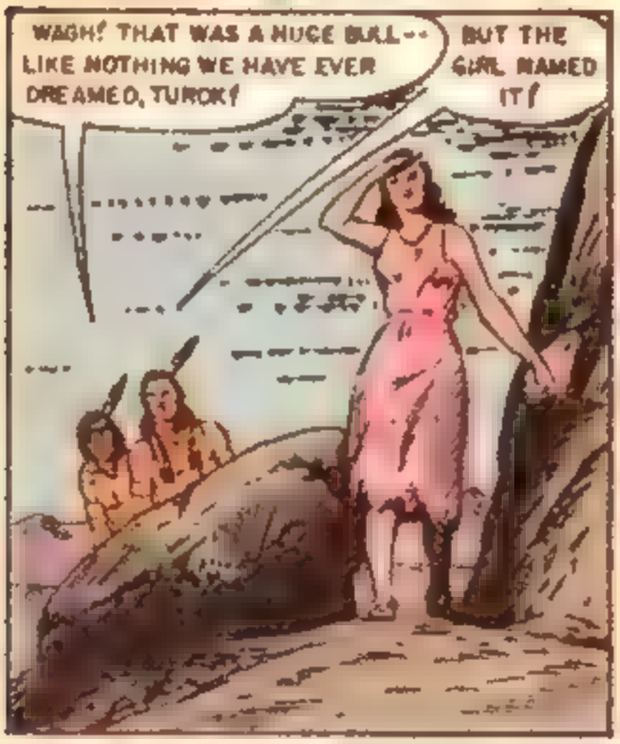

FROM TIME TO TIME, YELLANA PLACES THE FOOT OF THE YOUNG MAN ABOVE HER..
UGH! I COULDN'T FIND THAT NICK WITH MY TOE...
LOK!

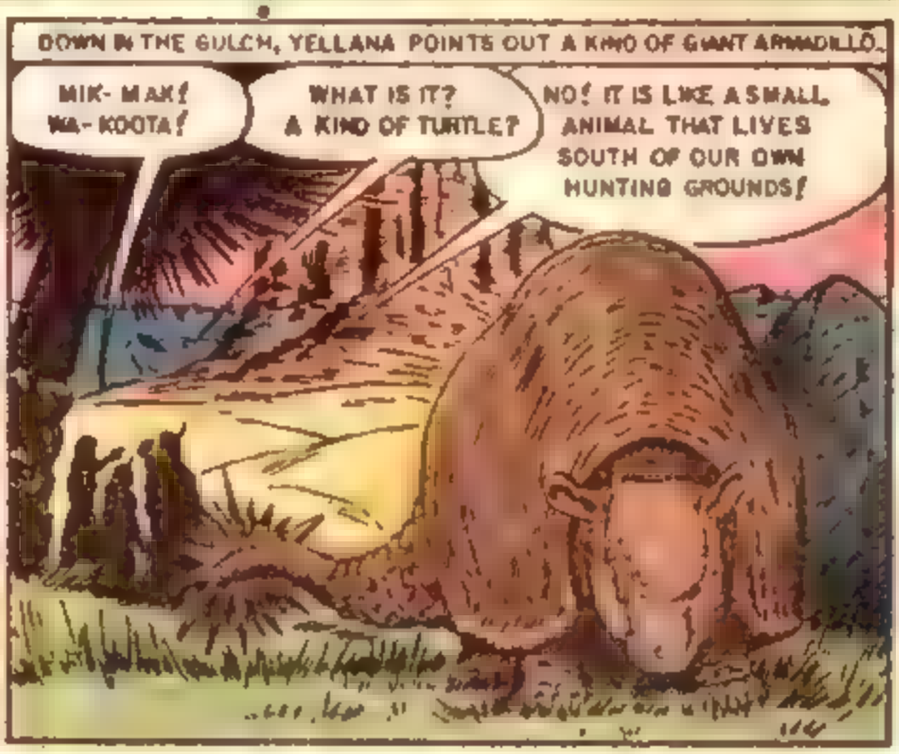
AT LAST THEY REACH THE BOTTOM SAFELY...
WAGW! I THOUGHT TWENTY TIMES I WAS GOING TO FALL -- AND THAT VULTURE WOULD PICK MY BONES AS HE DID THE BULL'S.

YOU LEAD THE WAY, YELLANA! YOU KNOW THESE HUNTING GROUNDS WHILE WE ARE STRANGERS!
UGH! WA-KOOTA!

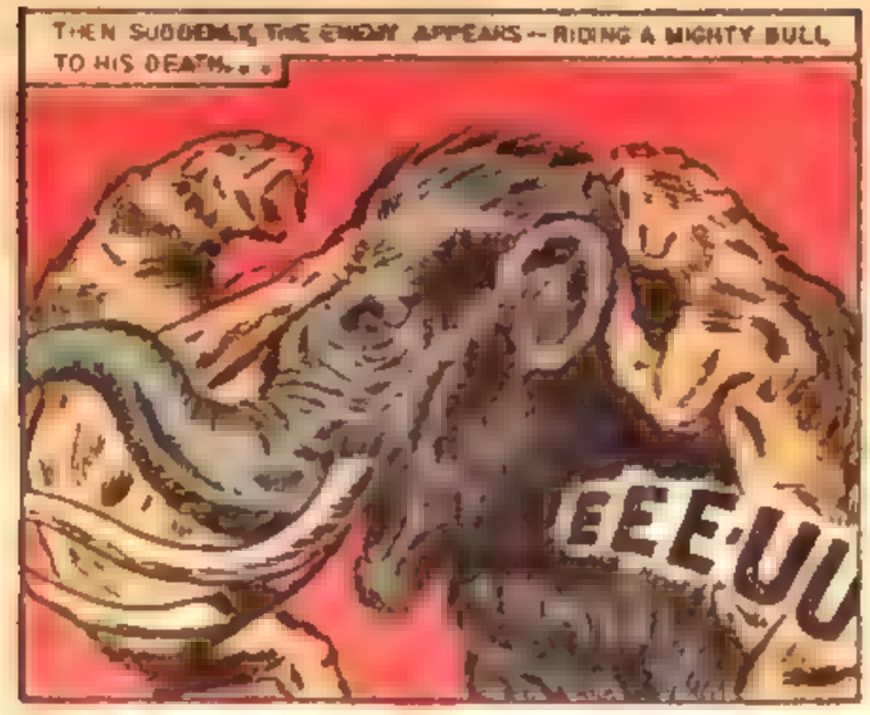
STRIKING OUT FROM THE BUTTE, YELLANA FOLLOWS A WINDING LITTLE STREAM WHICH DISAPPEARS INTO HILLY COUNTRY...


FARTHER ON, THE TRAIL PLUNGES DOWN INTO A DEEP GULCH, STUDDED WITH "MONUMENTS" OF WEATHERED ROCK... A GREAT, TUSKED MASTODON AMBLES THROUGH THEM...
UGH! MA-GOK!

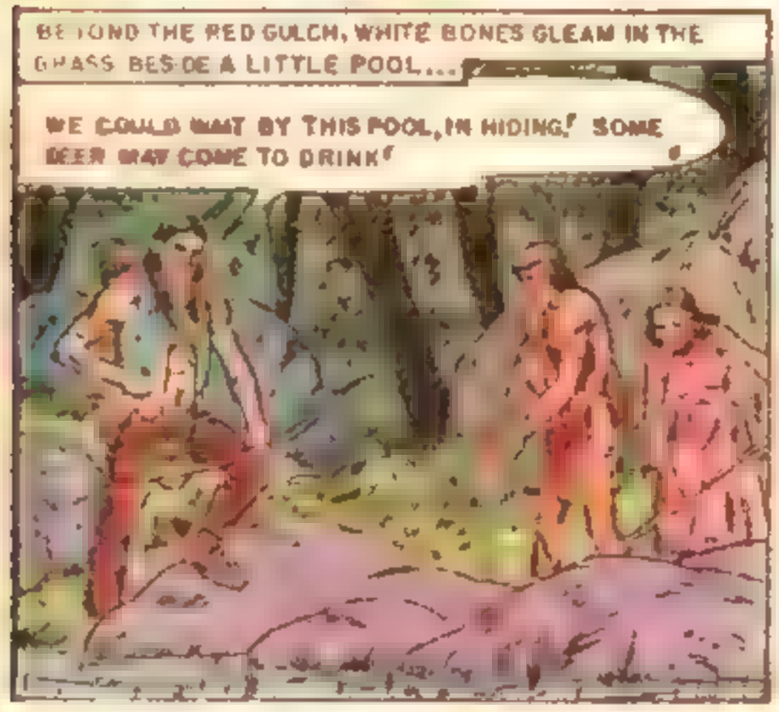

WAGH! THAT WAS A HUGE BULL-- LIKE NOTHING WE HAVE EVER DREAMED, TUROK!
BUT THE GIRL NAMED IT!

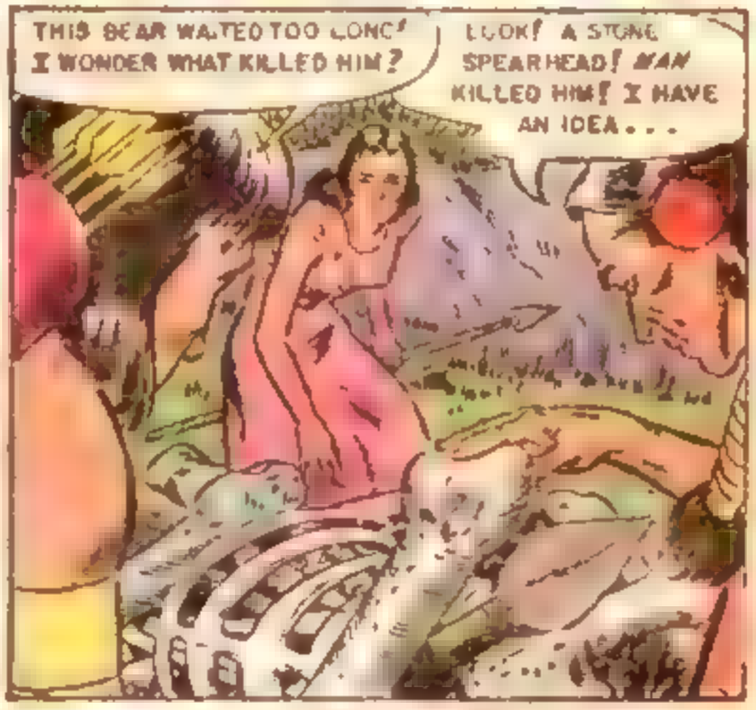

DOWN IN THE GULCH, YELLANA POINTS OUT A KIND OF GIANT ARMADILLO.
MIK-MAK! WA-KOOTA!
WHAT IS IT? A KIND OF TURTLE?
NO! IT IS LIKE A SMALL ANIMAL THAT LIVES SOUTH OF OUR OWN HUNTING GROUNDS!

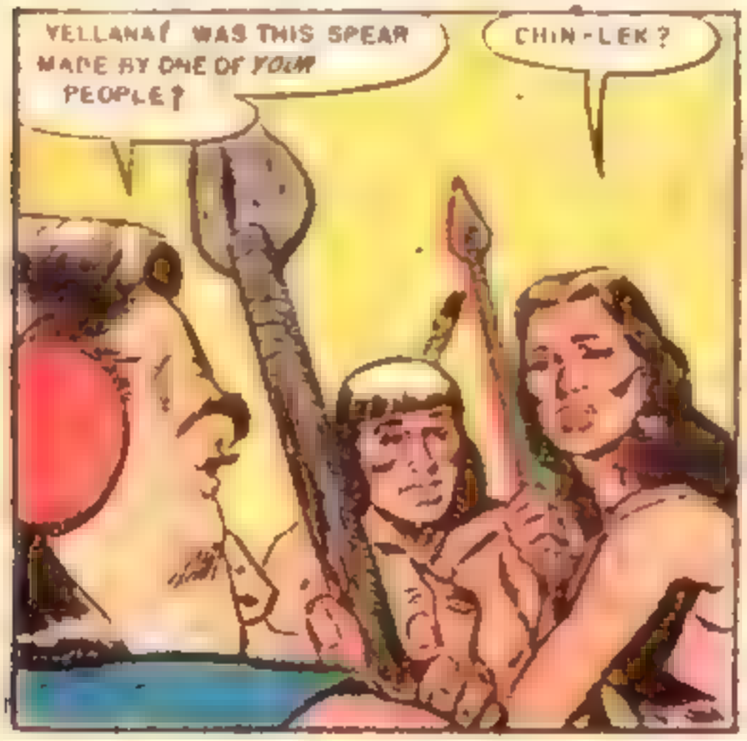
LOOK OUT, ANDAR!
WAGH! THAT TAIL!
IF WE CAN TURN IT ON ITS BACK, IT WILL BE HELPLESS—UGH!
IT'S TOO HEAVY!
FROM BEYOND THE END OF THE GULCH COMES A CONFUSED TRUMPETING...
OOO-EEEEE
WHAT—?
BULLS—OF SOME KIND... DOWN IN THAT DRAW—
THAT DUST CLOUD—A HERD OF GREAT BULLS! THEY SHAKE THE EARTH!
GET BEHIND THE STANDING ROCKS!
HALF A DOZEN MASTODONS, EVEN THE YOUNG ONES SEEMING ENORMOUS, THUNDER PAST THE YOUNG HUNTERS, PANICKED BY SOME UNKNOWN ENEMY!

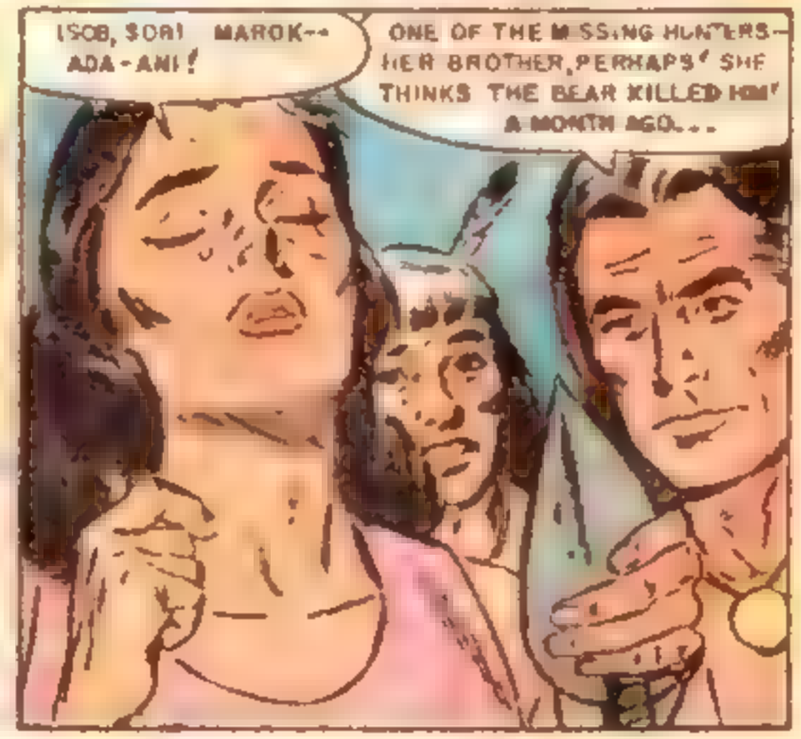

THEN SUDDENLY, THE ENEMY APPEARS -- RIDING A MIGHTY BULL TO HIS DEATH...
EEE-UU

WAGH! WE WON'T HUNT IN THAT DIRECTION!
WE'LL FIND NO GAME IN THIS GULCH, NOW!

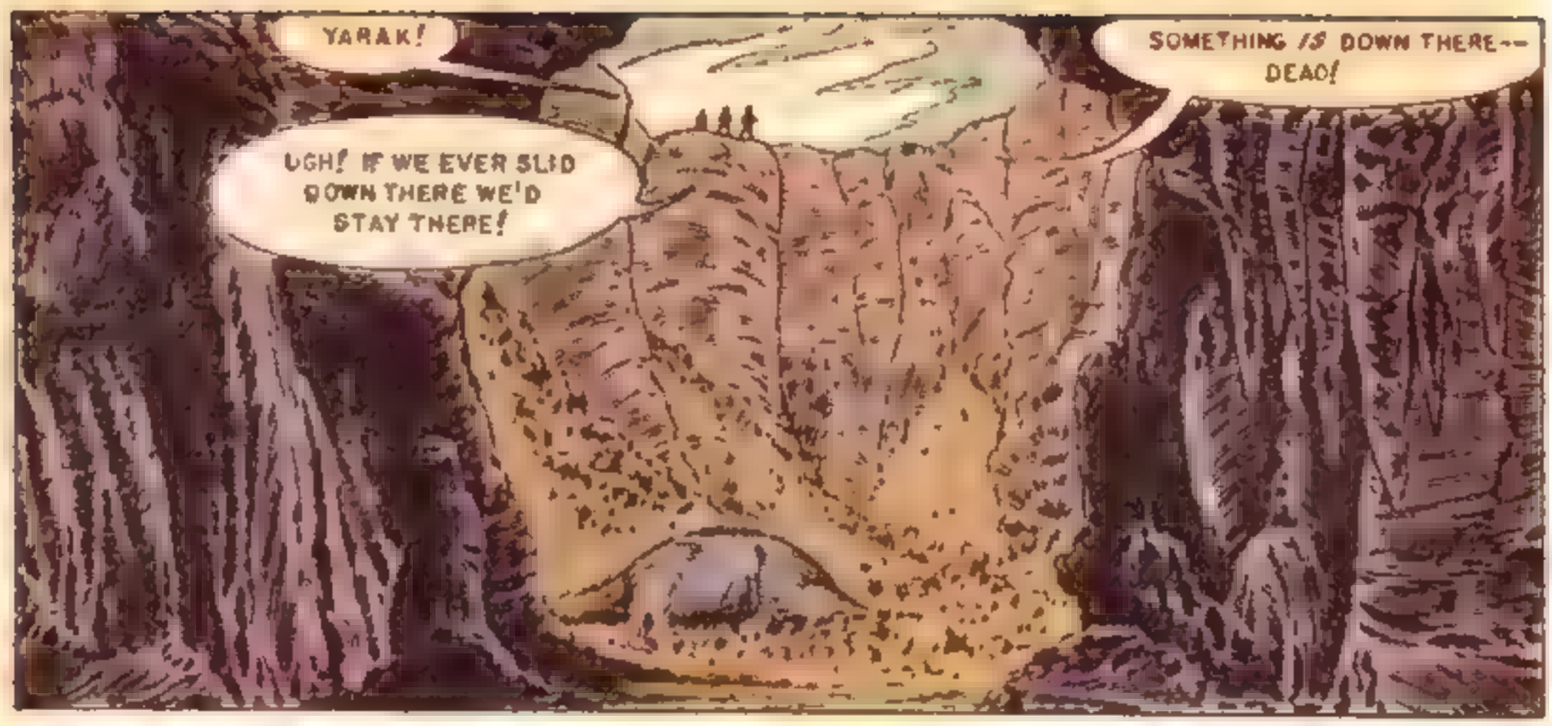

BEYOND THE RED GULCH, WHITE BONES GLEAM IN THE GRASS BESIDE A LITTLE POOL...
WE COULD WAIT BY THIS POOL, IN HIDING! SOME DEER MAY COME TO DRINK!

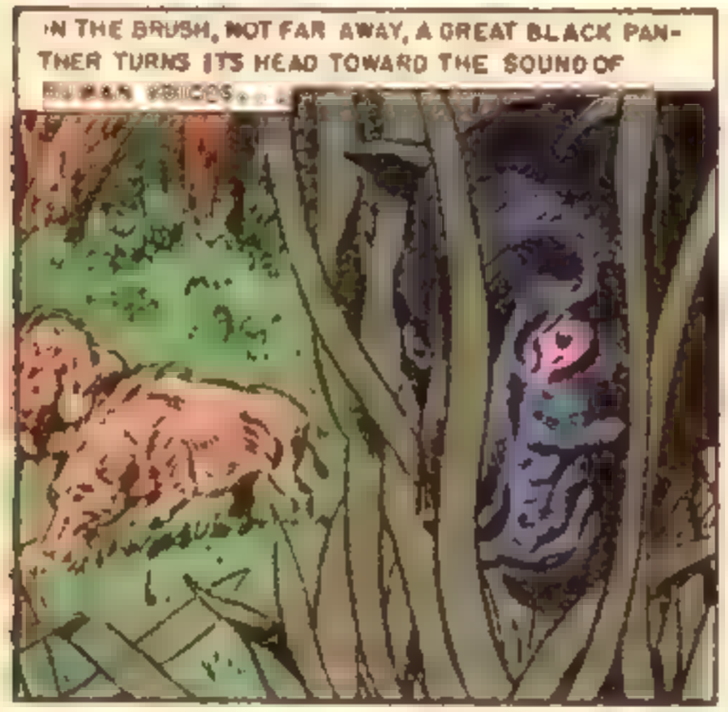

THIS BEAR WAITED TOO LONG! I WONDER WHAT KILLED HIM?
LOOK! A STONE SPEARHEAD! MAN KILLED HIM! I HAVE AN IDEA...

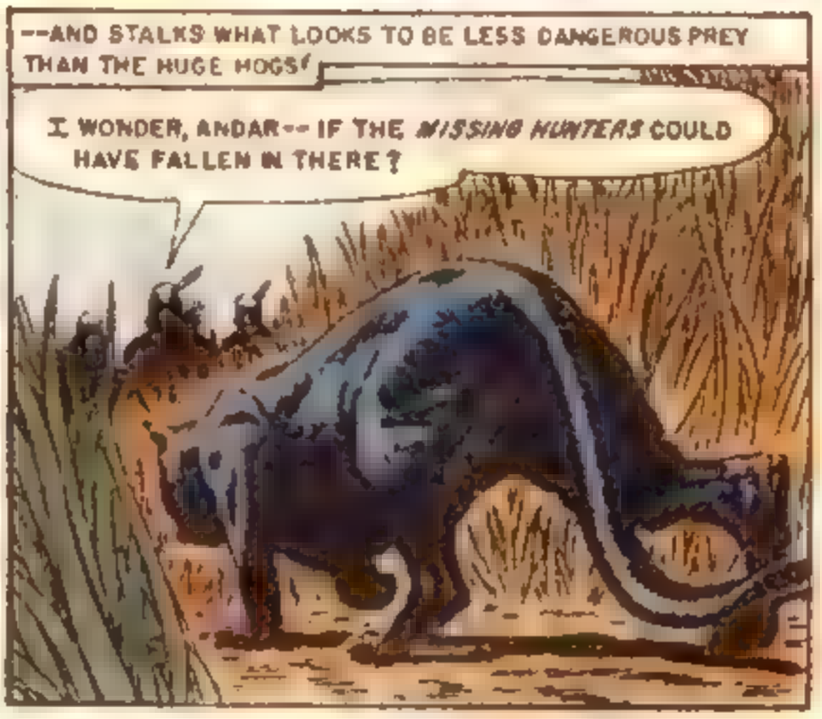

YELLANA! WAS THIS SPEAR MADE BY ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE?
CHIN-LEK?


ISOB, SORI MAROK-- ADA-ANI!
ONE OF THE MISSING HUNTERS-- HER BROTHER, PERHAPS! SHE THINKS THE BEAR KILLED HIM A MONTH AGO...

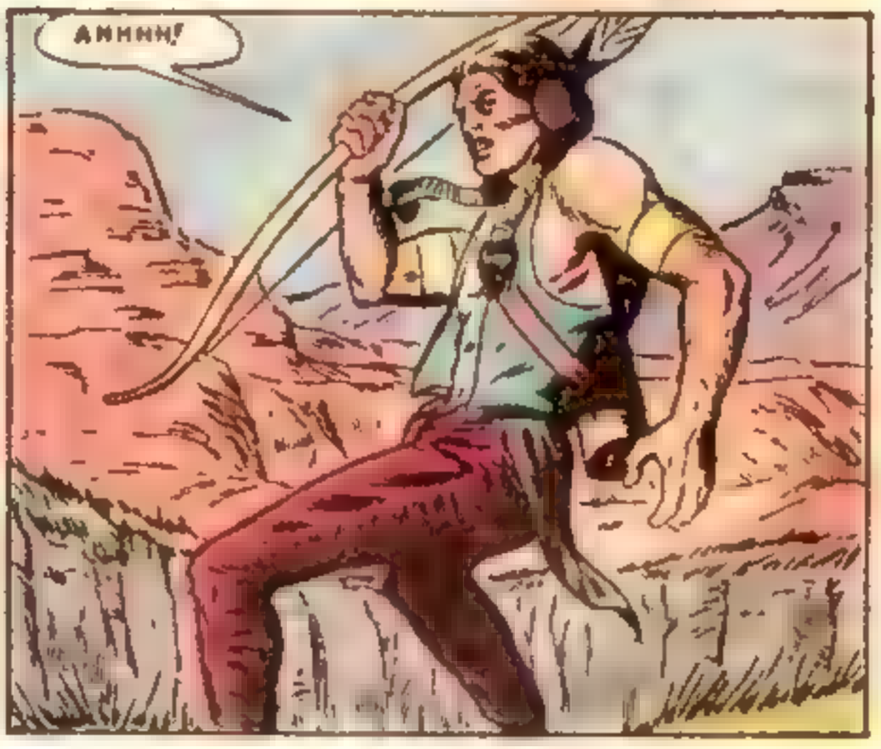
IT TOOK A LOT OF WORK TO CHIP THIS STONE SPEARHEAD! THE WOUNDED BEAR MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE AND FIGHTING STILL WHEN THE HUNTERS LEFT HIM. . . ..
—OR THEY'D HAVE RECOVERED THE SPEAR! YOU'RE RIGHT, TUROK!
BOB!
HERE ARE OLD MAN-TRACKS, YELLANA! RECOGNIZE THEM?
MARON! ADA-AN!
THEY MAY HAVE FOLLOWED UP THIS DRAW. . . WE'LL LOOK FOR MORE SIGNS.
FARTHER UP THE DRAW. . .
COUGAR TRACKS--BIG! AND DEER AS BIG AS A BULL. . .
NO! THESE DEEP ONES ARE NOT DEER TRACKS! THEY ARE LIKE A BUSH PIG'S--BUT ENORMOUS!
PIGS!? BUT AS BIG AS THOSE TRACKS!
SHHH! THEY'RE CLOSE BY-- IN THE BRUSH!
OINK
UUK
OINK
UGH! I AM GLAD TO BE OUT OF THAT BRUSHY DRAW! PIGS THAT SIZE--WAGH!

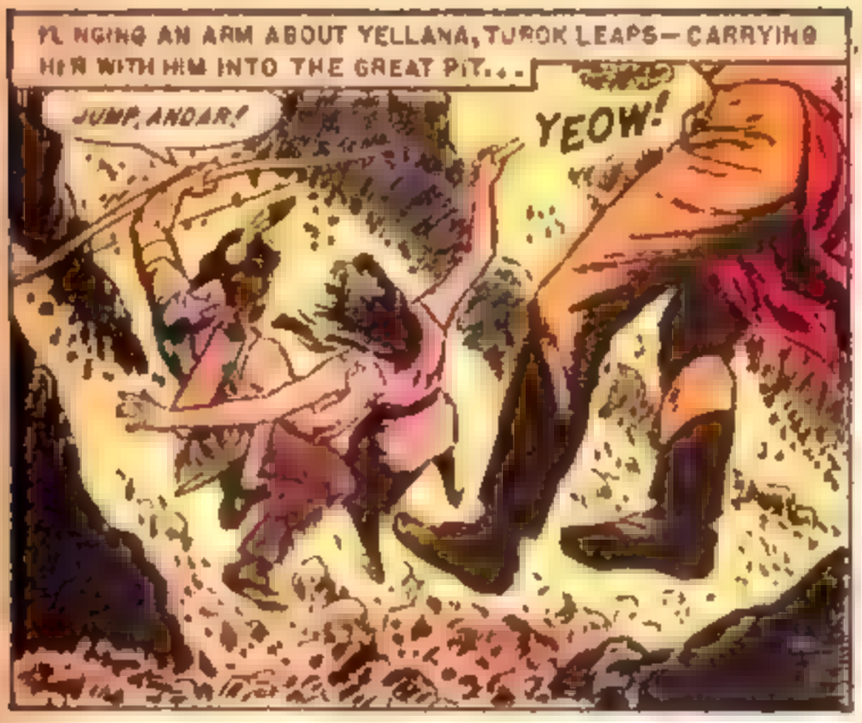

YARAK!
SOMETHING *IS* DOWN THERE--DEAD!
UGH! IF WE EVER SLID DOWN THERE WE'D STAY THERE!

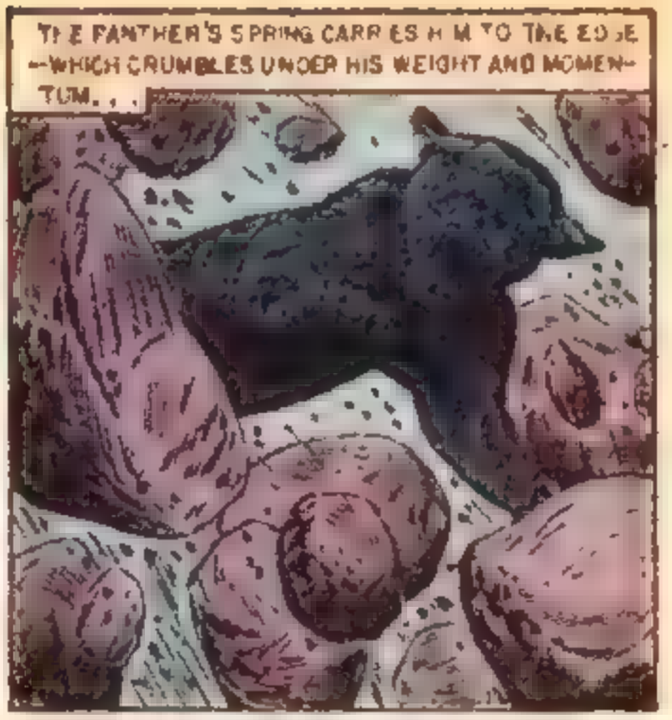

IN THE BRUSH, NOT FAR AWAY, A GREAT BLACK PANTHER TURNS ITS HEAD TOWARD THE SOUND OF HUMAN VOICES...

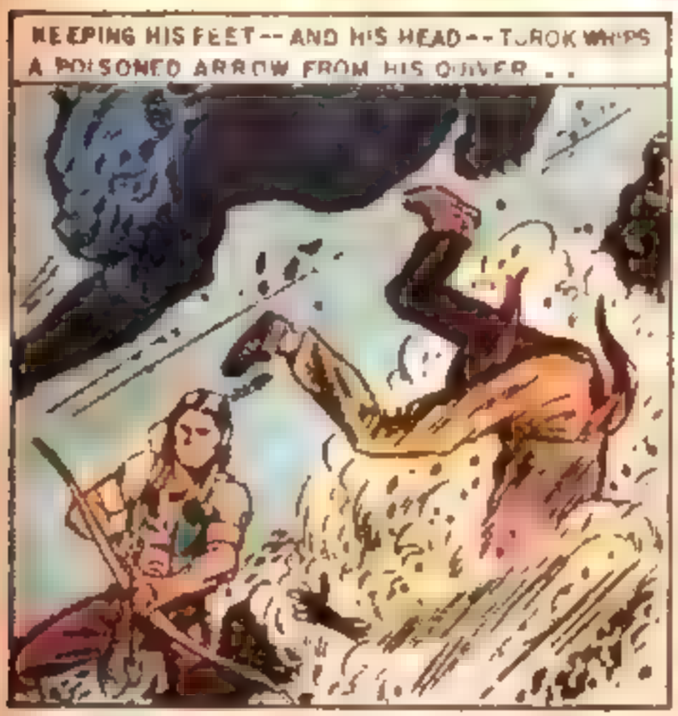

--AND STALKS WHAT LOOKS TO BE LESS DANGEROUS PREY THAN THE HUGE HOGS!
I WONDER, ANDAR-- IF THE *MISSING HUNTERS* COULD HAVE FALLEN IN THERE?

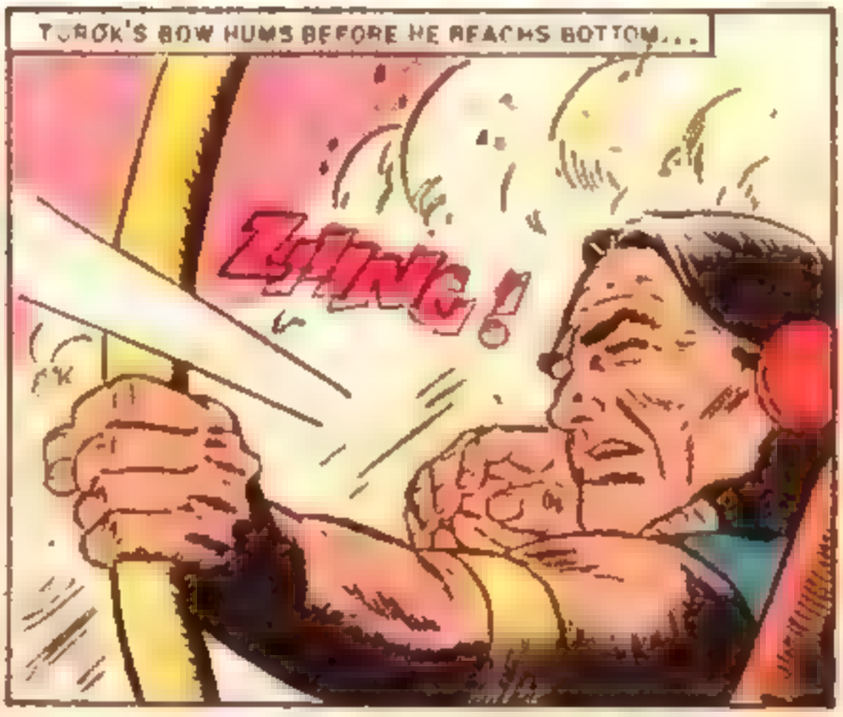
AS THE GREAT CAT DIGS IN ITS CLAWS FOR THE FINAL LEAP, A PEBBLE CLICKS AGAINST ANOTHER...


AHHHH!


FLINGING AN ARM ABOUT YELLANA, TUROK LEAPS—CARRYING HER WITH HIM INTO THE GREAT PIT...
JUMP, ANDAR!
YEOW!

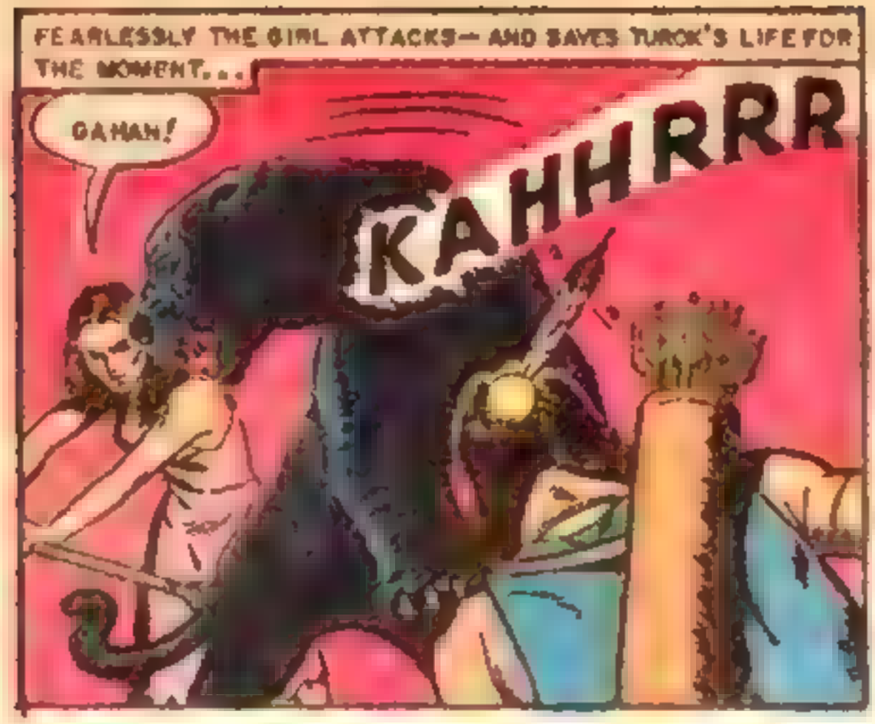

THE PANTHER'S SPRING CARRIES HIM TO THE EDGE —WHICH CRUMBLES UNDER HIS WEIGHT AND MOMENTUM...


KEEPING HIS FEET—AND HIS HEAD—TUROK WHIPS A POISONED ARROW FROM HIS QUIVER...

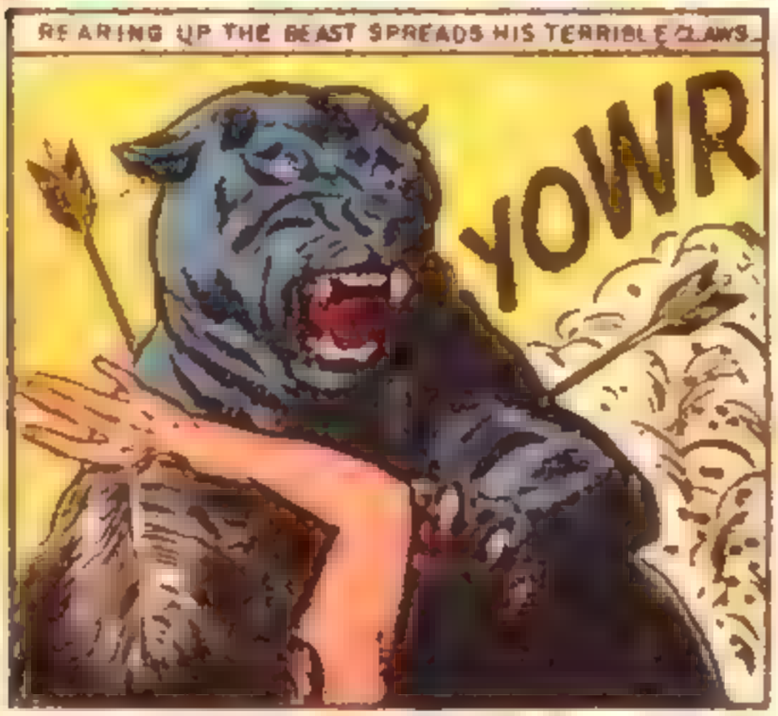

TUROK'S BOW HUMS BEFORE HE REACHS BOTTOM...
ZUNG!

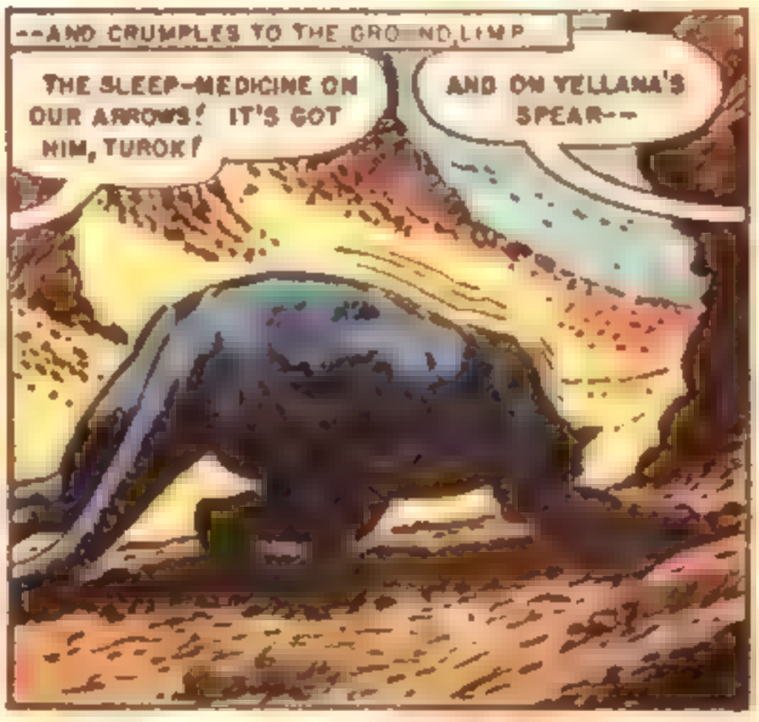
SAVAGELY THE GREAT CAT BITES AT THE THING THAT PIERCED HIS PAW...

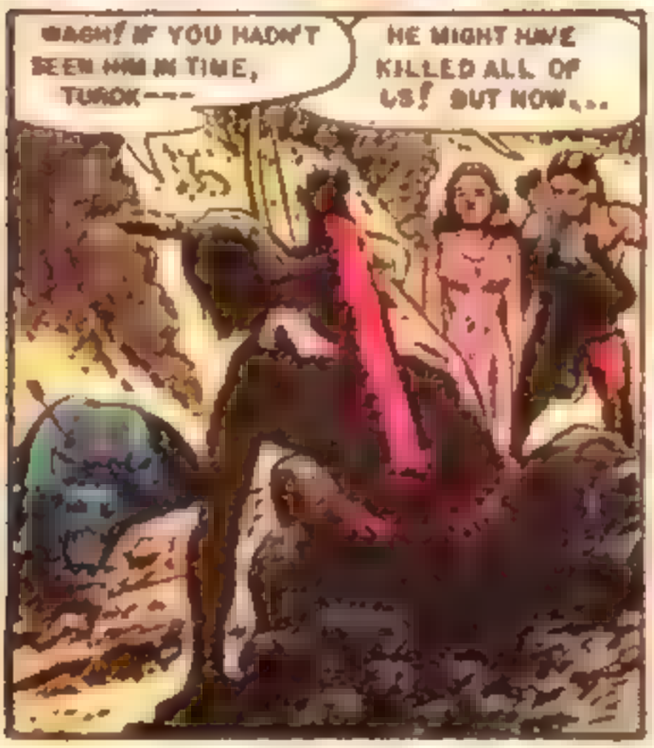
—THEN HURLS HIMSELF AT TUROK!


FEARLESSLY THE GIRL ATTACKS— AND SAVES TUROK'S LIFE FOR THE MOMENT...
GAHAH!
KAHHRRR

THE NEXT INSTANT ANDAR'S BOW TWANGS!
YAHRRR!
YAHRRR


REARING UP THE BEAST SPREADS HIS TERRIBLE CLAWS...
YOWR

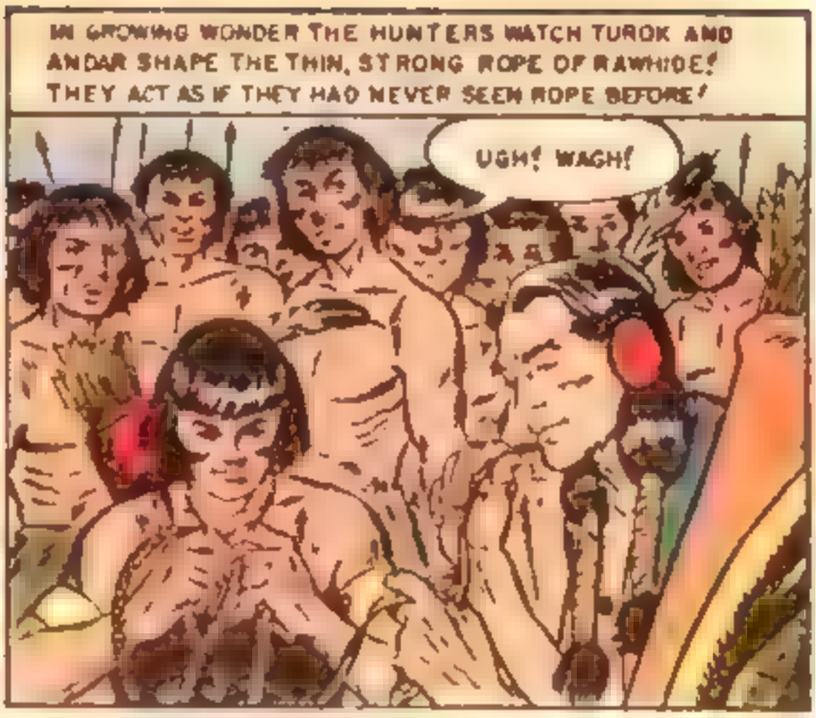

--AND CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND, LIMP.
THE SLEEP-MEDICINE ON OUR ARROWS! IT'S GOT HIM, TUROK!
AND ON YELLANA'S SPEAR--

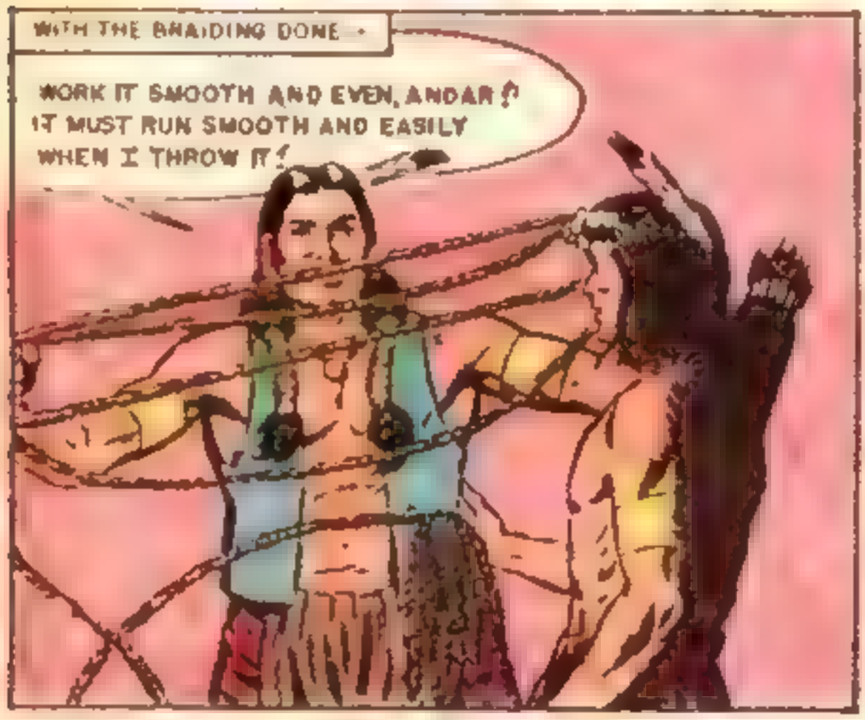

AGH! IF YOU HADN'T SEEN HIM IN TIME, TUROK---
HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED ALL OF US! BUT NOW...

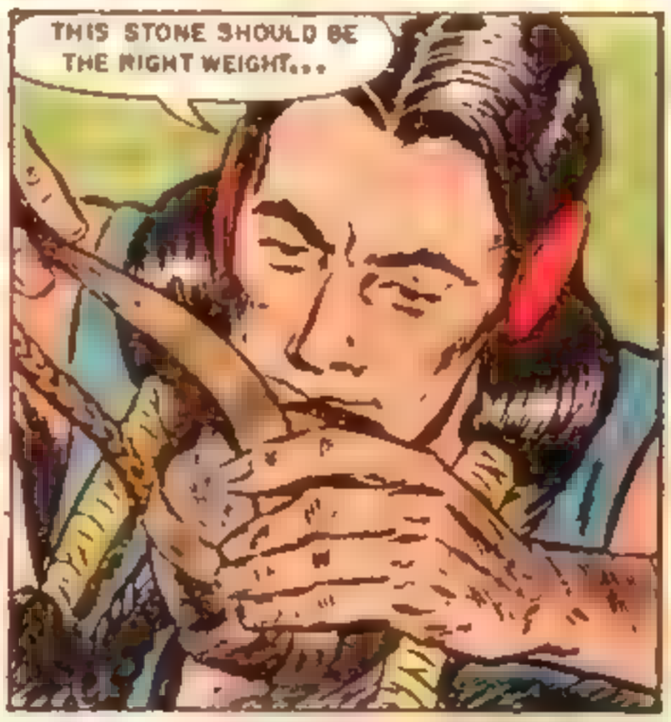
HI-EEE-YAH! YELLANA!
MAROK! ADA-ANI! KI-OMA LEE!
WHO--?

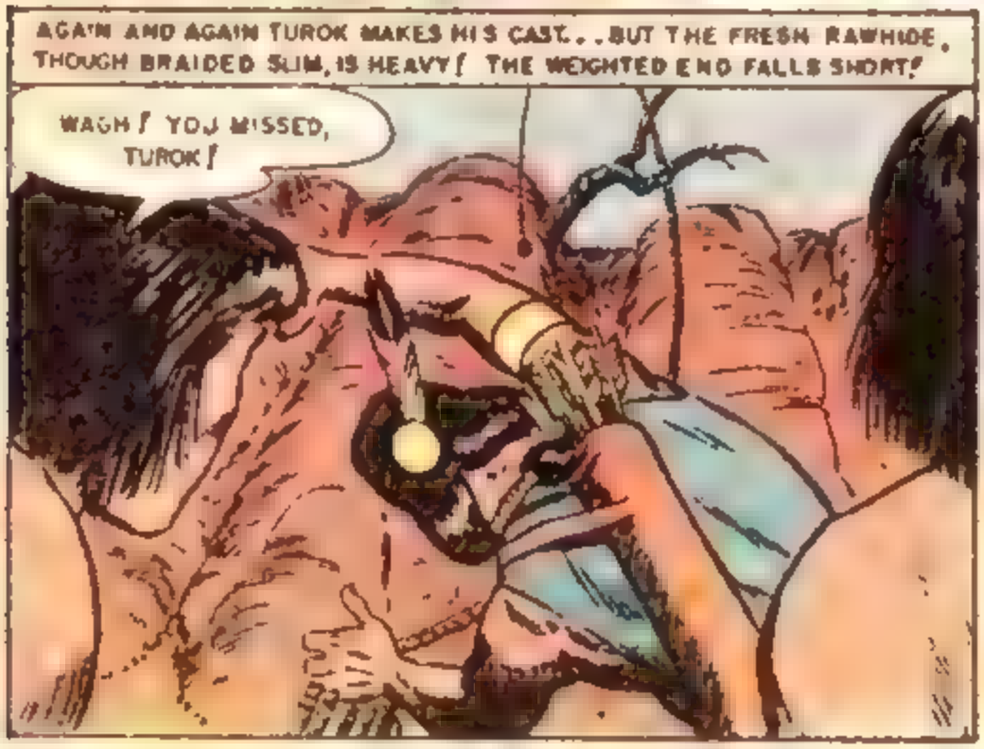
A YOUNG MAN -- CLEARLY YELLANA'S BROTHER, GREETS HER JOYFULLY...
MAROK! ADAAM LAKOWA NUNK!
ENEK-AAM, YELLANA!
[illegible] WHAT THEY'RE SAYING, TUROK?
PARTLY! SOME GREAT BEASTS DROVE THE HUNTERS INTO THIS PIT— AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT... [illegible] WATER IN THE CAVERN, OVER THERE...
—AND ENOUGH ANIMALS MUST HAVE FALLEN IN -- LIKE THOSE -- TO SUPPLY THEM WITH FOOD ALL THESE WEEKS!
BUT CAN'T WE FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO ESCAPE, TUROK?
THE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES MAKE INTRODUCTIONS VERY BRIEF...
TUROK! ANBAR! DEBA MAROK-ADA-AM NUNK!
INSHI-I LA-AANI!
HO, MAROK! AND WARRIORS!
YAW MUK INKAPAPA?
YES, I THINK THERE IS A WAY OUT OF HERE!

COME! WE WILL CUT STRIPS OF RAWHIDE AND MAKE A BRAIDED ROPE--A LONG ONE!
UGH!


IN GROWING WONDER THE HUNTERS WATCH TUROK AND ANDAR SHAPE THE THIN, STRONG ROPE OF RAWHIDE! THEY ACT AS IF THEY HAD NEVER SEEN ROPE BEFORE!
UGH! WAGH!

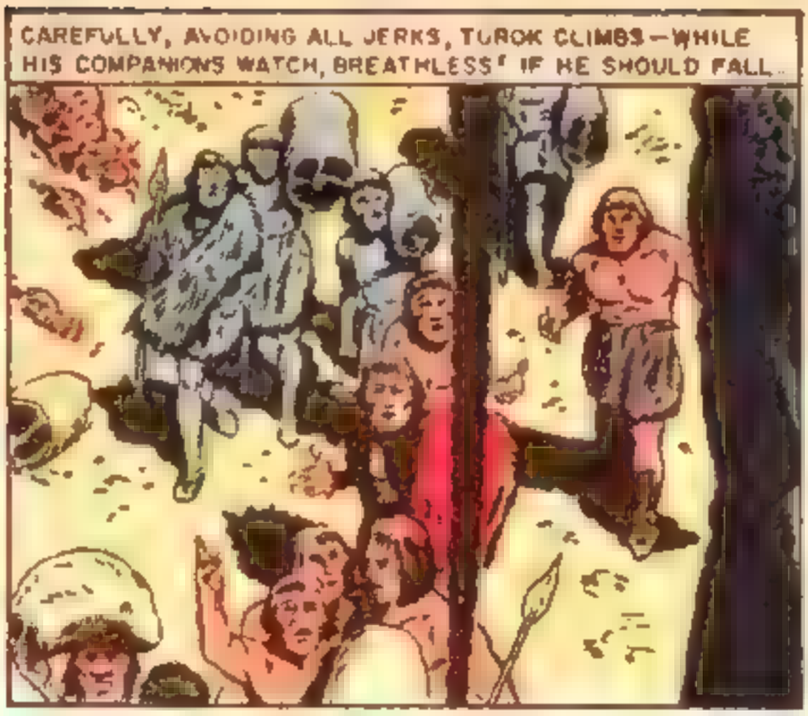

WITH THE BRAIDING DONE -
WORK IT SMOOTH AND EVEN, ANDAR! IT MUST RUN SMOOTH AND EASILY WHEN I THROW IT!

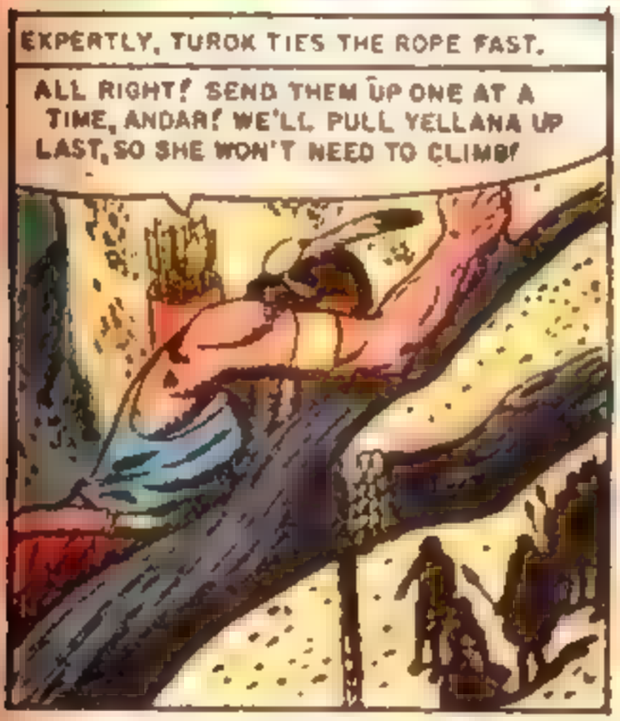

THIS STONE SHOULD BE THE RIGHT WEIGHT...


AGAIN AND AGAIN TUROK MAKES HIS CAST...BUT THE FRESH RAWHIDE, THOUGH BRAIDED SLIM, IS HEAVY! THE WEIGHTED END FALLS SHORT!
WAGH! YOU MISSED, TUROK!

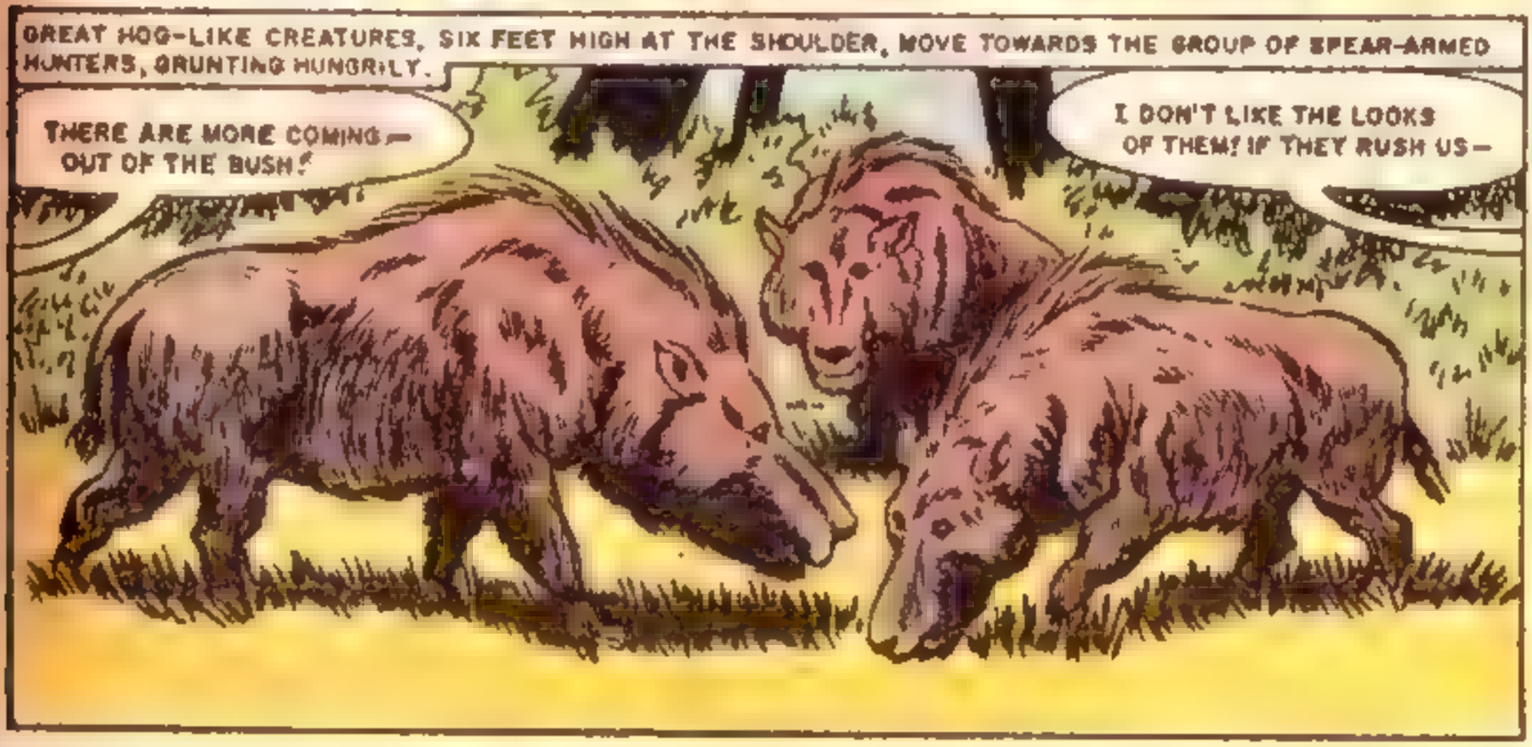
THEN A LUCKY CAST WHIPS IT AROUND THE STUB!

IT HOLDS, TUROK! THE END HAS WRAPPED AROUND ITSELF!
I'LL CLIMB FIRST— AND MAKE SURE!


CAREFULLY, AVOIDING ALL JERKS, TUROK CLIMBS—WHILE HIS COMPANIONS WATCH, BREATHLESS! IF HE SHOULD FALL..


EXPERTLY, TUROK TIES THE ROPE FAST.
ALL RIGHT! SEND THEM UP ONE AT A TIME, ANDAR! WE'LL PULL YELLANA UP LAST, SO SHE WON'T NEED TO CLIMB!

MINUTES LATER—WITH EVERYBODY UP—
TUROK! LOOK—ONE OF THOSE GIANT BUSH PIGS—WATCHING US!


GREAT HOG-LIKE CREATURES, SIX FEET HIGH AT THE SHOULDER, MOVE TOWARDS THE GROUP OF SPEAR-ARMED HUNTERS, GRUNTING HUNGRILY.
THERE ARE MORE COMING— OUT OF THE BUSH!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THEM! IF THEY RUSH US—

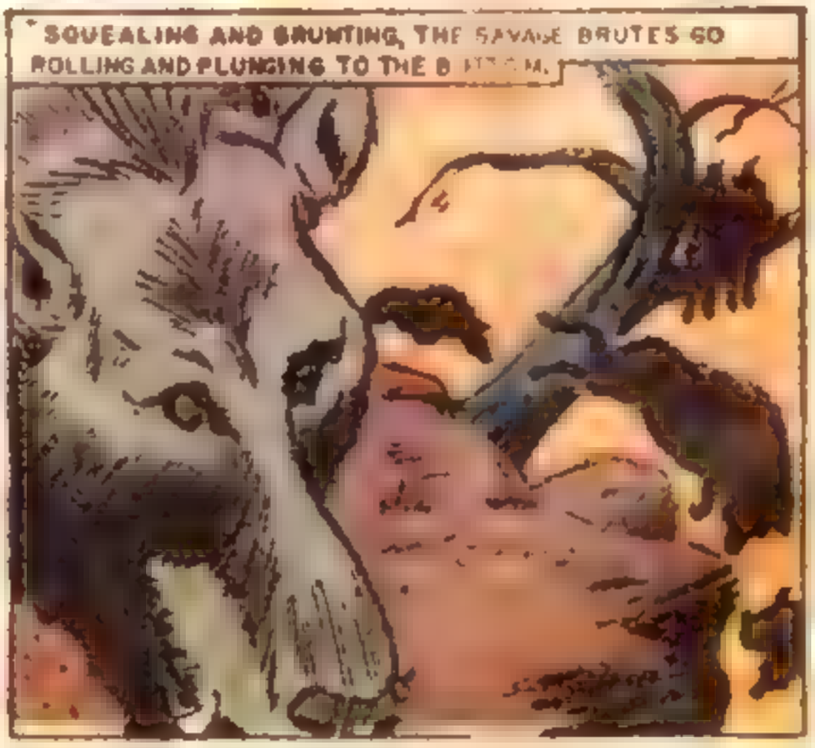
YELLANA--MAROK--THE REST OF YOU--SCATTER! BUT DON'T RUN! ANDAR--STAY HERE WITH ME!
THEY'RE COMING FASTER, TUROK!

MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT, ANDAR! WE HAVEN'T MANY ARROWS LEFT!
ALSO WHAT WE HAVE WON'T STOP THEM IN TIME! THEY'RE ALL COMING FOR US, TUROK!

THAT'S WHAT I HOPED, ANDAR! WHEN I YELL, CLIMB THE TREE STUB!

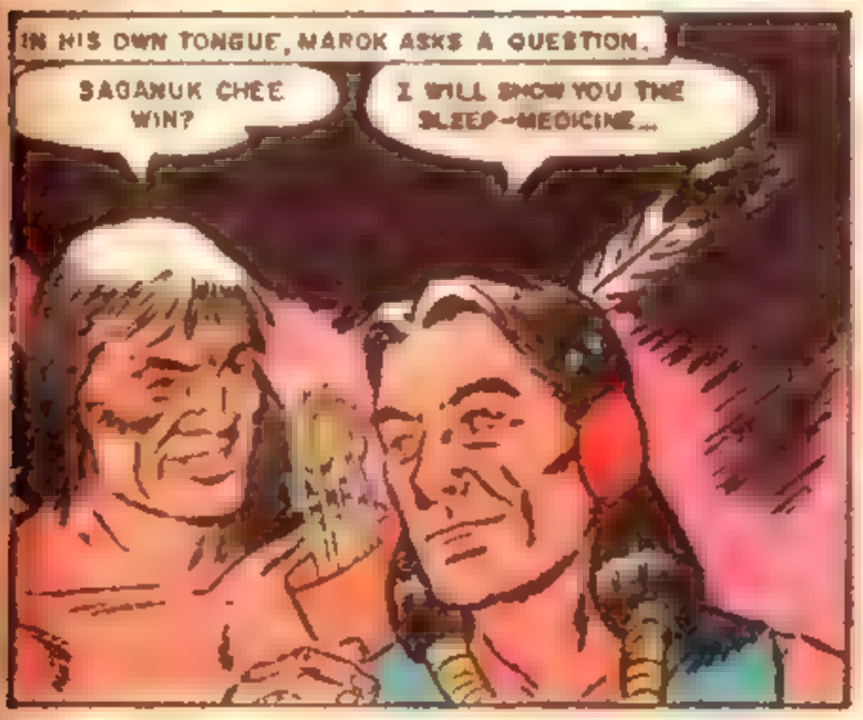
JUMP! AND CLIMB!

THEY CAN'T STOP! THE WHOLE HERD IS GOING OVER THE EDGE!

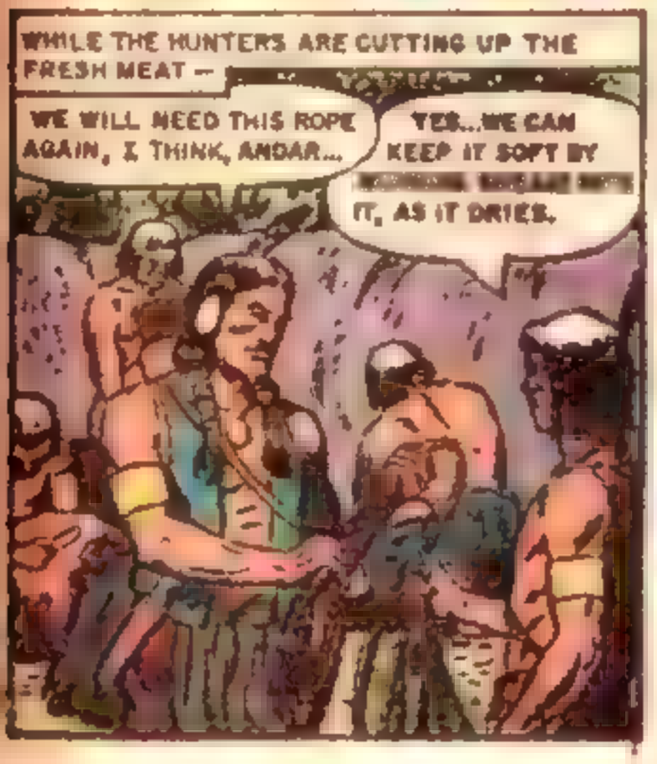

SQUEALING AND GRUNTING, THE SAVAGE BRUTES GO ROLLING AND PLUNGING TO THE BOTTOM.

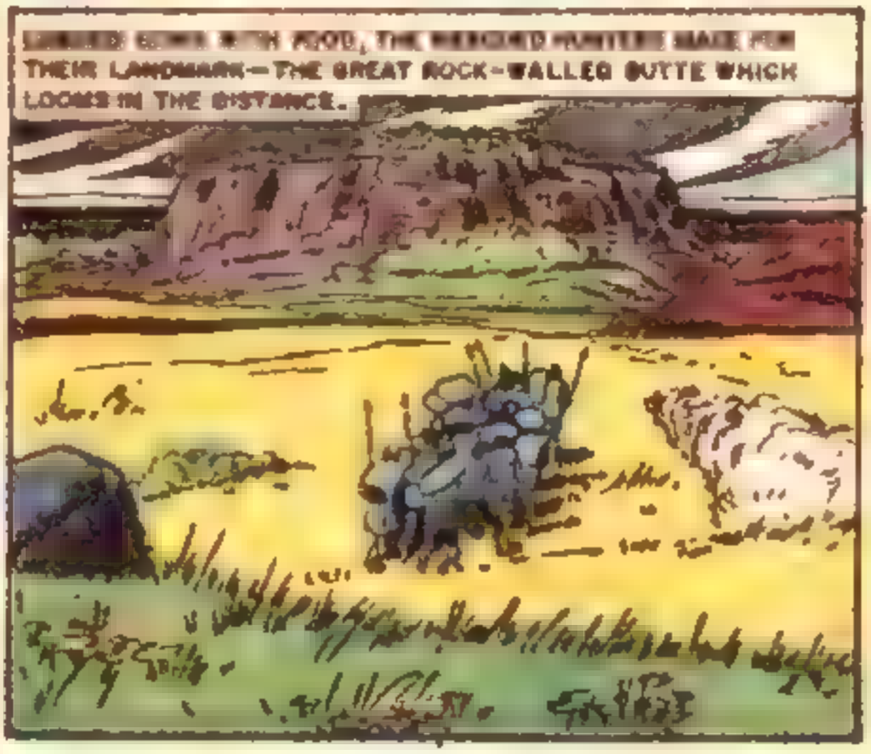
THOSE TWO DIDN'T GO OVER!
THEY WILL BE GREAT FOR THE HUNGRY ONES ON THE MOVE!

THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A LITTLE ARROW COULD KILL SO FAST!


IN HIS OWN TONGUE, MAROK ASKS A QUESTION.
SAGANUK CHEE WIN?
I WILL SHOW YOU THE SLEEP-MEDICINE...

IT IS HERE—IN THIS GOURD—YOU SEE?
AH! KAROK!

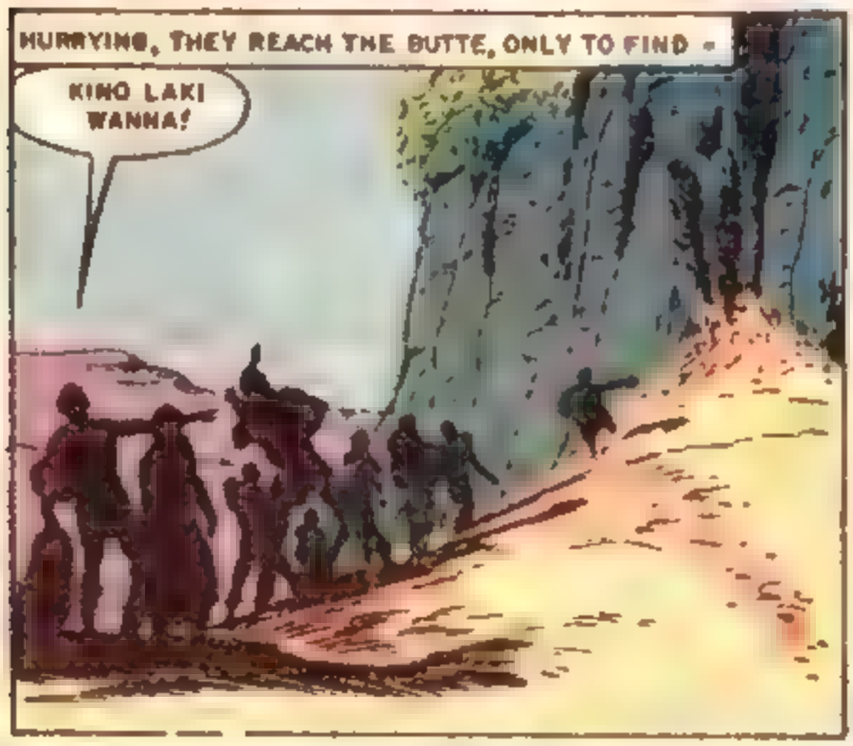

WHILE THE HUNTERS ARE CUTTING UP THE FRESH MEAT—
WE WILL NEED THIS ROPE AGAIN, I THINK, ANDAR...
YES...WE CAN KEEP IT SOFT BY
IT, AS IT DRIES.

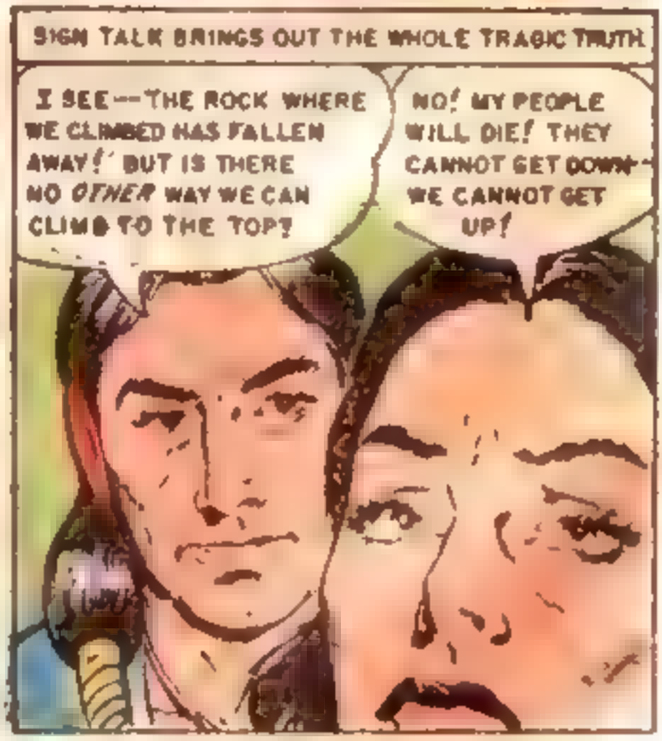

THEIR LANDMARK—THE GREAT ROCK-WALLED BUTTE WHICH LOOMS IN THE DISTANCE.

AS THEY ARE PASSING THROUGH A NARROW RAVINE, THE EARTH QUAKES AND SHUDDERS!
YEOW!
TUROK — WHAT—?

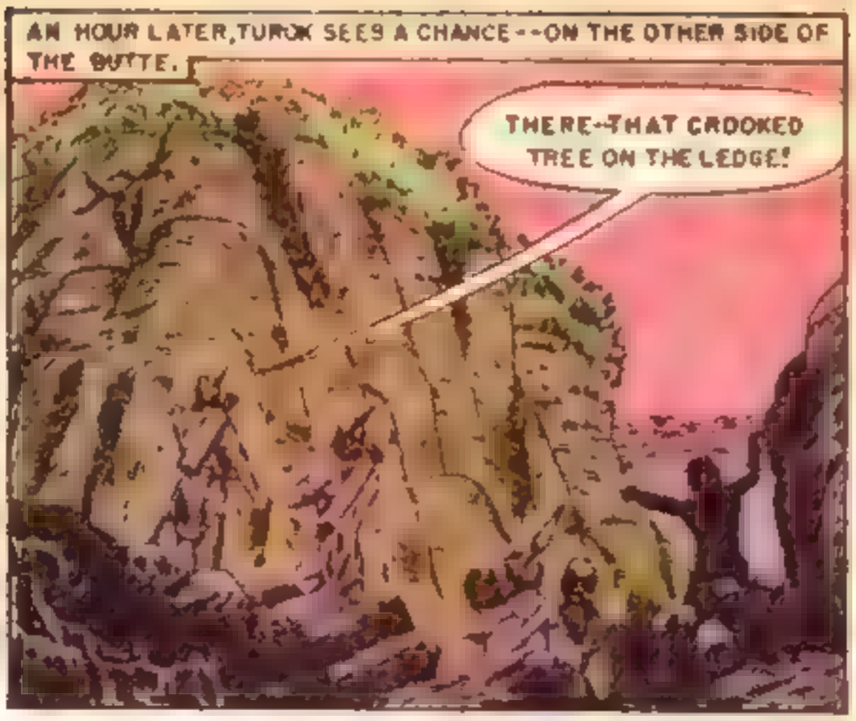
AS THE TREMORS CEASE, MEN GET DAZEDLY TO THEIR FEET.
THE BROOK — IT'S DRIED UP!
THE HILL FELL ACROSS IT!

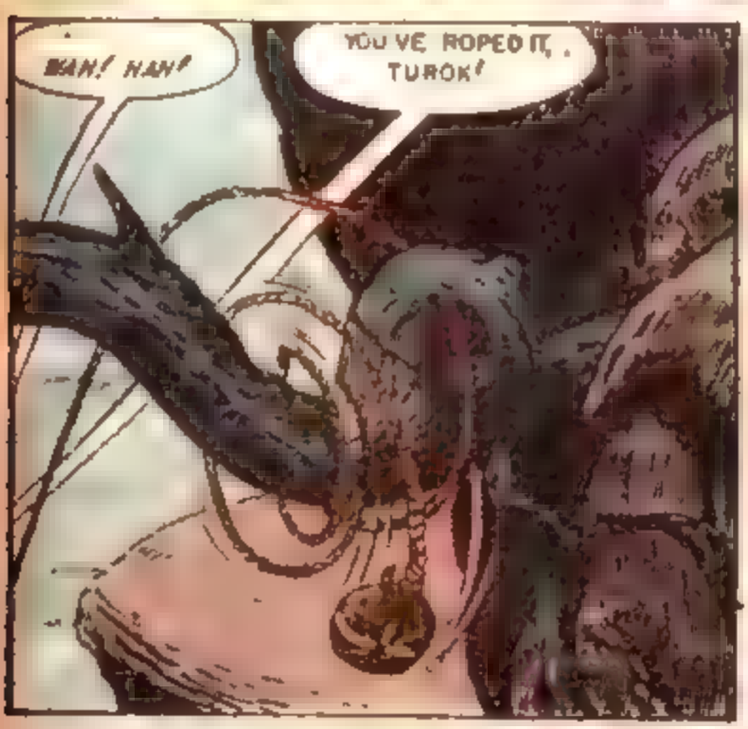
TUROK! UNKABI IMMOK!
YOUR PEOPLE AT HOME? YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THEM? LET US GO ON, THEN!

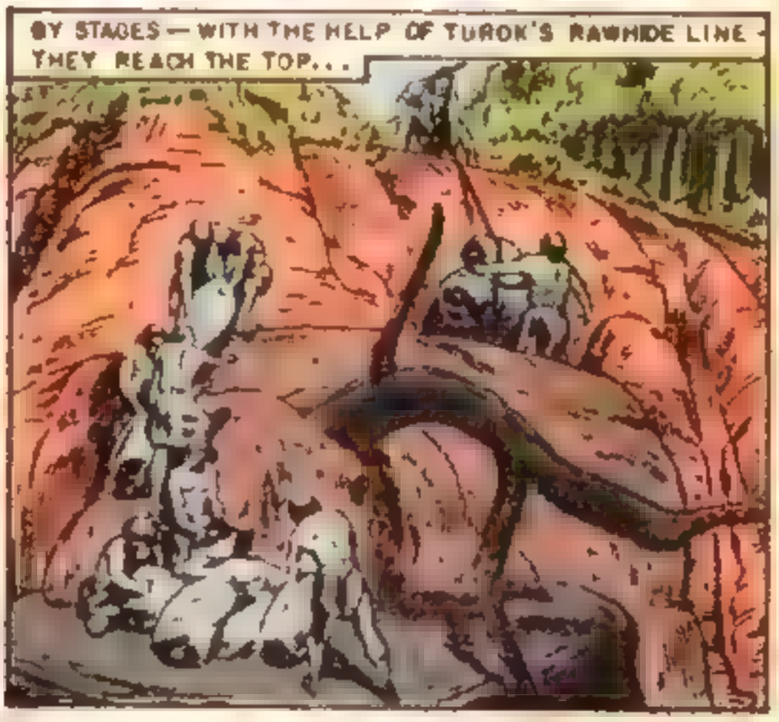

HURRYING, THEY REACH THE BUTTE, ONLY TO FIND —
KINO LAKI WANNA!


SIGN TALK BRINGS OUT THE WHOLE TRAGIC TRUTH.
I SEE — THE ROCK WHERE WE CLIMBED HAS FALLEN AWAY! BUT IS THERE NO OTHER WAY WE CAN CLIMB TO THE TOP?
NO! MY PEOPLE WILL DIE! THEY CANNOT GET DOWN — WE CANNOT GET UP!

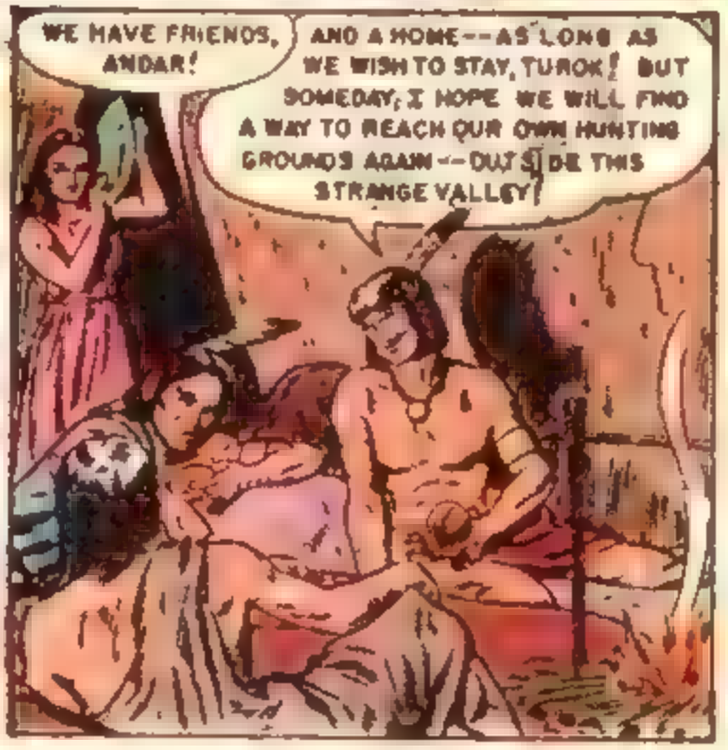
MAYBE YOU COULD FIND A PLACE TO USE THAT ROPE FOR CLIMBING, TUROK?
UGH! WE WILL SEE...


AN HOUR LATER, TUROK SEES A CHANCE--ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUTTE.
THERE--THAT CROOKED TREE ON THE LEDGE!


HAH! HAH!
YOU'VE ROPED IT, TUROK!


BY STAGES — WITH THE HELP OF TUROK'S RAWHIDE LINE — THEY REACH THE TOP...

AND GREAT IS THE REJOICING IN THE VILLAGE, AS THE *MISSING HUNTERS* APPEAR, LOADED WITH FOOD FOR ALL.
MAROK! HY-UK! GANAH! YA-EEEEEE!


WE HAVE FRIENDS, ANDAR!
AND A HOME--AS LONG AS WE WISH TO STAY, TUROK! BUT SOMEDAY, I HOPE WE WILL FIND A WAY TO REACH OUR OWN HUNTING GROUNDS AGAIN--OUTSIDE THIS STRANGE VALLEY!

INDIAN CHIEF

WHITE EAGLE

INVADERS FROM THE NORTH

EVEN THE OLDEST SIOUX CANNOT REMEMBER A WINTER LIKE THIS, WHEN THE SNOW LASHES FIERCELY AND THE BITING NORTH WIND PIERCES EVERY CRACK IN THE HIDE TENTS...

THEN A CAMP DOG BAYS— — — .

SOMETHING IS COMING THIS WAY!

AROOO!

LARGER AND CLOSER THE STRANGE SHADOWY FORMS LOOM THROUGH THE VEILING WIND-DRIVEN SNOW...

WHAT TRIBE DO *THEY* BELONG TO?

HOW! WELCOME TO THE CAMP OF THE SIOUX!

NO ONE HERE SPEAKS THEIR LANGUAGE, WHITE EAGLE!

I UNDERSTAND *THAT* SIGN---THEY WANT *FOOD!*

YOU WERE RIGHT! THEY RUSH FOR THE FOOD!

NOW WE KNOW WHAT DROVE THEM SOUTH TO OUR LANDS ——*HUNGER!*

AS THE ALIEN BRAVES EAT RAVENOUSLY, CROW RIDERS RACE INTO THE SIOUX CAMP...

WHERE IS WHITE EAGLE?

TAKE US TO YOUR CHIEF AT ONCE!

THIS WAY!

THEN THE *ESKIMOS* HAVE REACHED YOUR LANDS, TOO!

IS THAT THEIR TRIBE'S NAME?

YES, WHITE EAGLE, AND YOU WILL LEARN TO *HATE* THAT NAME AS WE DO! THEY HAVE COME FROM THE NORTH TO *INVADE OUR LANDS!*

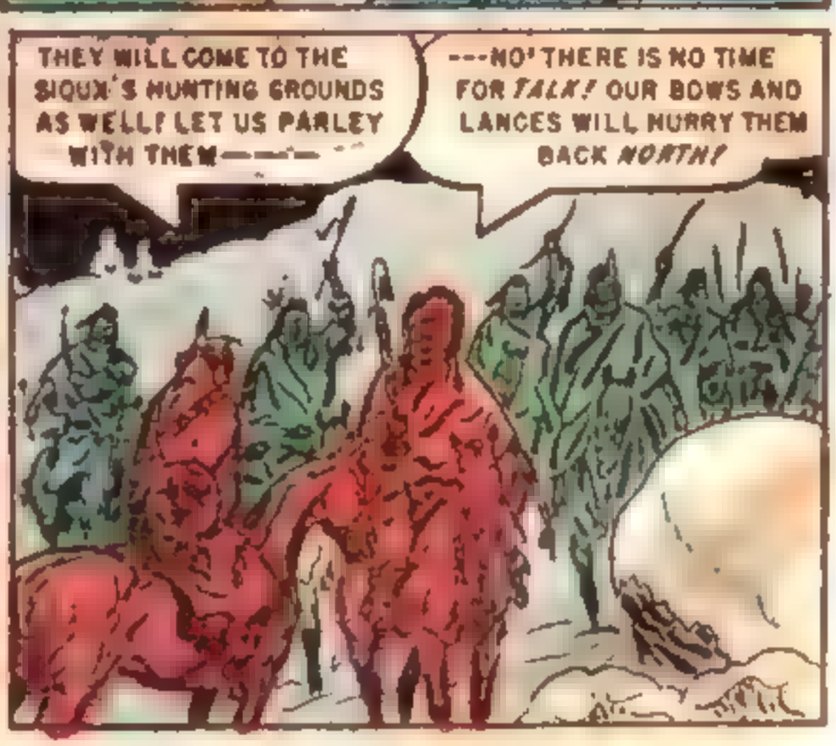
ONLY THESE TWO HAVE REACHED US...
--- THEN RIDE WITH US AND SEE WHAT THEIR TRIBE HAS DONE TO *OUR* LANDS!

SOON--
THAT IS *NOT* A CROW ARROW!

NEARBY...
THAT *IS* A CROW TRAP--- ROBBED OF ITS PRIZE BY AN *ESKIMO!*

HOW, STRONG HORN! WHY IS YOUR FACE STREAKED WITH WAR PAINT? THERE IS PEACE BETWEEN OUR TRIBES
---WE RIDE AGAINST THE *ESKIMOS!*

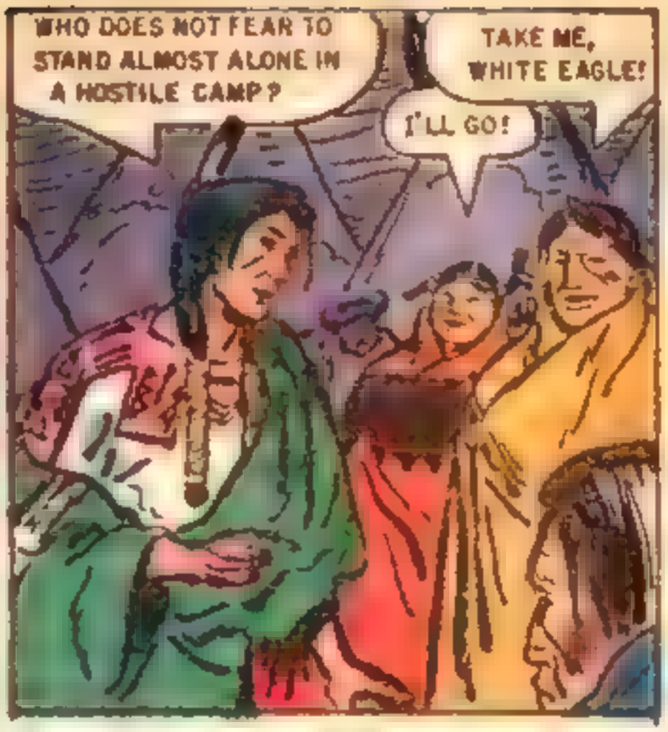
THE NORTH WIND MUST HAVE DRIVEN THE GAME FROM THEIR LANDS---
--IF WE LET THEM HUNT ON *OUR* LANDS THEN *WE* STARVE!


THEY WILL COME TO THE SIOUX'S HUNTING GROUNDS AS WELL! LET US PARLEY WITH THEM---
---NO! THERE IS NO TIME FOR *TALK!* OUR BOWS AND LANCES WILL HURRY THEM BACK *NORTH!*

DESPITE WHITE EAGLE'S PROTESTS, THE CROW WAR PARTY PUSHES ON...
THEY ARE LOOKING FOR SOME DRIED BERRIES ON THE SHRUBS! YOU CAN'T ATTACK STARVING BRAVES—
I WILL NOT LET THEM ROB MY PEOPLE OF THEIR FOOD!
WHO WILL BE FIRST TO COUNT COUP AGAINST THESE INVADERS?
NO! TALK TO THEM—
KEEP WHITE EAGLE BACK!
WHOOP! WHOOP!
MAKE THEM RUN LIKE THE HARE BEFORE THE HAWK!

THEY AREN'T WARRIORS! LET THEM GO! WHAT IS A VICTORY OVER SQUAWS?
OWW!
A STRANGE SPEAR---
WARM FUR GLOVES! GOOD TROPHIES!
IT WAS WRONG TO ATTACK THEM! THEY ARE PEACEFUL AND HUNGRY!
IF WE LET THEM CROSS OUR LANDS, SOON THE CROW WILL BE HUNGRY!
THEY WILL ALSO MARCH INTO MY TRIBE'S LANDS! LET ME GO TO THE ESKIMO CAMP AND TRY TO TURN THEM AWAY FROM OUR LANDS TO SOME OTHER PLACE WHERE THEY CAN FIND GAME!
ARROWS AND LANCES WILL TURN THEM AWAY AS WELL!
BUT YOUR WAY WON'T LEAD THEM TO FOOD!
I WILL KEEP MY BRAVES IN CHECK TILL THE MOON IS FULL! AFTER THAT, WHOEVER IS A FRIEND OF THE ESKIMOS IS AN ENEMY OF THE CROW!

RETURNING TO CAMP, WHITE EAGLE, BY SIGNS, LEARNS ENOUGH OF THE ALIEN LANGUAGE TO MAKE HIMSELF UNDERSTOOD.



WILD HAWK, RUNNING HORSE, THE WAY WILL NOT BE EASY—
—THEN THE STORIES WE WILL TELL AROUND THE FIRE WHEN WE RETURN WILL BE THAT MUCH BETTER.

ALL NIGHT, THEY PLOD THROUGH THE DEEPENING DRIFTS, AS A RELENTLESS NORTH WIND RAGES IN THEIR FACES EACH STEP OF THE TERRIBLE WAY...

NO TRIBE DRIVEN BY HUNGER WILL BE TURNED BACK BY WORDS! BUT IF I FAIL TO MAKE THEM *BY-PASS* OUR LANDS, I WILL HAVE THE *CROW* AS WELL AS THE *ESKIMOS* FOR OUR ENEMIES!

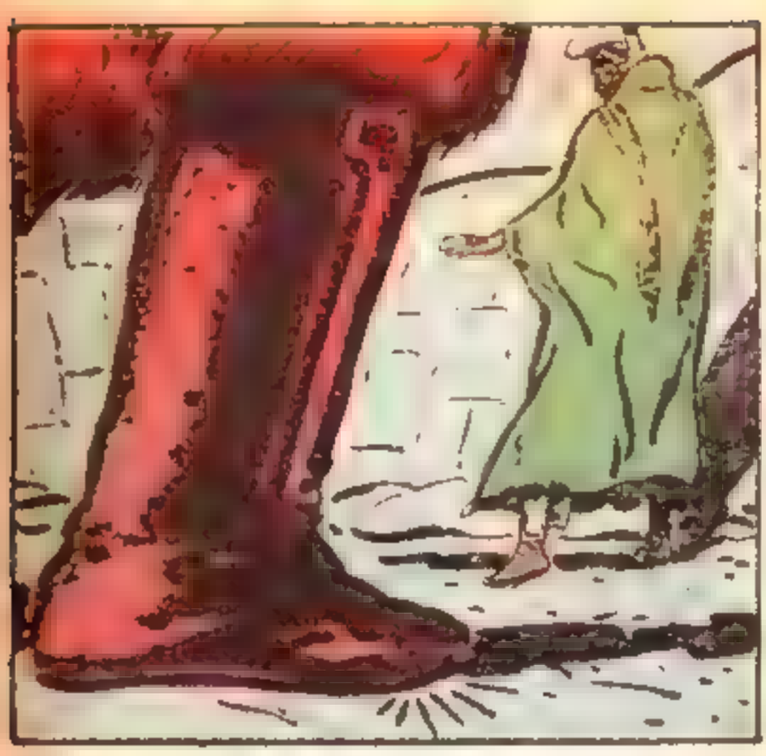
NEXT DAY, AS THE ESKIMOS BREAK TRAIL, THE SIOUX PUSH ON NORTHWARD...
HERE IS OUR CAMP!
HERE?
WHITE EAGLE! THEY LIVE IN THE SNOW!
GO IN! THIS IS OUR CHIEF'S IGLOO!
THEY ARE ALL STARVING HERE!

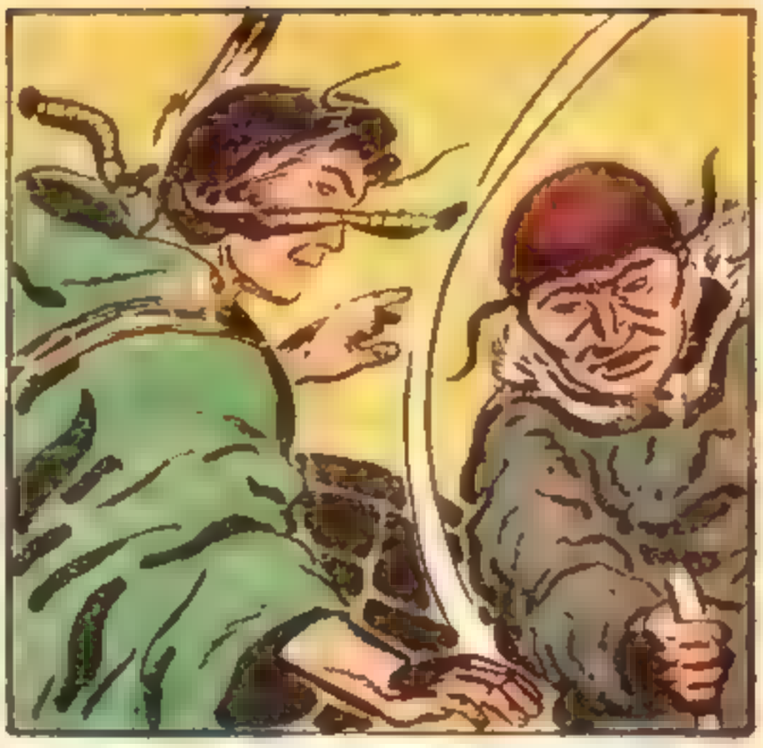
NOW! I AM WHITE EAGLE, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX!
NOW!
GRRRR!
GRRR!
WILD HAWK! RUNNING HORSE!
GRAB THEM!
DOWN! DOWN!
LIKE US--- THE DOGS ARE STARVING, AND SINCE THEY DIDN'T KNOW YOU AS FRIENDS———
AND THE RAGE OF A STARVING TRIBE WILL BE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS THAN THAT OF THEIR DOGS!

FRIENDS SHARE---
---I-IT'S RAW! WHERE DO WE COOK IT? WHERE IS A FIRE?
FIRE? THIS IS HOW WE EAT OUR FOOD!
IT DOES NOT MATTER! WE KNOW YOU HAVE NONE TO SPARE! WE HAVE BROUGHT OUR OWN COOKED DRIED MEAT!
LATER---
MORE COME! ALWAYS MORE! THE NORTH WIND AND SNOW HAVE CHASED ALL GAME FROM OUR LAND! THE LAKES ARE FROZEN SO DEEP WE CAN'T BREAK THROUGH THE ICE TO FISH! WE MUST FIND FOOD TO THE SOUTH!
THE SIOUX AND CROW LIVE THERE! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR ALL OUR PEOPLE!
WE MUST FIND FOOD---
---TURN TOWARD THE PLACE FROM WHERE THE SUN RISES! A THREE DAYS' JOURNEY THAT WAY WILL BRING YOU TO UNCLAIMED HUNTING GROUNDS!
A DAY'S JOURNEY TO YOUR LANDS---THEN THREE MORE TO THE OTHER PLACE? NO! IT IS TOO FAR! WE HAVE NEITHER STRENGTH NOR TIME! WE MARCH STRAIGHT SOUTH!

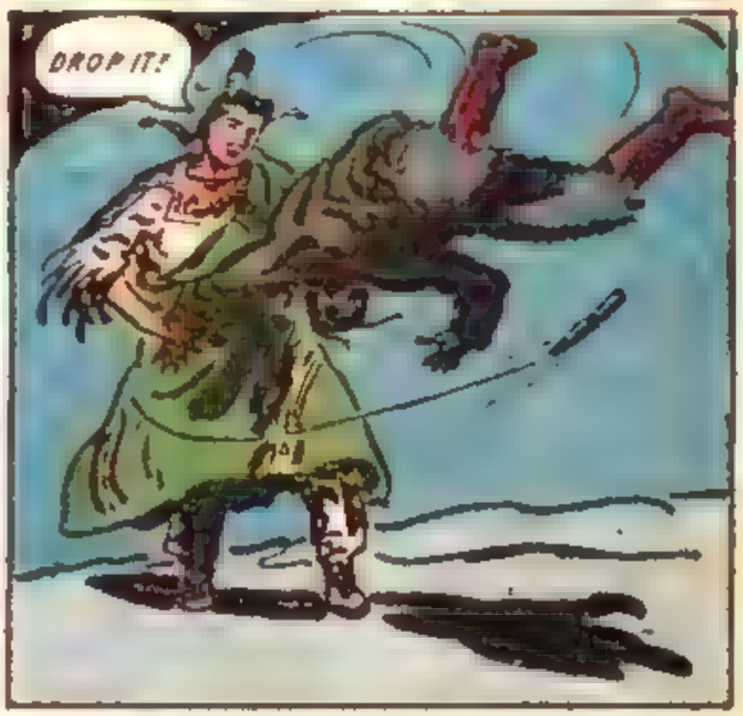
THEN YOU WILL HAVE TO *FIGHT* YOUR WAY INTO OUR LANDS!
WE ARE NOT [illegible] BUT HUNGER MAKES A MAN BOLD!
I CAME TO *PREVENT* FIGHTING! IF YOU'LL TURN EAST ---
_NO" OUR MEDICINE MAN HAD A VISION! IT SHOWED HIM FOOD WAS TO BE FOUND *STRAIGHT TO THE SOUTH!*
MEANWHILE
WAIT TILL THE SIOUX SEE ME! NO BRAVE THERE WEARS SUCH STRANGE WARM FURS!
HERE ARE IVORY KNIVES, CARVED FROM THE TUSKS OF ANIMALS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!
HOW HANDSOME HE IS!
OUR MEN'S CLOTHES ARE TOO SMALL FOR SUCH A *BIG* BRAVE!
YOU SHOULD GIVE [illegible] EAGLE --- HE IS OUR CHIEF!
AND YOU ARE ONLY A BRAVE AMONG YOUR PEOPLE! BUT IF YOU *STAYED WITH US* --- OUR CHIEF HAS TOLD ME YOU COULD BECOME A LESSER *CHIEFTAIN!*
ME ---? HOW?
TIME IS SHORT! WE MUST REACH THE *SIOUX* HUNTING GROUNDS QUICKLY! WE COULD GET THERE MORE SWIFTLY IF YOU LED US!

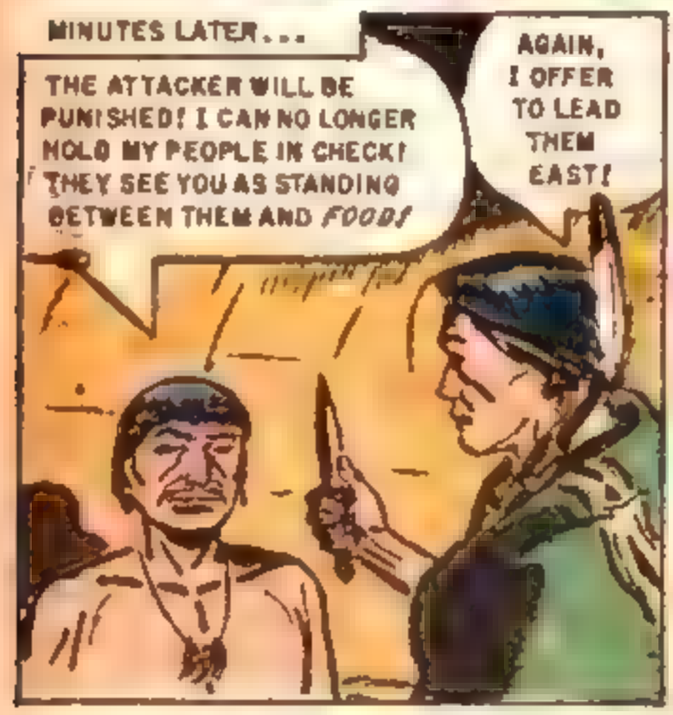
YOU ARE ASK NG ME TO *BETRAY MY PEOPLE!*
THE SIOUX WOULD *NOT* BE YOUR PEOPLE --- *WE* WILL BE YOUR TRIBE AND YOU WILL BE A *LEADER* AMONG US, NOT MERELY ANOTHER BRAVE!
ARE YOU SURE ---
--- OUR CHIEF IS OLD! I AM ILIK AND MY WORDS CARRY WEIGHT IN THE COUNCIL! WHEN WE PICK A NEW CHIEF FROM AMONG THE LESSER CHIEFTAINS, *YOUR NAME* WILL BE THE ONE I'LL OFFER!
THERE *IS* A SHORT CUT THAT WOULD LET YOU ENTER OUR LANDS UNSEEN --- BUT WHAT OF *WHITE EAGLE* AND RUNNING HORSE?
WE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM, BROTHER!
THAT NIGHT .
WHAT IF *I* WERE TO LEAD YOU TO THE LANDS *EAST* OF OUR HUNTING GROUNDS...
---NO, WHITE EAGLE! WE REST HERE ONE DAY MORE AND THEN PUSH ON *STRAIGHT SOUTH!*
THE MOON WILL BE FULL TOMORROW NIGHT AND THEN THE CROW WILL TAKE TO THE *WARPATH!*
I ONLY HAVE TOMORROW TO MAKE THE ESKIMO CHIEF *CHANGE HIS MIND!*

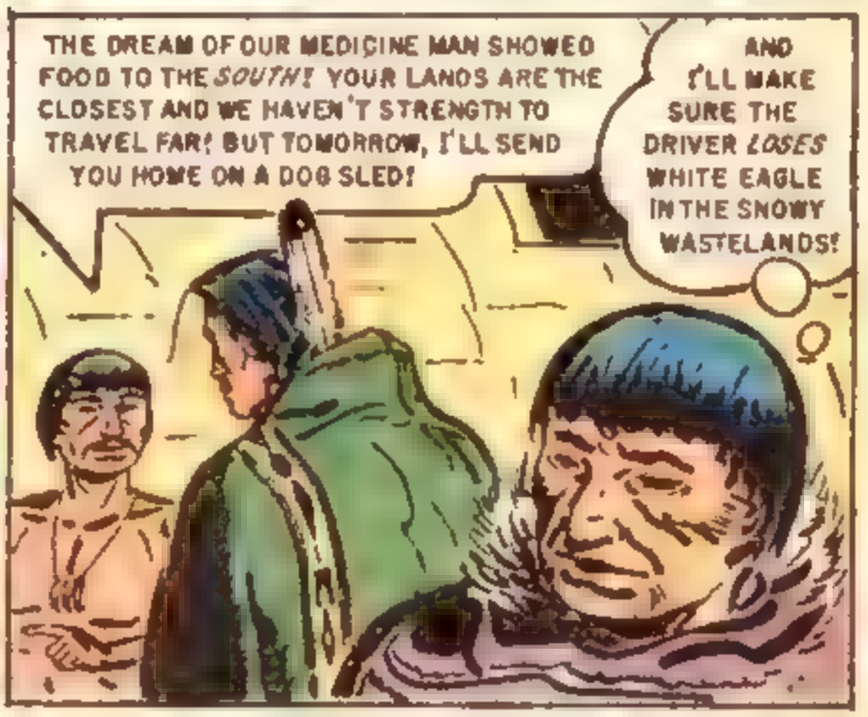




OWWW!


DROP IT!


MINUTES LATER...
THE ATTACKER WILL BE PUNISHED! I CAN NO LONGER HOLD MY PEOPLE IN CHECK! THEY SEE YOU AS STANDING BETWEEN THEM AND *FOOD!*
AGAIN, I OFFER TO LEAD THEM EAST!


THE DREAM OF OUR MEDICINE MAN SHOWED FOOD TO THE *SOUTH!* YOUR LANDS ARE THE CLOSEST AND WE HAVEN'T STRENGTH TO TRAVEL FAR! BUT TOMORROW, I'LL SEND YOU HOME ON A DOG SLED!
AND I'LL MAKE SURE THE DRIVER *LOSES* WHITE EAGLE IN THE SNOWY WASTELANDS!

THE NEXT MORNING THERE IS A SHARP EXCHANGE IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE SIOUX...

GET ON THE SLED, WILD HAWK!

NO, WHITE EAGLE! I FEAR *TREACHERY!* HE WILL DRIVE US TO SOME FAR-OFF PLACE AND LEAVE US!

[illegible] WILL TAKE HIS SOUTHWARD!

--I WILL GO HOME *ON MY OWN!*

VERY WELL, IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL ALONE---

---I THINK IT IS SAFER! AND IF I REACH CAMP AND FIND YOU ARE NOT THERE, I WILL AVENGE THE ESKIMOS' TREACHERY!

WELL ACTED, WILD HAWK! BY LATE NOON, WE WILL BE READY FOR YOU TO *LEAD US SOUTH!*

AND YOUR CHIEF---

---HE DOES NOT KNOW THE DRIVER OBEYS *ME!* THEY WILL BE LEFT TO DIE IN THE SNOW WHILE *YOU* HELP US COME UPON THE SIOUX *BY SURPRISE!*

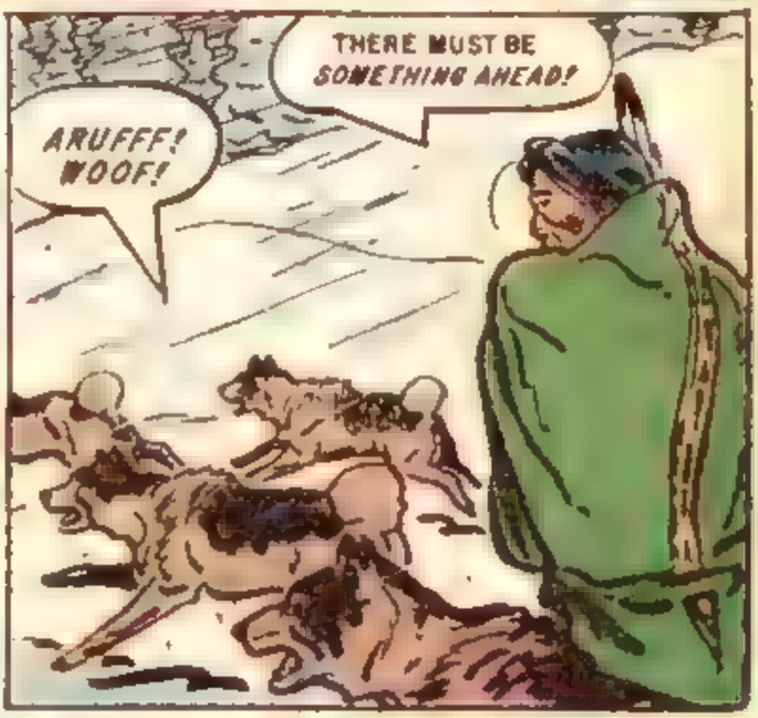
HIYA! HI!!!!
THIS IS A LOT EASIER THAN THE WAY WE CAME!
YES, RUNNING HORSE! THE ESKIMOS MUST BE WISE TRAVELERS TO FIND THEIR WAY WITHOUT LANDMARKS OR THE SUN TO
SOON, A HEAVY SNOW STARTS TO FALL STEADILY .
YOU CAN HARDLY SEE THE LEAD DOG NOW!
SINCE THE SNOW BEGAN I HAVEN'T HEARD THE DRIVER'S WHIP CRACK!
THE DOGS DON'T NEED ANY URGING--- THEY ARE RACING ON!
RUNNING HORSE--- HE'S GONE!

WILD HAWK WAS *RIGHT!* THE ESKIMOS HAVE DELIBERATELY TRIED TO LOSE US OUT HERE!
NOW WHICH WAY DO WE GO?
THE SAFEST THING WILL BE TO *BACKTRACK* TO THEIR CAMP!
NO USE--- THE SNOW HAS ALREADY *COVERED* OUR TRAIL!
WE CAN USE THESE! CUT THE DOGS' HARNESS! WE'LL TRY TO FIND OUR WAY ON FOOT!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
WH-WHITE EAGLE--- EVERYTHING GLARES LIKE A DOZEN SUNS! *I-I CAN'T SEE!*
COVER YOUR EYES! YOU ARE *SNOW BLIND!*

OUR COUSINS FROM THE NORTH HAVE OFTEN SPOKEN OF THIS! WHEN THEY TRAVEL OVER SNOW, THEY SMEAR PAINT UNDER THEIR EYES! OUR WAR PAINT SHOULD DO NOW!

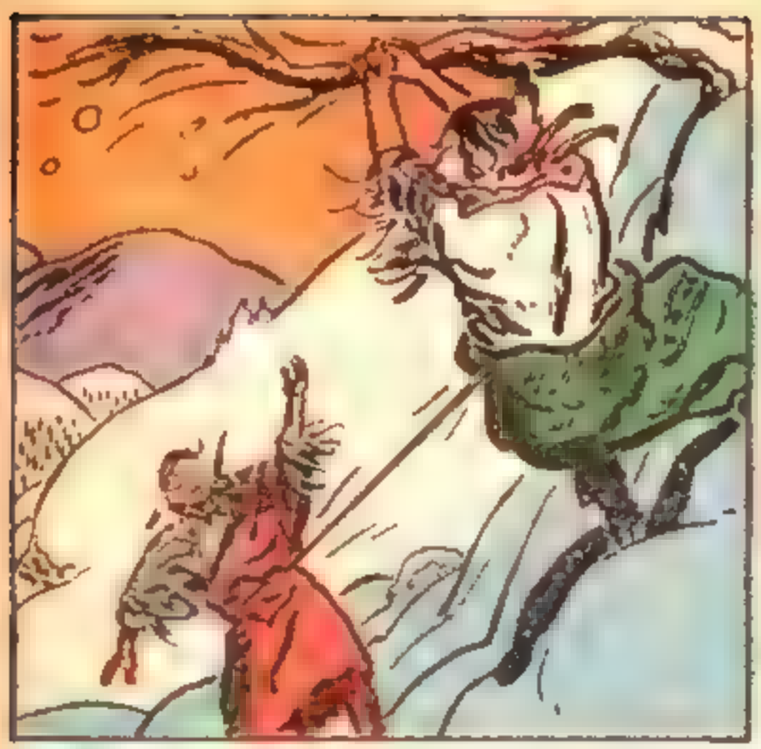
I'LL ONLY *SLOW* YOU THIS WAY!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON! I'LL LEAD YOU BY A ROPE, JUST KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED!

FOR HOURS, THEY STUMBLE ON THROUGH THE DEEP, SOFT DRIFTS ..
NO FOOD --- NO LANDMARKS --- WE'RE HOPELESSLY *LOST!*


THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING AHEAD!*
ARUFFF! WOOF!

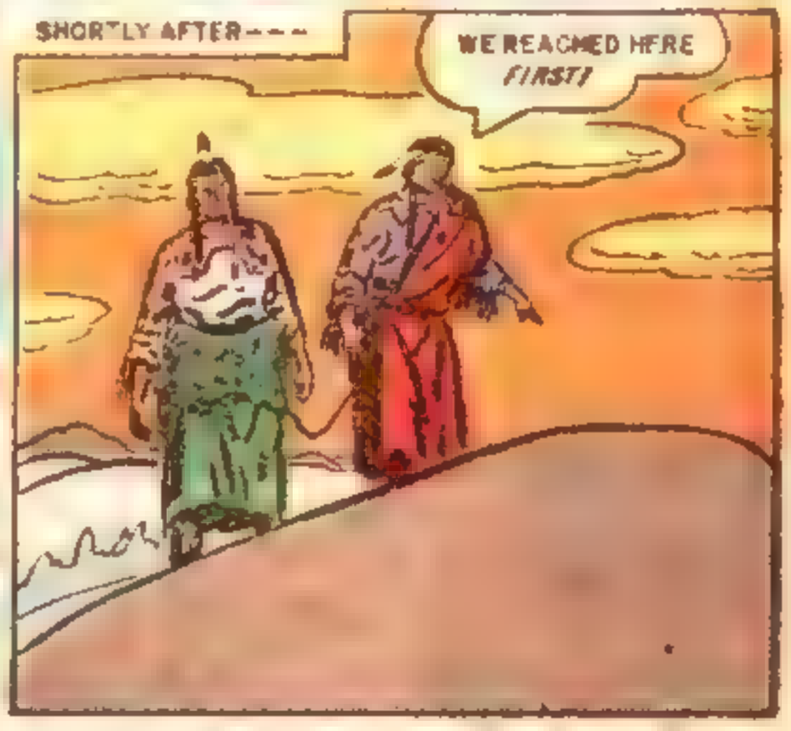
WE'VE FOUND OUR WAY BACK, BUT THE ESKIMO CAMP IS *DESERTED!*

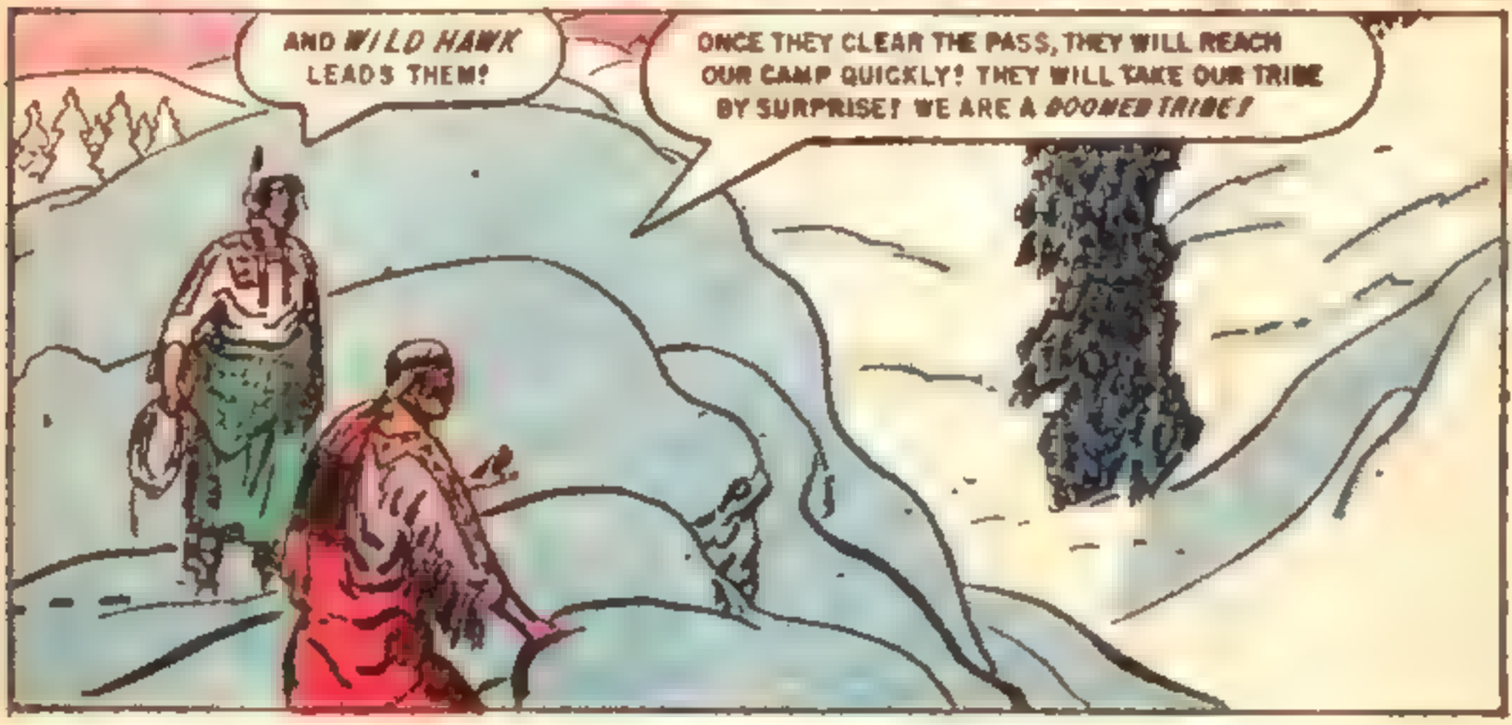
EVEN WITH MY STINGING EYES, I CAN SEE THEIR TRACK HEADS TOWARD *OUR* LANDS!
THE SNOW FALL HAS NOT BURIED THEIR DEEP TRAIL YET! IT MUST BE *RECENT!*
SOON...
WHITE EAGLE, THEY ARE HEADING FOR [redacted] THE *VALLEY GAP*—
—THE EASIEST WAY TO *SURPRISE* OUR PEOPLE! BUT HOW WOULD THE ESKIMOS KNOW ABOUT IT UNLESS *WILD HAWK* TOLD THEM?
HE COULDN'T HAVE *BETRAYED* US—
WE WILL KNOW IF WE REACH THE GAP *BEFORE* THEM!
CROSS-COUNTRY THEY PLOD IN A GRIM RACE WITH TIME...
NOW THE SNOW HAS STOPPED AND THE SUN SETS, MY EYES ARE FINE!
YOU'LL NEED YOUR SIGHT! TO SAVE TIME, WE HAVE TO CLIMB THAT MOUNTAIN OF *ICE!*
UP THE ICY MOUNTAIN THEY MAKE THEIR PERILOUS WAY, SEEKING A FOOTHOLD EVERY INCH UP THE STEEP SLOPE...
WHITE EAGLE!



MY FOOT HOLDS---
START UP SLOWLY!

STILL A LONG WAY TO THE TOP!
BUT ONCE THERE, WE'LL OVERLOOK THE GAP!


SHORTLY AFTER---
WE REACHED HERE *FIRST!*


AND *WILD HAWK* LEADS THEM!
ONCE THEY CLEAR THE PASS, THEY WILL REACH OUR CAMP QUICKLY! THEY WILL TAKE OUR TRIBE BY SURPRISE! WE ARE A *DOOMED TRIBE!*

QUICKLY! IF WE CAN START A *SNOWSLIDE*, WE MAY BE ABLE TO BLOCK THE PASS AND PREVENT THE SURPRISE ATTACK!

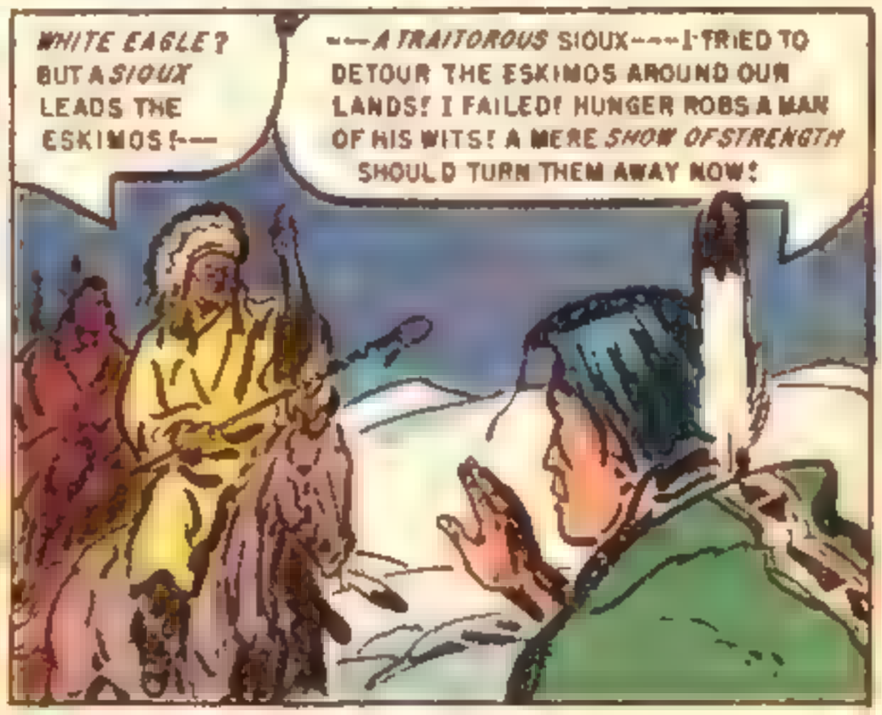
DESPERATELY, THE TWO SIOUX ROLL THE GIANT BOULDER OF SNOW DOWNHILL...

BACK!

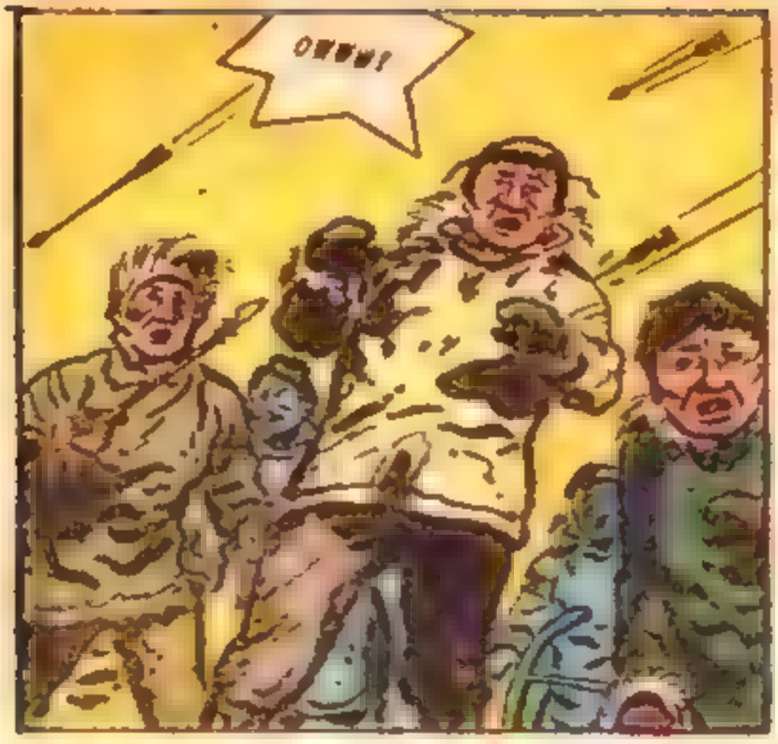
THEN THE LOOSENED SNOW ON THE STEEP SLOPE THUNDERS DOWN---

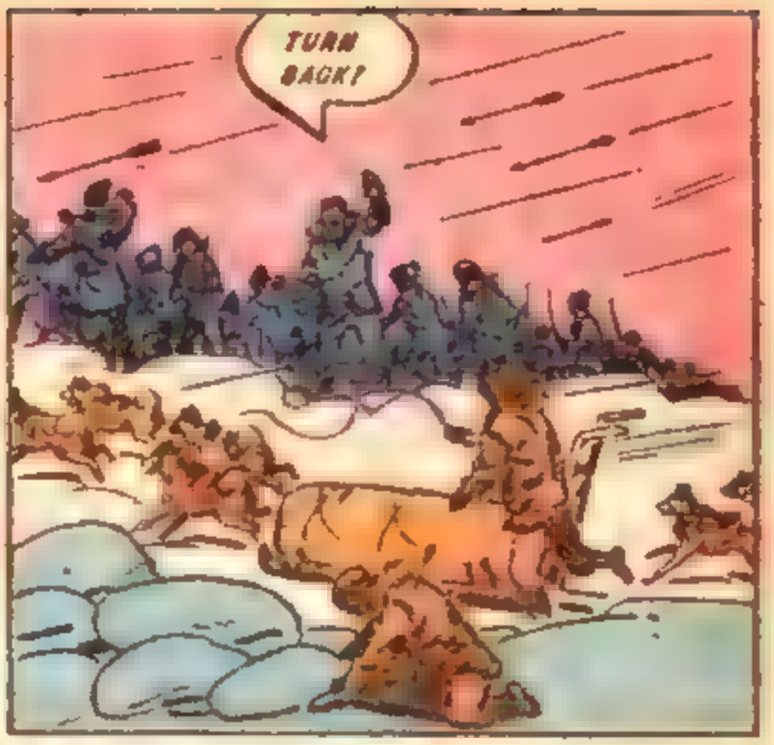
BY THE TIME THEY WORK THEIR SLEDS OVER THAT, WE CAN *ALERT* OUR CAMP!

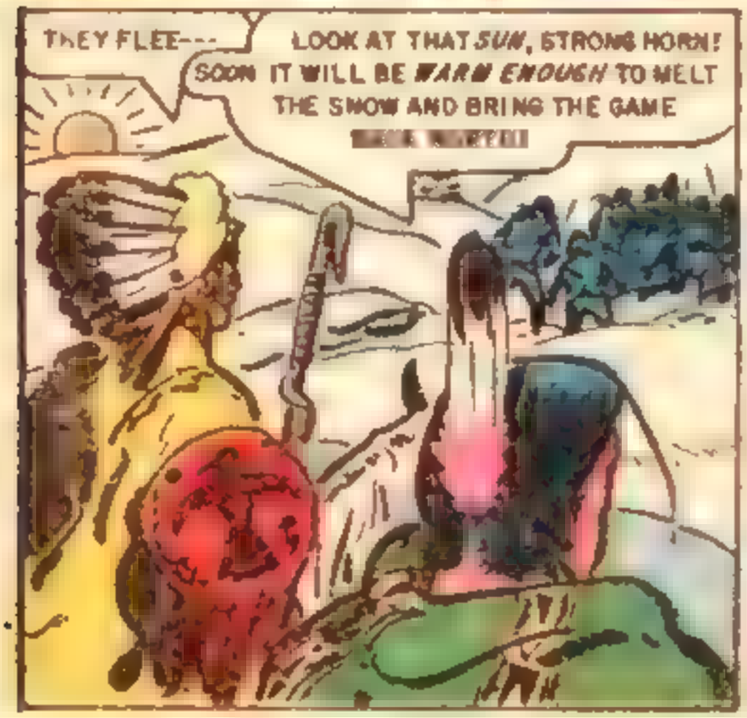
YES, STRONG HORN, OUR SCOUT IS SURE HE SAW A SIOUX BRAVE LEADING THE ESKIMOS SOUTH!
THEN WHITE EAGLE IS THEIR ALLY! I HAVE KEPT MY WORD! THE MOON IS FULL—— WE STRIKE THE SIOUX TONIGHT!

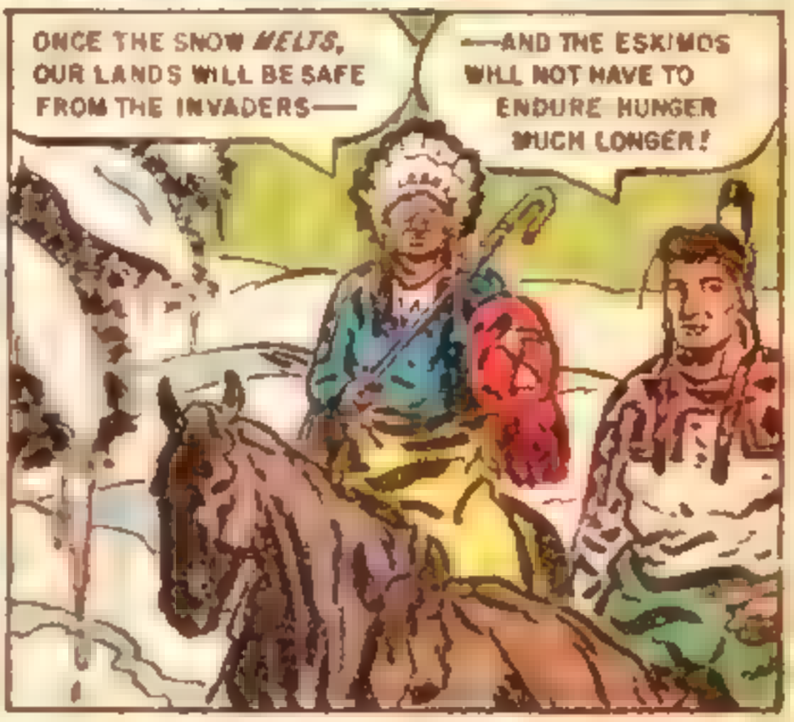

WHITE EAGLE? BUT A SIOUX LEADS THE ESKIMOS!—
—A TRAITOROUS SIOUX—I TRIED TO DETOUR THE ESKIMOS AROUND OUR LANDS! I FAILED! HUNGER ROBS A MAN OF HIS WITS! A MERE SHOW OF STRENGTH SHOULD TURN THEM AWAY NOW!

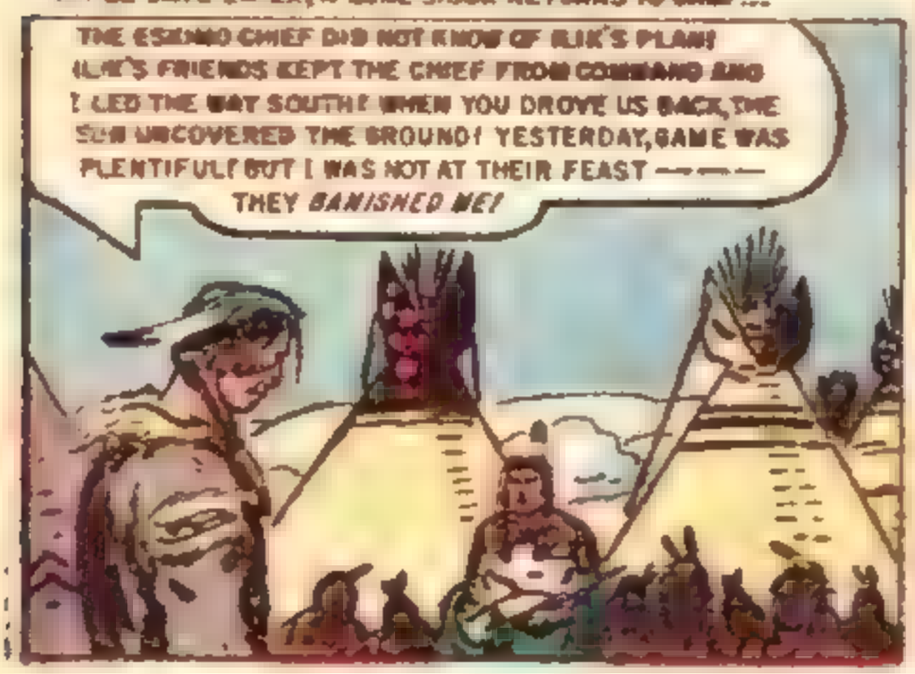
A FEW HOURS LATER, NEAR DAWN, AS THE ESKIMOS START OVER THE SNOW BLOCKADE, SUDDENLY...

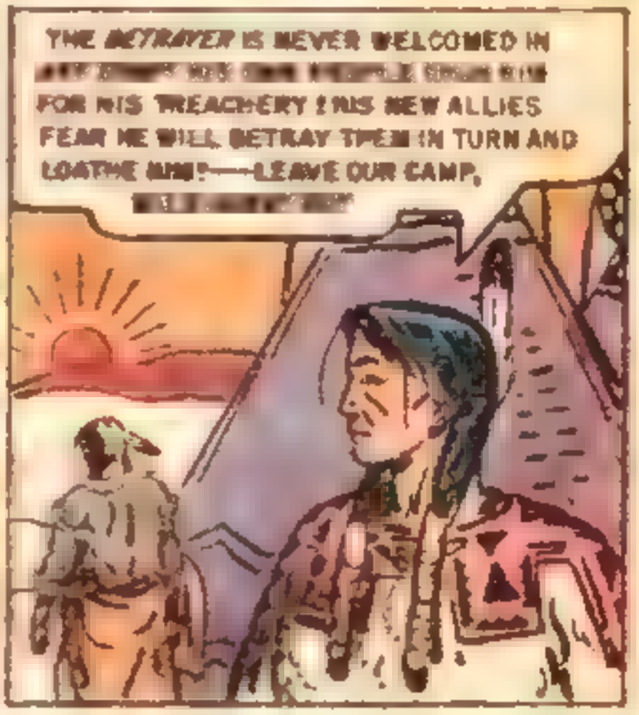

OWWW!


TURN BACK!


THEY FLEE---
LOOK AT THAT *SUN*, STRONG HORN! SOON IT WILL BE *WARM ENOUGH* TO MELT THE SNOW AND BRING THE GAME

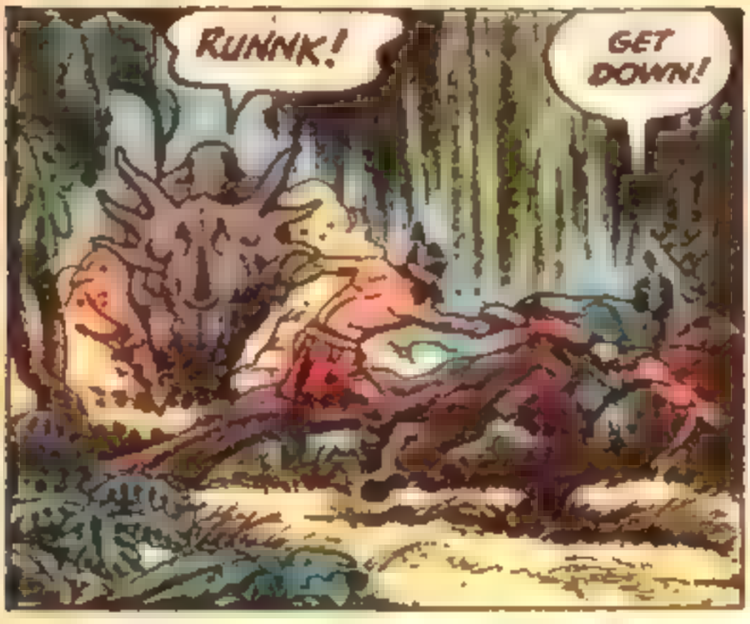

ONCE THE SNOW *MELTS*, OUR LANDS WILL BE SAFE FROM THE INVADERS—
—AND THE ESKIMOS WILL NOT HAVE TO ENDURE HUNGER MUCH LONGER!

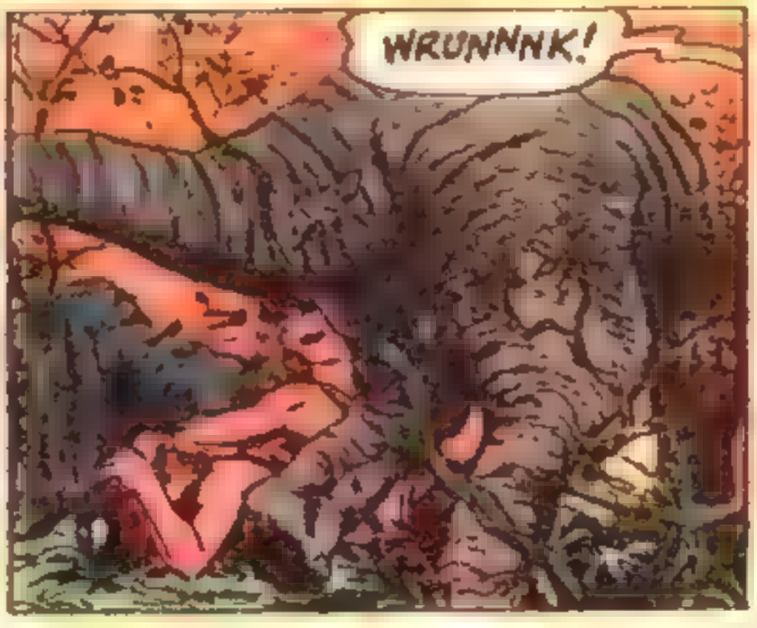

THREE DAYS LATER, A LONE SIOUX RETURNS TO CAMP...
THE ESKIMO CHIEF DID NOT KNOW OF ELIK'S PLAN! ELIK'S FRIENDS KEPT THE CHIEF FROM COMMAND AND I LED THE WAY SOUTH! WHEN YOU DROVE US BACK, THE SUN UNCOVERED THE GROUND! YESTERDAY, GAME WAS PLENTIFUL! BUT I WAS NOT AT THEIR FEAST ——— THEY *BANISHED ME!*

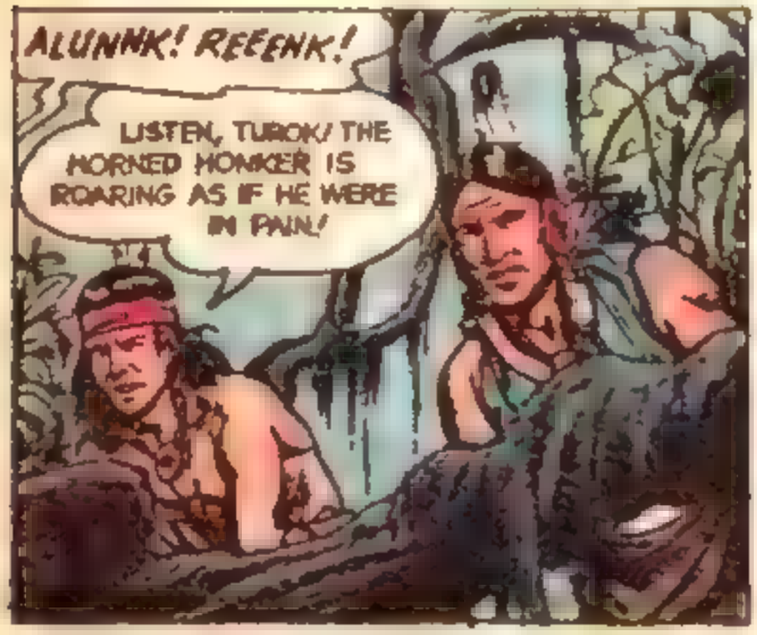

THE *BETRAYER* IS NEVER WELCOMED IN
FOR HIS TREACHERY! HIS NEW ALLIES FEAR HE WILL BETRAY THEM IN TURN AND LOATHE HIM!——LEAVE OUR CAMP,

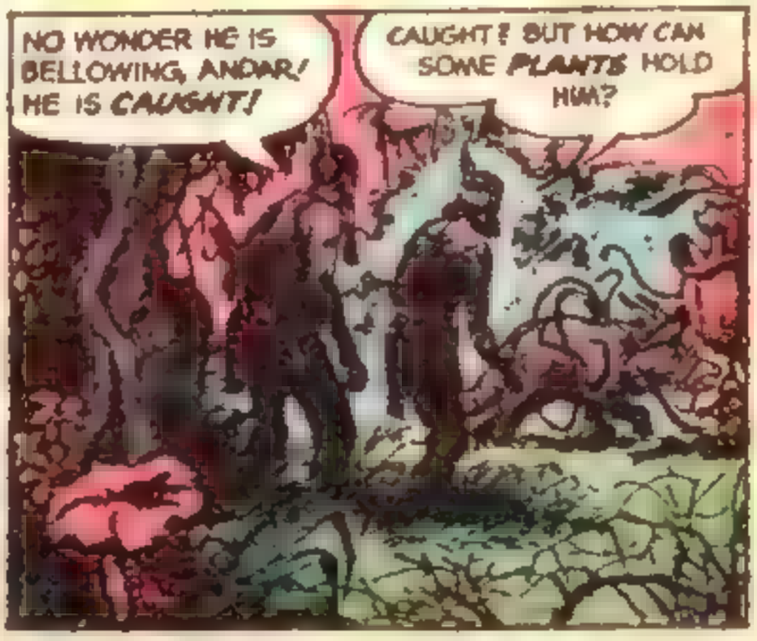
TUROK SON OF STONE

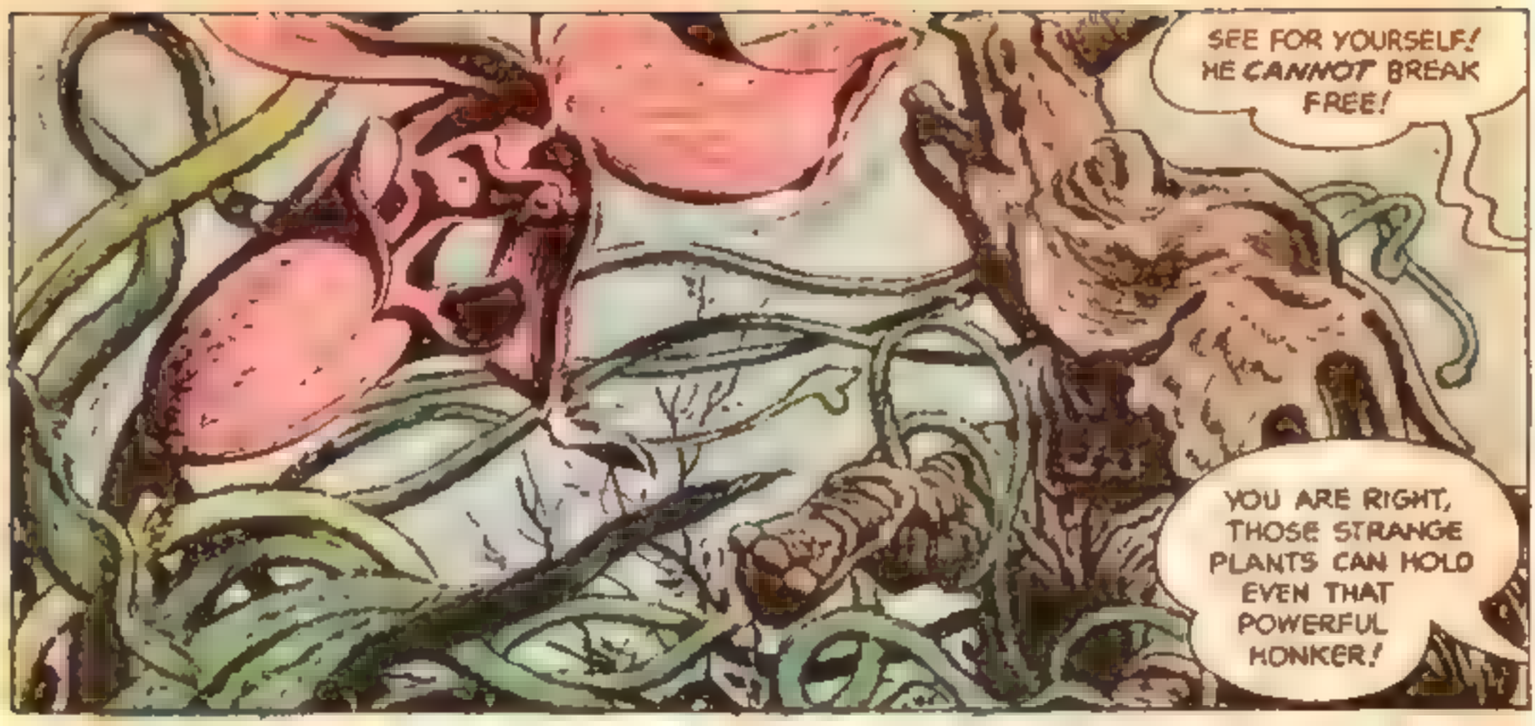
The DEADLY JUNGLE

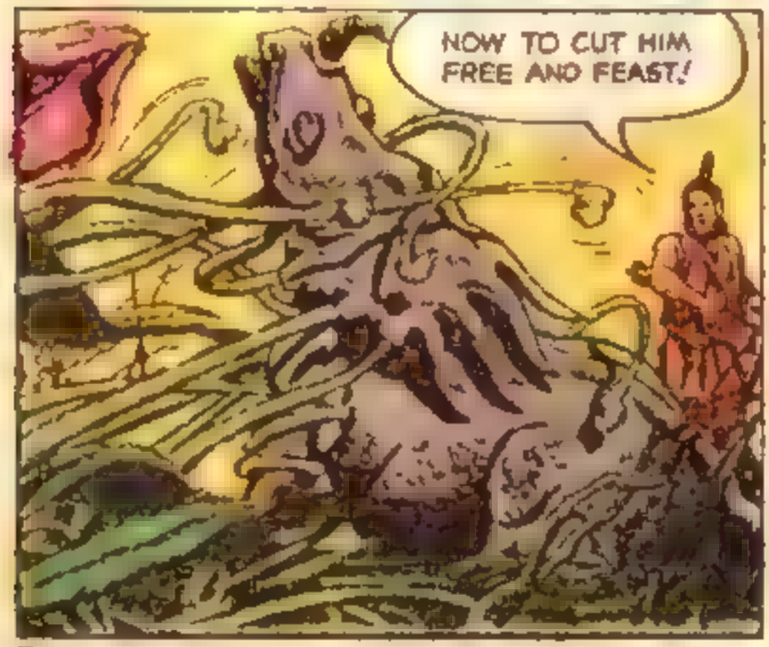




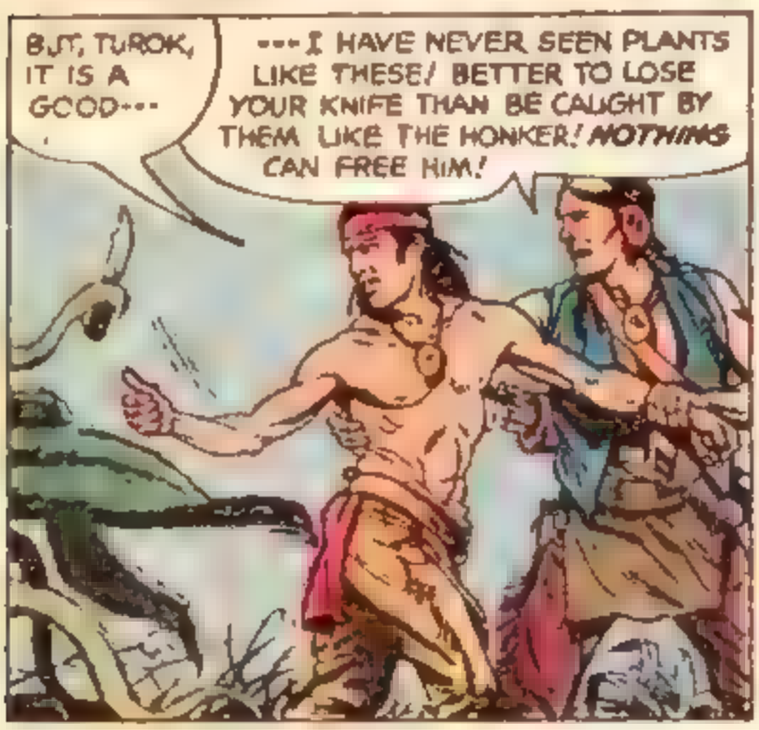




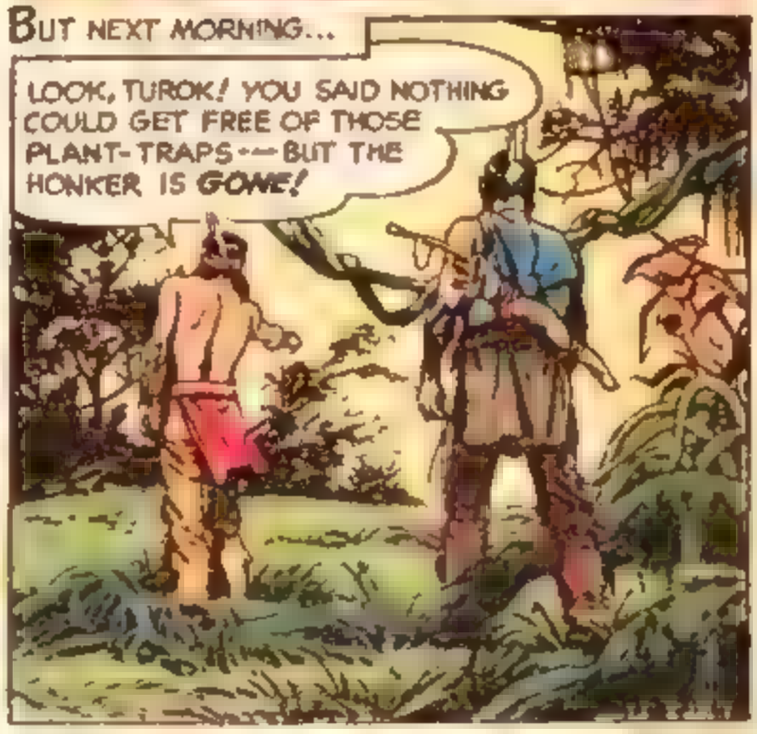




FIRING AN ARROW, TUROK KILLS THE HELPLESS STYRACOSAURUS...


BUT, TUROK, IT IS A GOOD---
---I HAVE NEVER SEEN PLANTS LIKE THESE! BETTER TO LOSE YOUR KNIFE THAN BE CAUGHT BY THEM LIKE THE HONKER! NOTHING CAN FREE HIM!

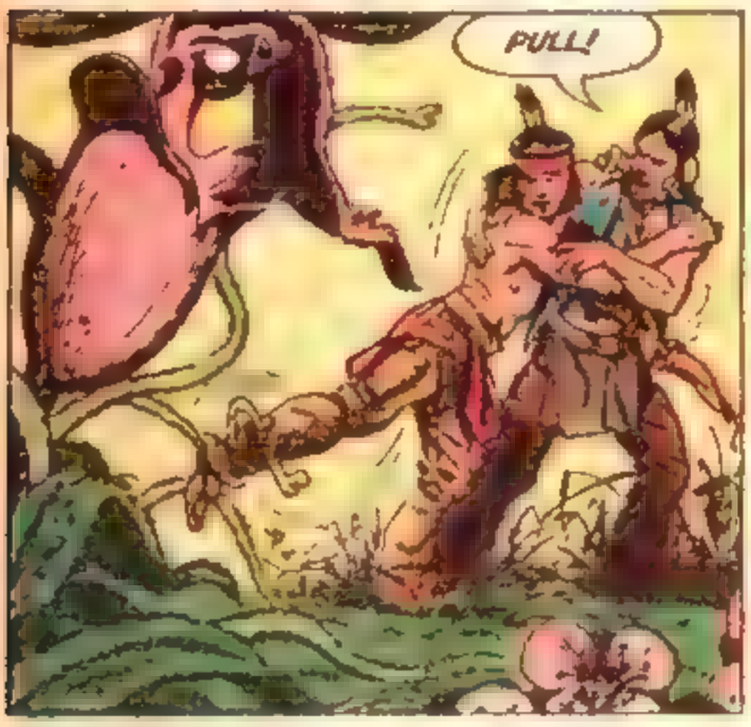
BUT NEXT MORNING...

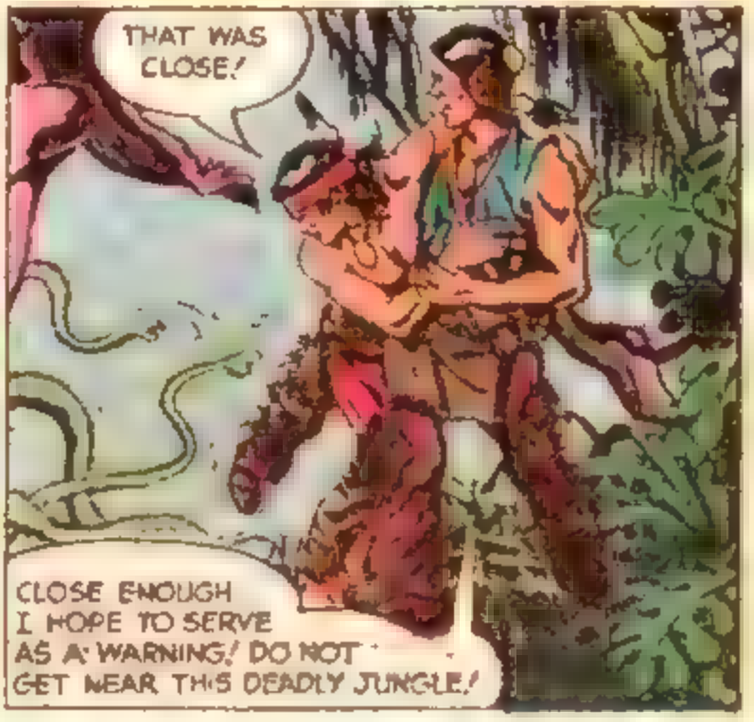


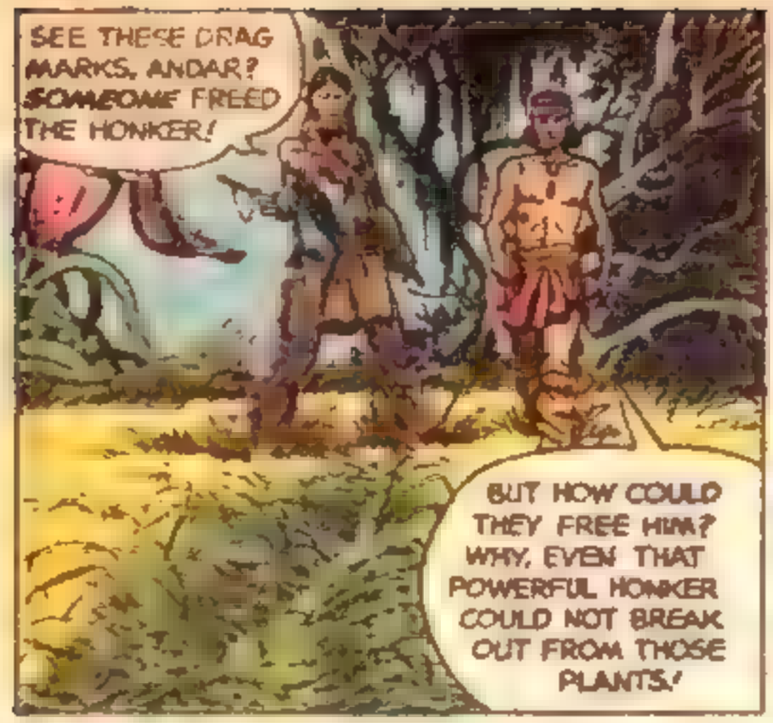
IT CANNOT HAVE DISAPPEARED!
THEN SHOW ME WHERE IT IS!

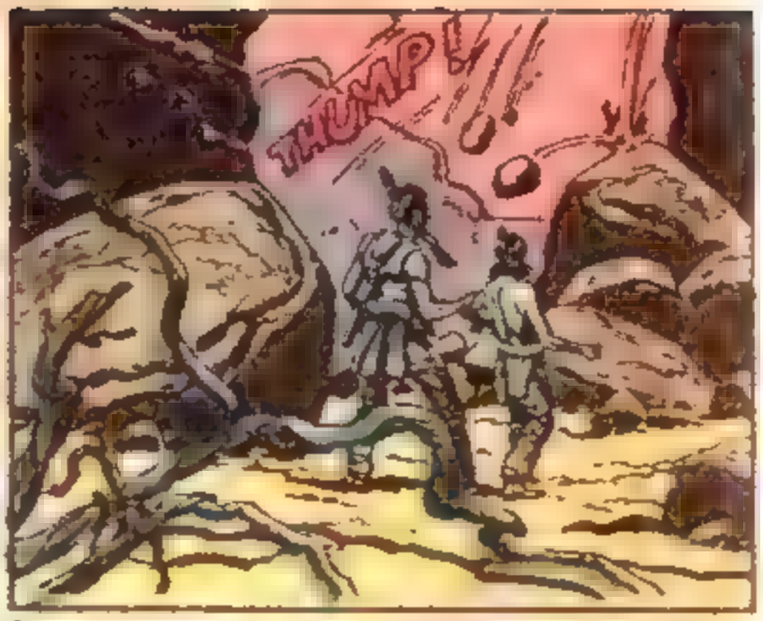
NO... NOT A SIGN OF THAT BIG HONKER HERE!

TUROK, MY FOOT IS CAUGHT!


PULL!

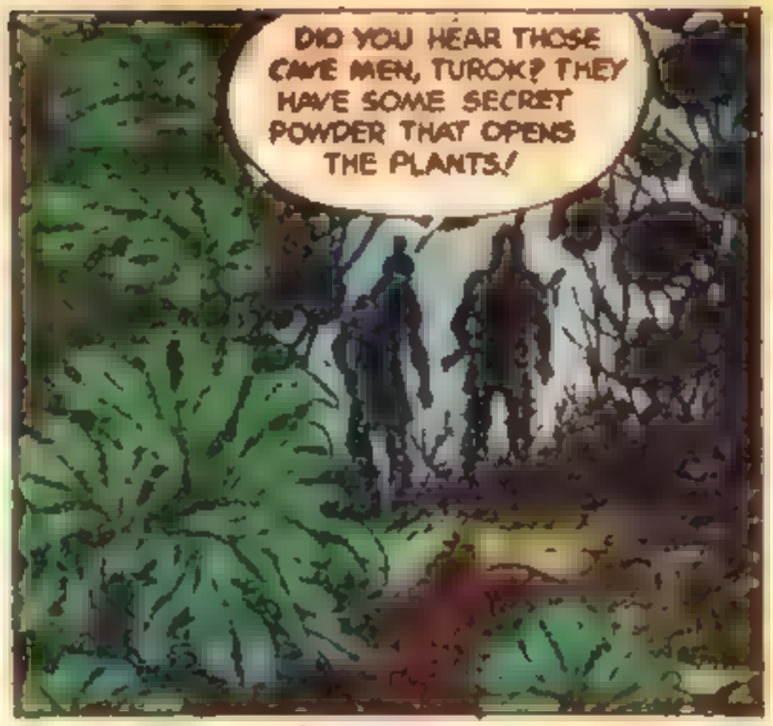

THAT WAS CLOSE!
CLOSE ENOUGH I HOPE TO SERVE AS A WARNING! DO NOT GET NEAR THIS DEADLY JUNGLE!


SEE THESE DRAG MARKS, ANDAR? SOMEONE FREED THE HONKER!
BUT HOW COULD THEY FREE HIM? WHY, EVEN THAT POWERFUL HONKER COULD NOT BREAK OUT FROM THOSE PLANTS!



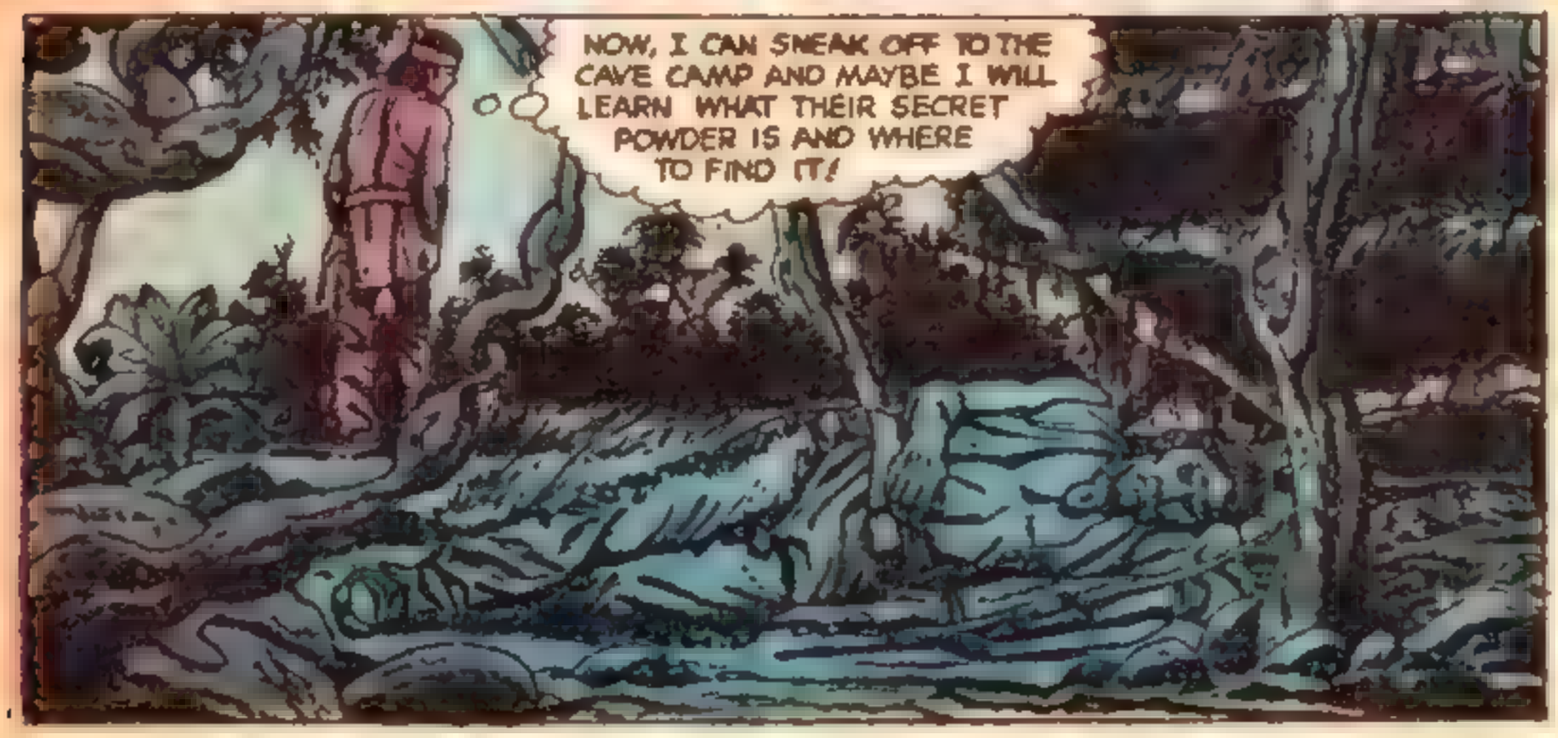
QUICKLY, TUROK AND ANDAR FOLLOW THE DRAG MARKS AWAY FROM THE FANTASTIC PLANT-TRAPS, UNTIL SUDDENLY...

RUN!
TUMP!

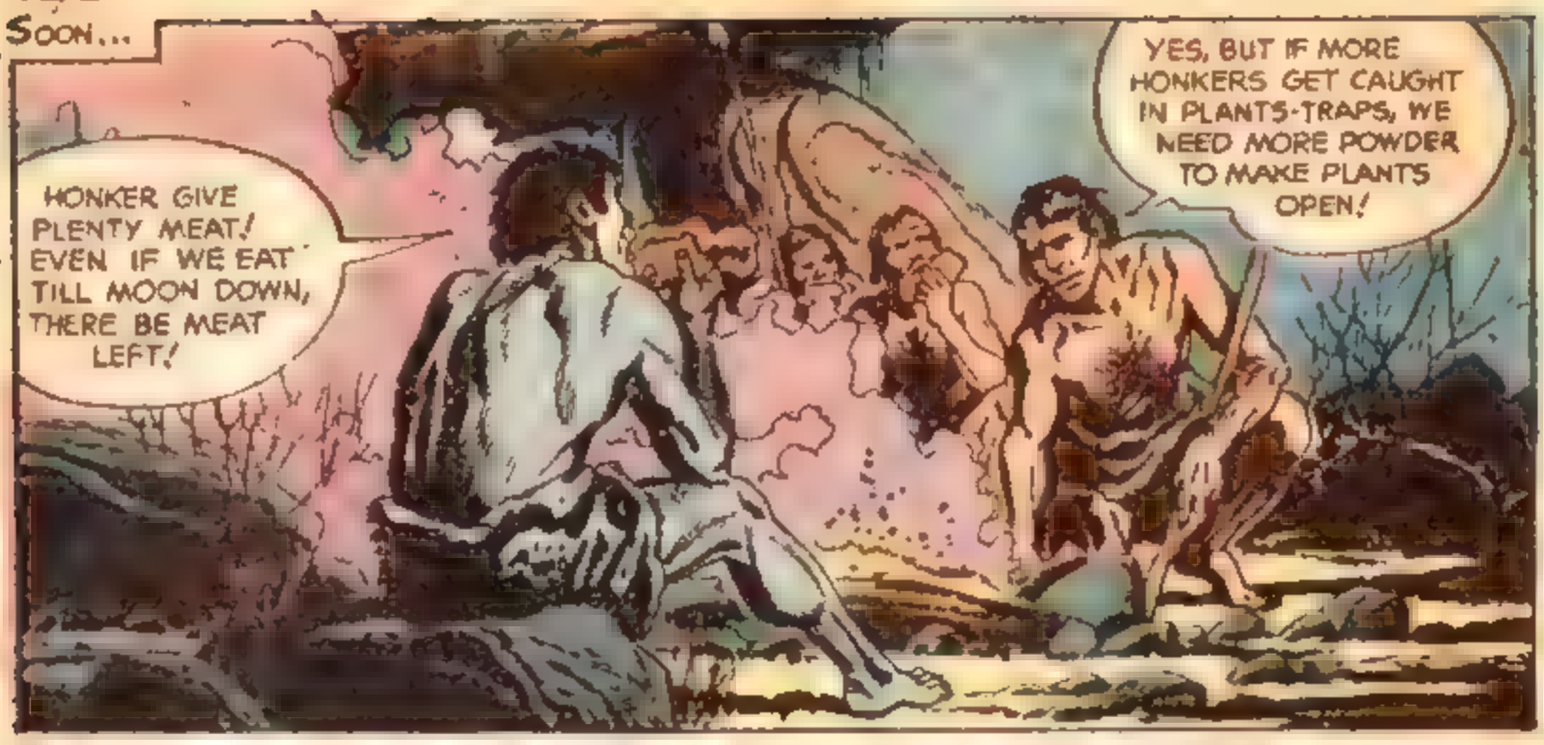

DID YOU HEAR THOSE CAVE MEN, TUROK? THEY HAVE SOME SECRET POWDER THAT OPENS THE PLANTS!

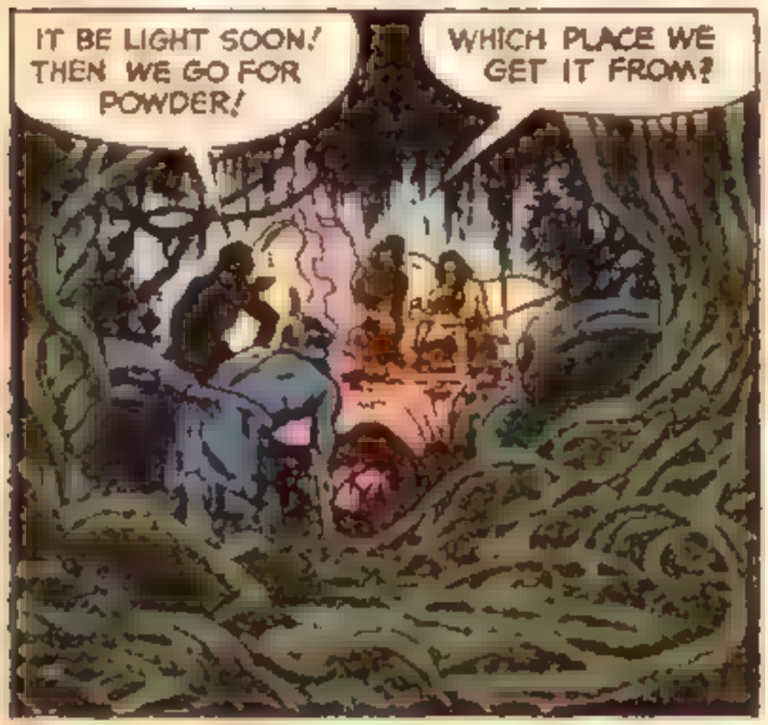
YES, BUT IT IS A SECRET THEY OBVIOUSLY DO NOT WANT TO SHARE WITH US! SO DO NOT TRY TO LEARN IT, ANDAR!

VERY LATE THAT NIGHT...
AT LAST! EVERY TIME I HAVE TRIED TO GET UP, TUROK HAS STIRRED AND ALMOST AWAKENED!


NOW, I CAN SNEAK OFF TO THE CAVE CAMP AND MAYBE I WILL LEARN WHAT THEIR SECRET POWDER IS AND WHERE TO FIND IT!

Soon...


HONKER GIVE PLENTY MEAT! EVEN IF WE EAT TILL MOON DOWN, THERE BE MEAT LEFT!
YES, BUT IF MORE HONKERS GET CAUGHT IN PLANTS-TRAPS, WE NEED MORE POWDER TO MAKE PLANTS OPEN!

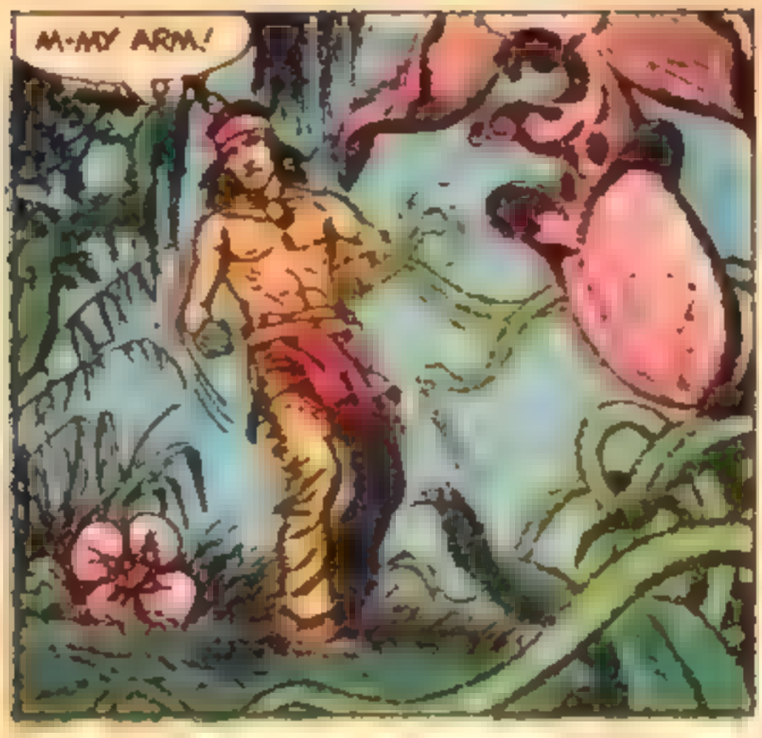

IT BE LIGHT SOON! THEN WE GO FOR POWDER!
WHICH PLACE WE GET IT FROM?

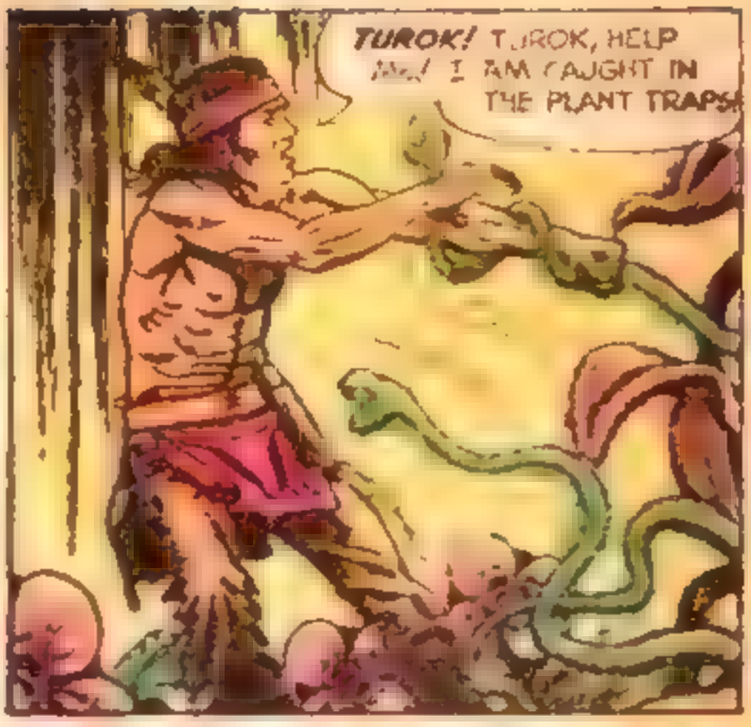
GO TO SAFER PLACE! IT LONGER WALK, BUT EASIER GET POWDER THERE!

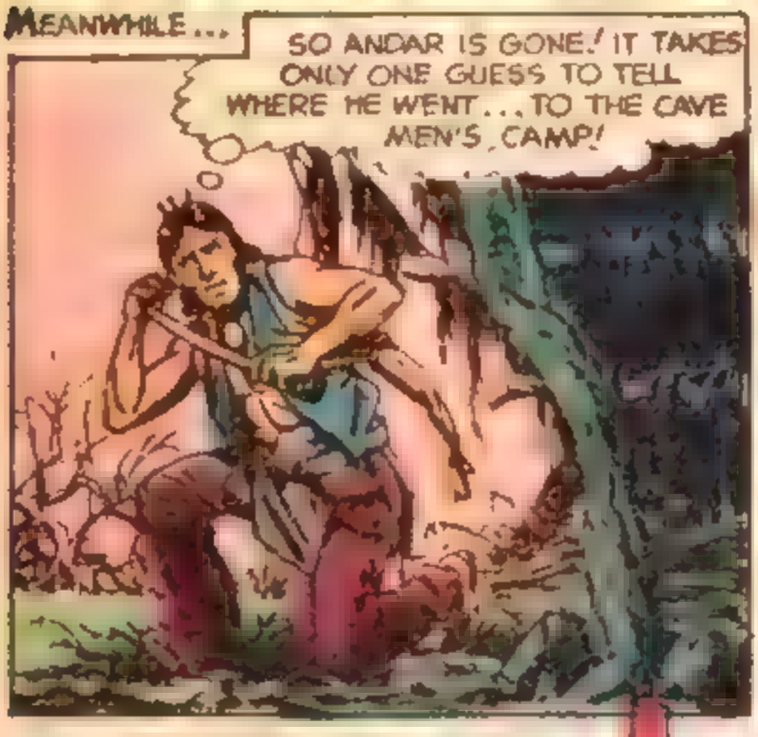
EAT ENOUGH!

OWW!
SOMEONE THERE! GET HIM!

FOR OVER AN HOUR, ANDAR RUNS IN PANIC, CIRCLING, DOUBLING BACK, BUT THE CAVE MEN KEEP AFTER HIM, AS DAWN BREAKS...


M-MY ARM!


TUROK! TUROK, HELP ME! I AM CAUGHT IN THE PLANT TRAPS!


MEANWHILE...
SO ANDAR IS GONE! IT TAKES ONLY ONE GUESS TO TELL WHERE HE WENT...TO THE CAVE MEN'S CAMP!

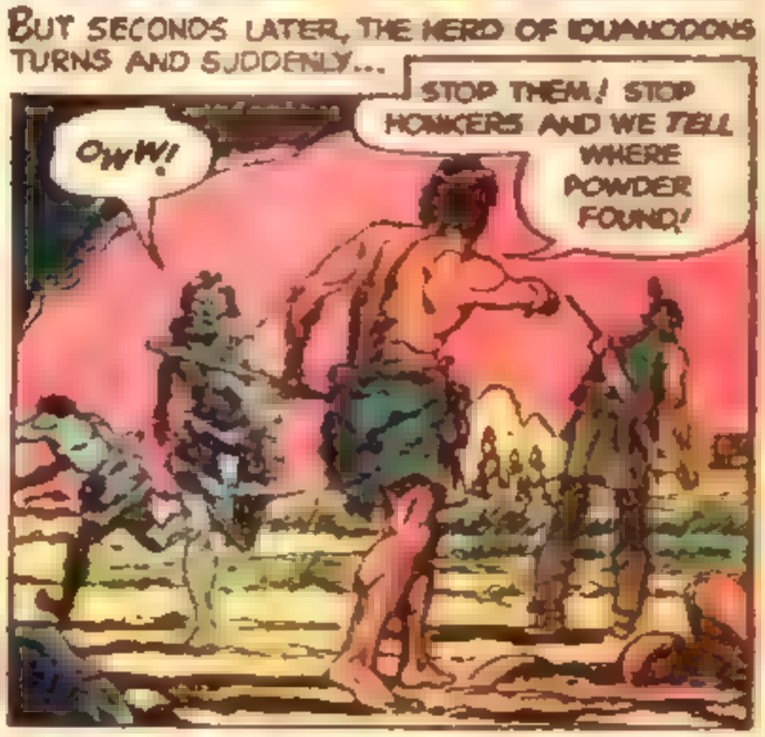
TUROK...

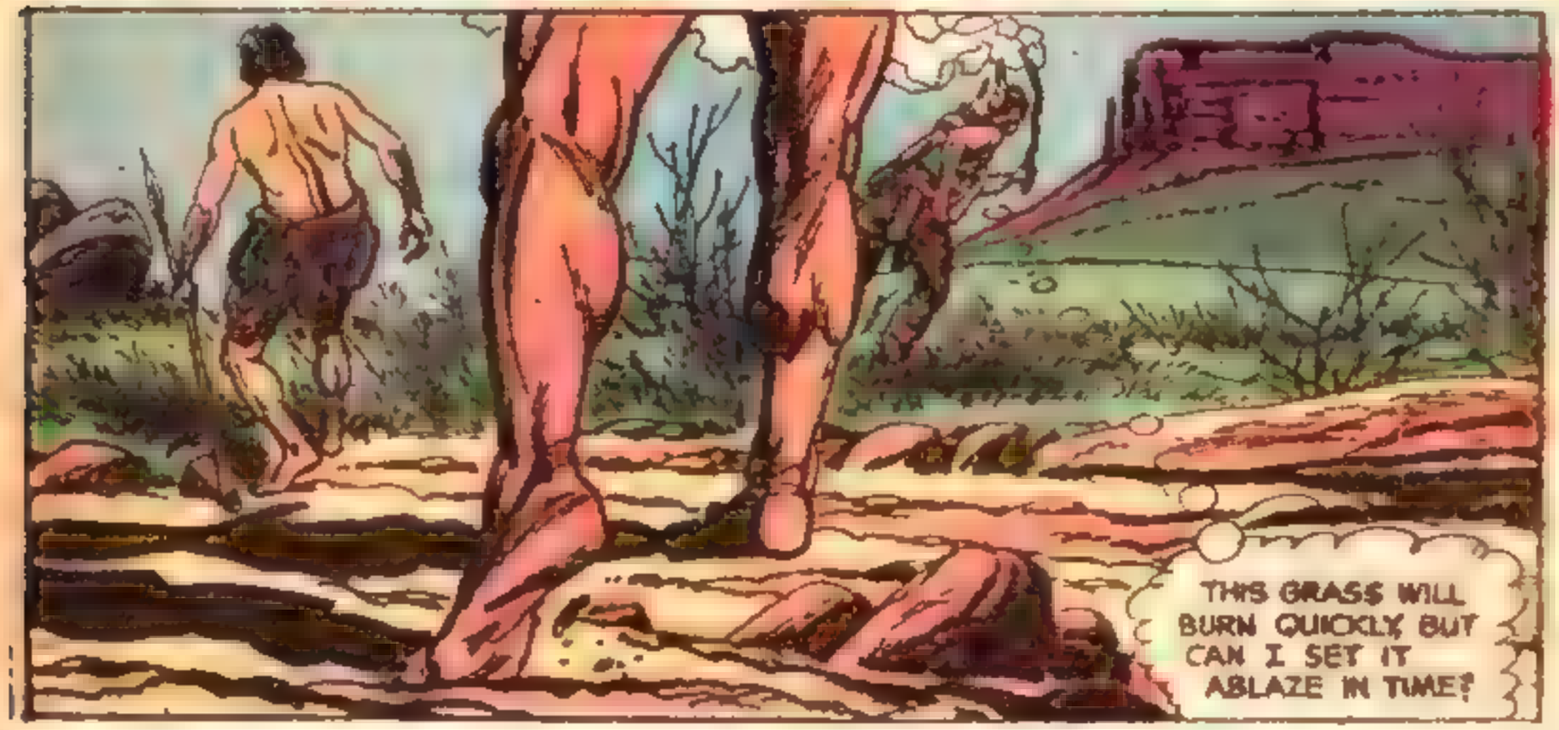
MINUTES LATER...
ANDAR, NOW---
---I CANNOT GET FREE! SLOWLY, THE PLANTS ARE CLOSING AROUND ME!

BUT I HEARD THE CAVE MEN SAY THERE ARE TWO PLACES TO FIND THE SECRET POWDER THAT OPENS THESE PLANTS!
I WILL ASK THEM WHERE--- AND I WILL NOT LET THEM REFUSE TO TELL ME!

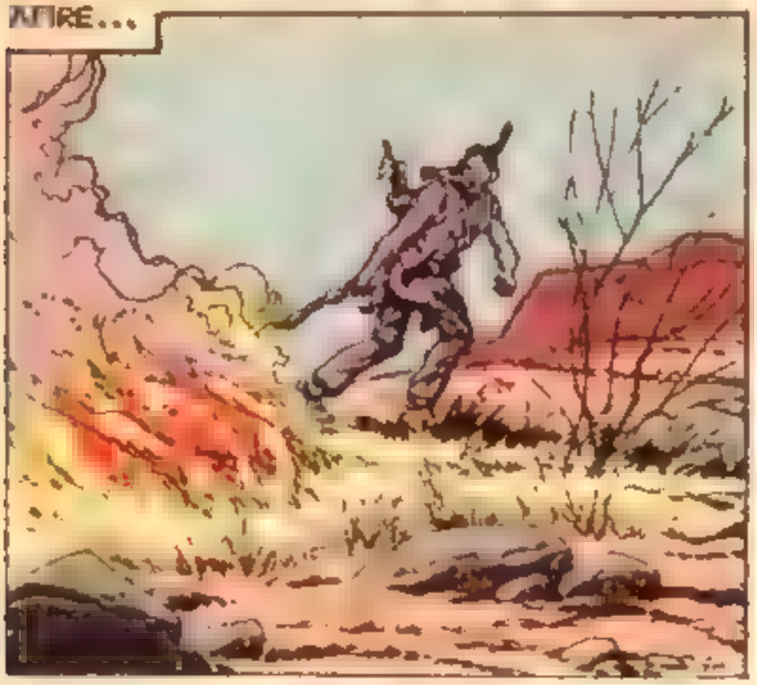
MINUTES LATER...
MY FRIEND IS CAUGHT BY THE PLANTS! GIVE ME SOME OF THE POWDER THAT WILL OPEN THEM!
NO! WE HAVE NO POWDER LEFT! AND NOT TELL WHERE TO FIND IT!

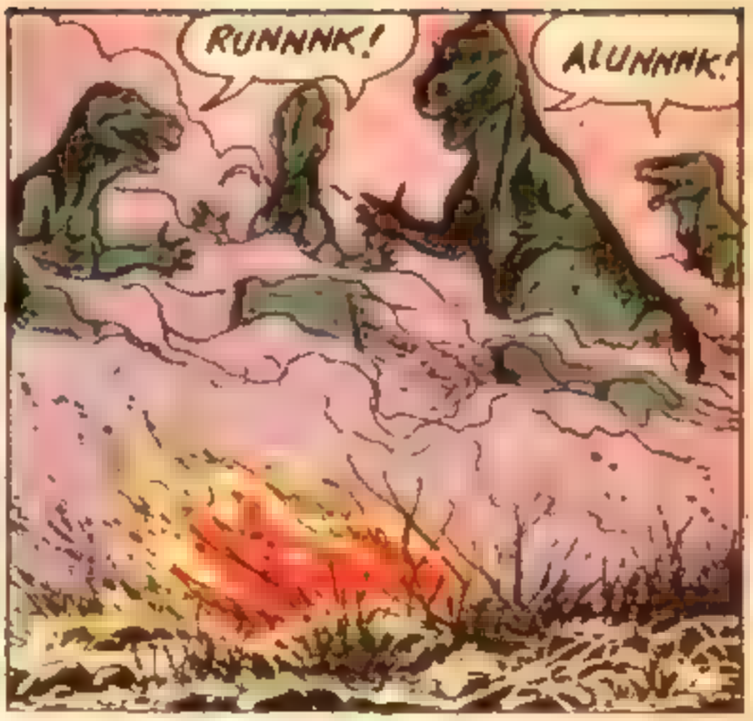
LOOK! THE SPIKE-THUMBED HONKERS COME! TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE POWDER AND I WILL DRIVE THEM OFF!
NOT TELL! HONKER NOT PASS THIS WAY!


BUT SECONDS LATER, THE HERD OF IGUANODONS TURNS AND SUDDENLY...
OWW!
STOP THEM! STOP HONKERS AND WE TELL WHERE POWDER FOUND!


THIS GRASS WILL BURN QUICKLY, BUT CAN I SET IT ABLAZE IN TIME?

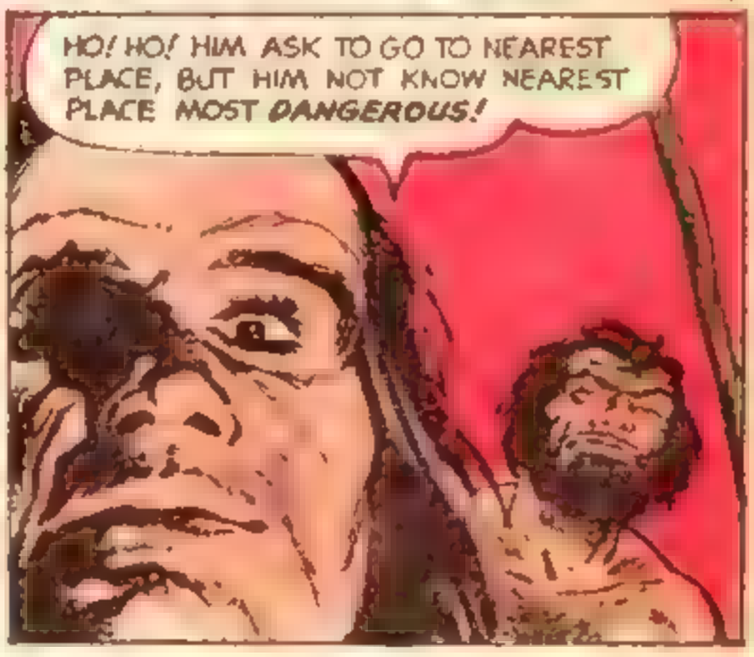
WITH DESPERATE SPEED TUROK SET THE GRASS AFIRE...





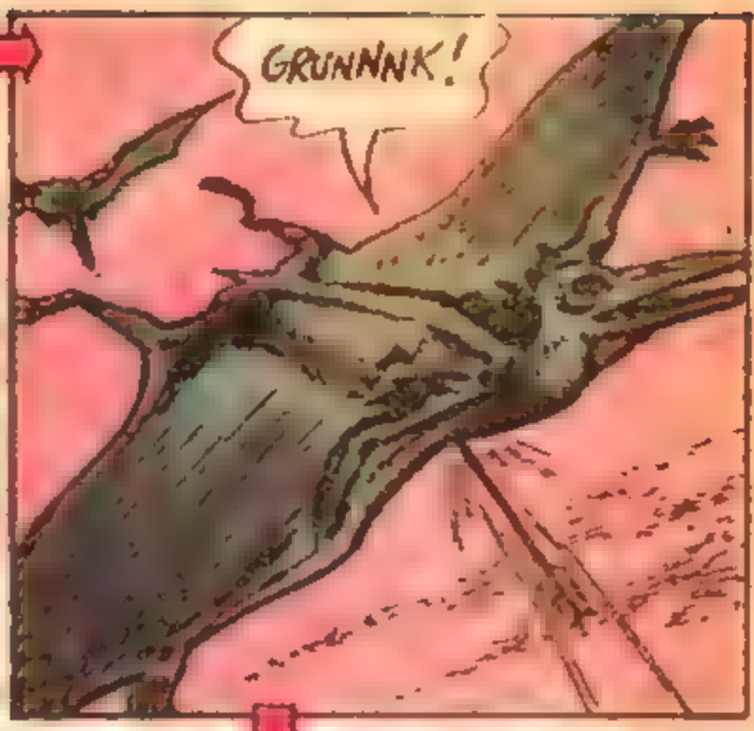
THE FIRE WILL BURN OUT HARMLESSLY! NOW THE HONKERS ARE FLEEING, TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE POWDER!
IT MADE FROM SEEDS OF RED PLANT!

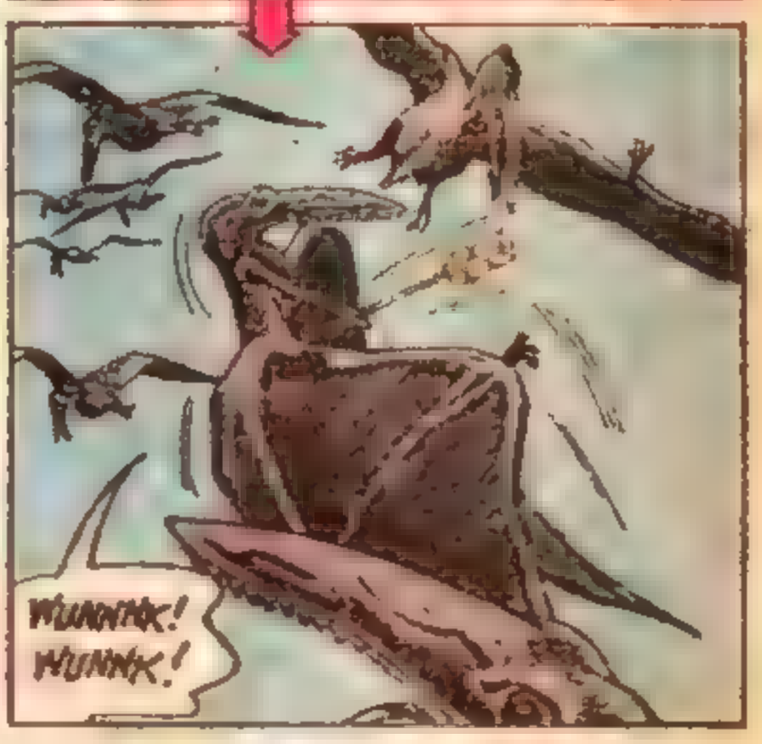
QUICKLY, THE CAVE MEN TELL TUROK HOW TO REACH THE NEAREST RED PLANTS AND HE RUSHES OFF...

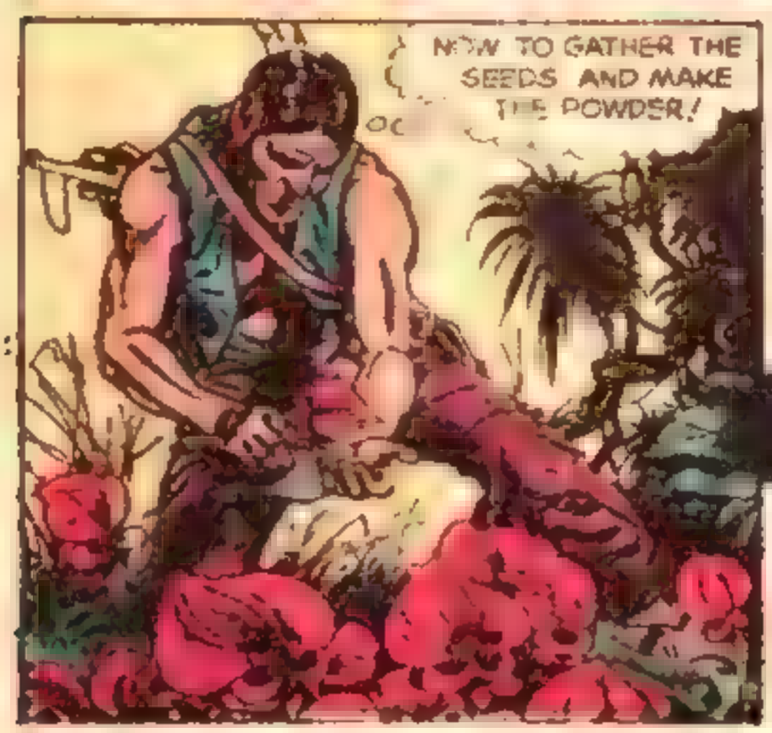


MINUTES LATER...
THOSE MUST BE THE CLIFFS, WHERE THE RED FLOWERS GROW!
LUCKILY, THIS IS EASY CLIMBING!
HE DID NOT LIE! NOW TO GET THE SEEDS FROM THOSE RED FLOWERS!
QUACCCCK! WHAAACK!
GRUACCK! WRAACK!
BUT THEY DID NOT WARN ME---TOOTHED FLYING HONKERS ROOST BY THE RED FLOWERS!

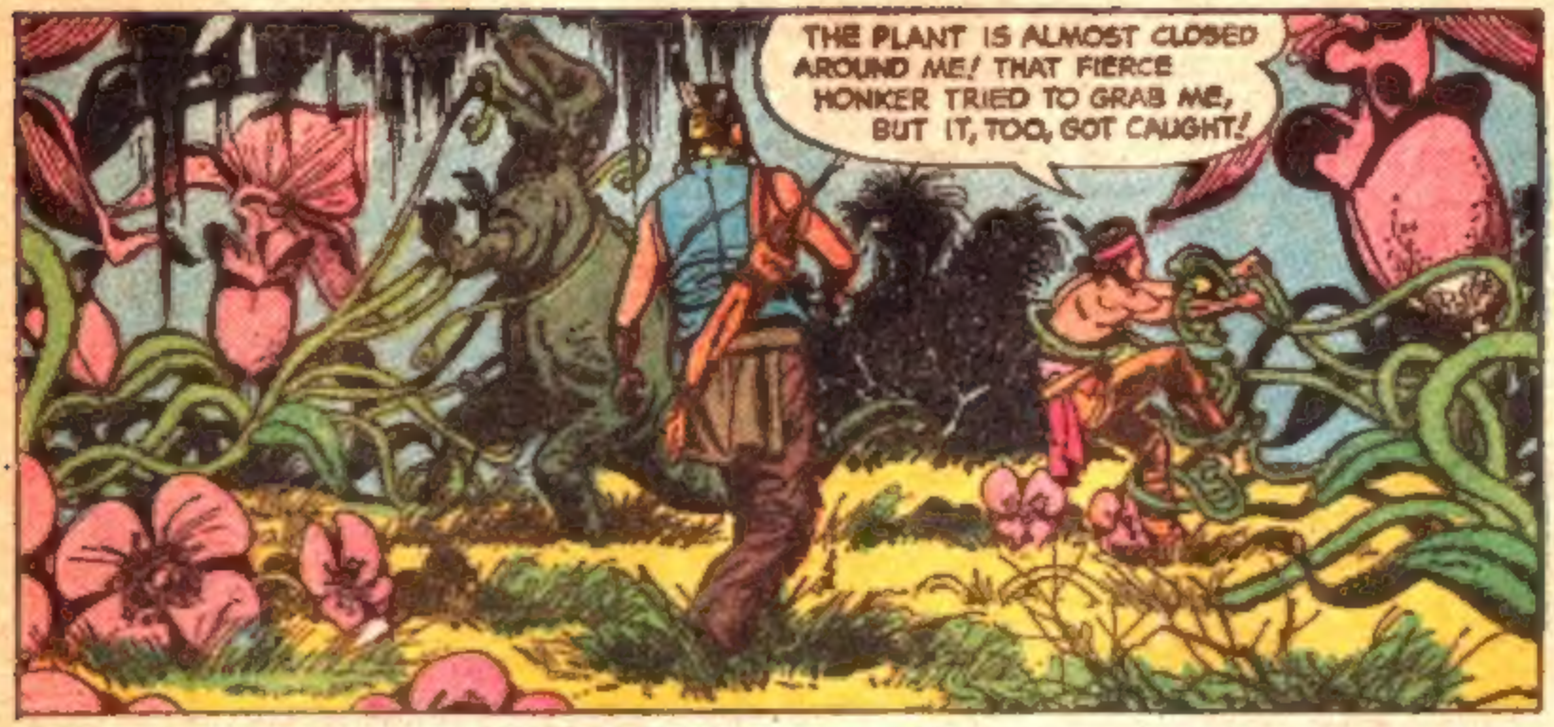
MAYBE THIS WILL SEND THEM OFF!


GRUNNNK!


WUNNNK! WUNNK!


NOW TO GATHER THE SEEDS AND MAKE THE POWDER!

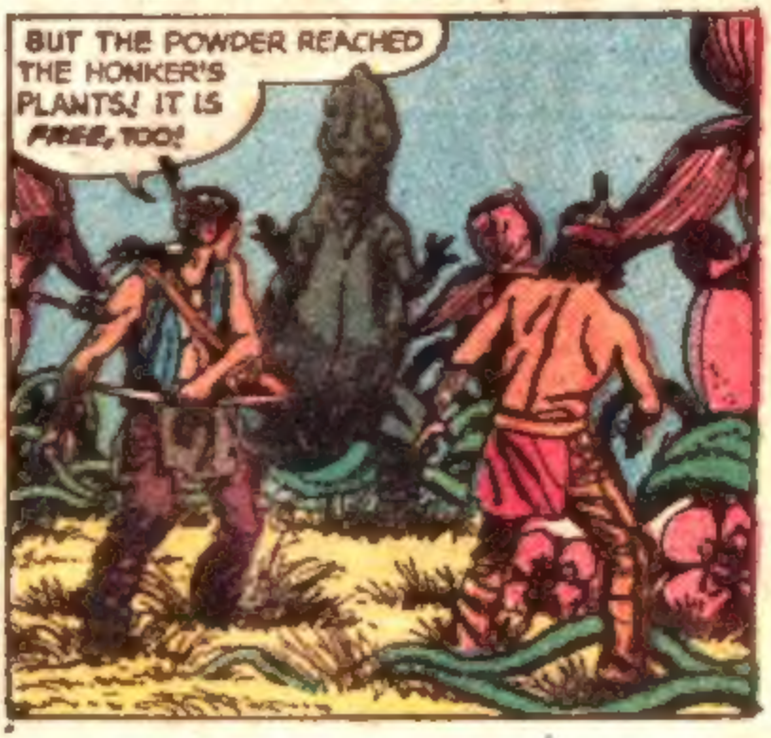
SOON...
ANDAR! ANDAR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ---ANSWER ME!


THE PLANT IS ALMOST CLOSED AROUND ME! THAT FIERCE HONKER TRIED TO GRAB ME, BUT IT, TOO, GOT CAUGHT!

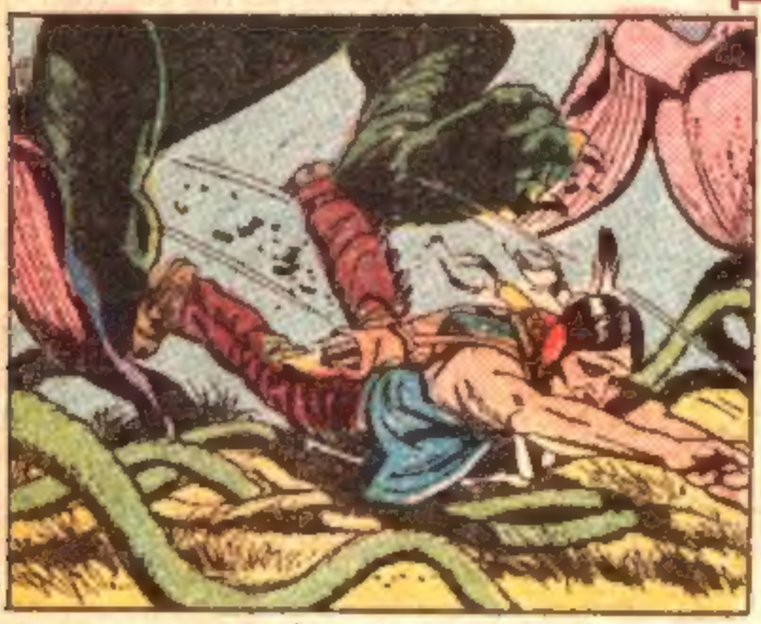
THIS SHOULD FREE YOU!

I CAN FEEL IT, TUROK! THE PLANTS ARE OPENING!

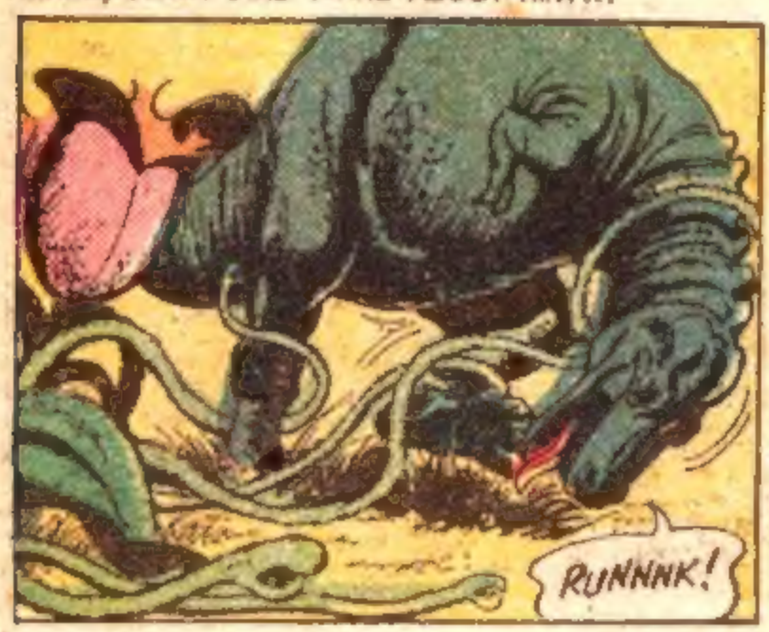
LOOK, TUROK! AT LAST, I AM FREE!
RUNNK!


BUT THE POWDER REACHED THE HONKER'S PLANTS! IT IS FREE, TOO!

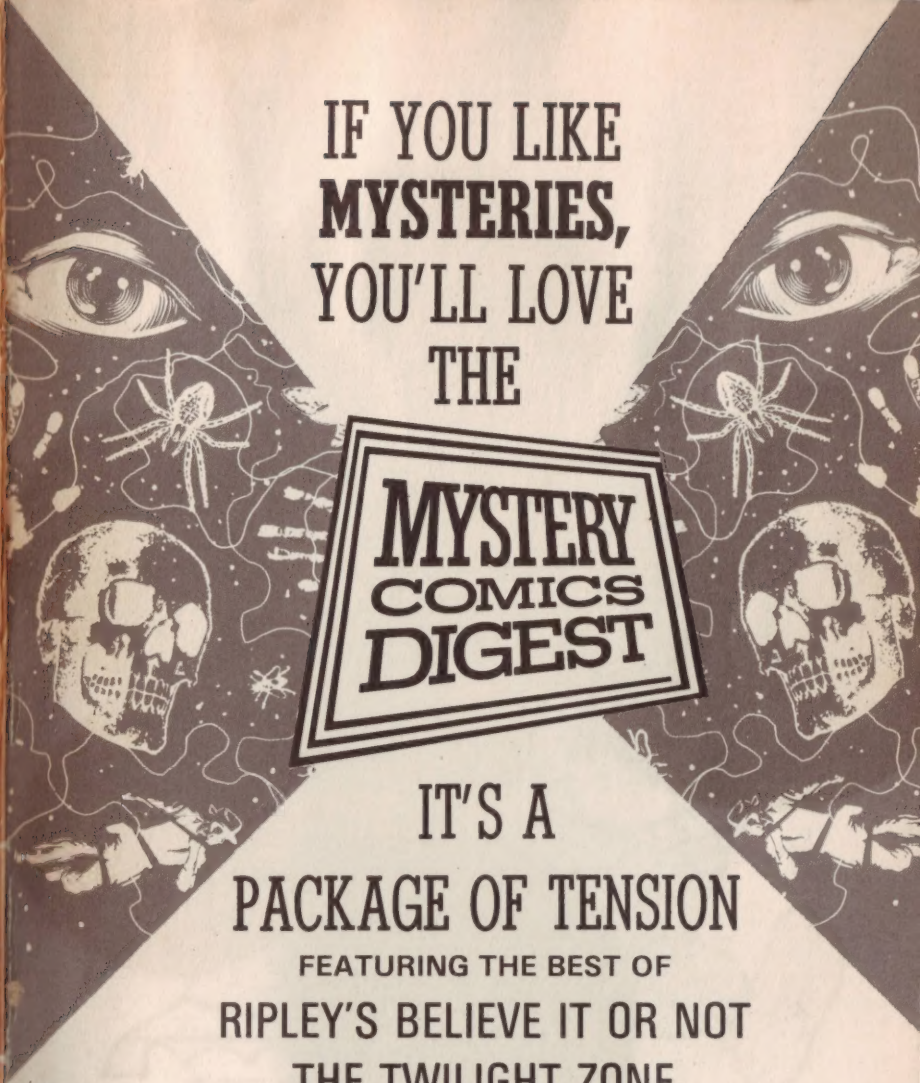
STAYING ON THE POWDER-COVERED PLANTS, TUROK SUDDENLY FALLS FLAT AND ROLLS TO THE SIDE OF THE CHARGING ALLOSAURUS...



BEFORE THE PONDEROUS FLESH-EATER CAN TURN, HE LANDS AMONG THE UNPOWDERED PLANTS THAT STICK, TWIST AND TWINE ABOUT HIM...



HE WILL NOT BOTHER US NOW, ANDAR! AND I STILL HAVE SOME OF THE SEEDS LEFT THAT MAKE THE POWDER!
TUROK, I HOPE WE *NEVER* HAVE TO USE THAT POWDER *AGAIN!*



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